BRITANNIA and EVE

1/-

NOVEMBER
1937

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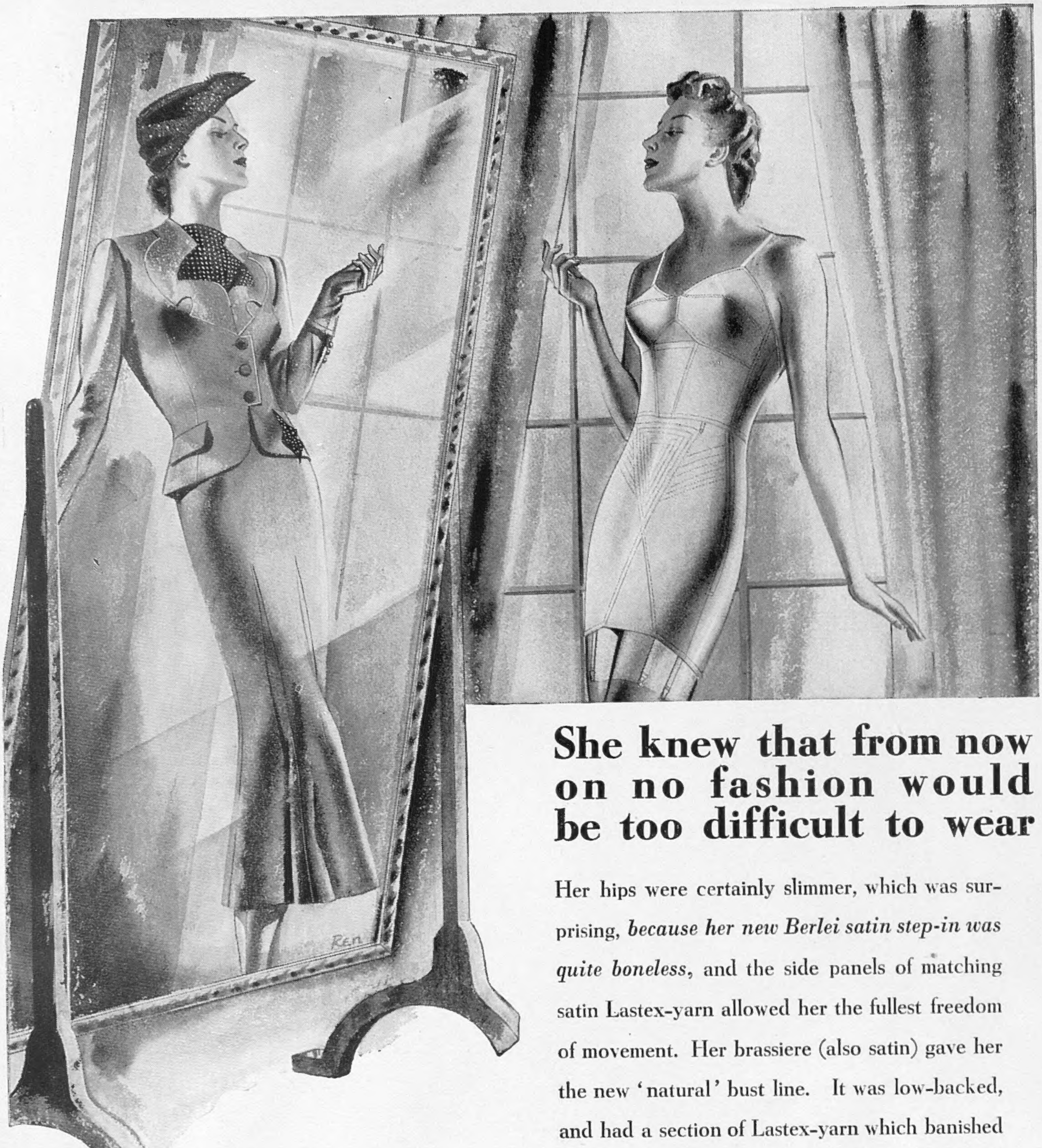

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 15, No. 5. NOVEMBER, 1937

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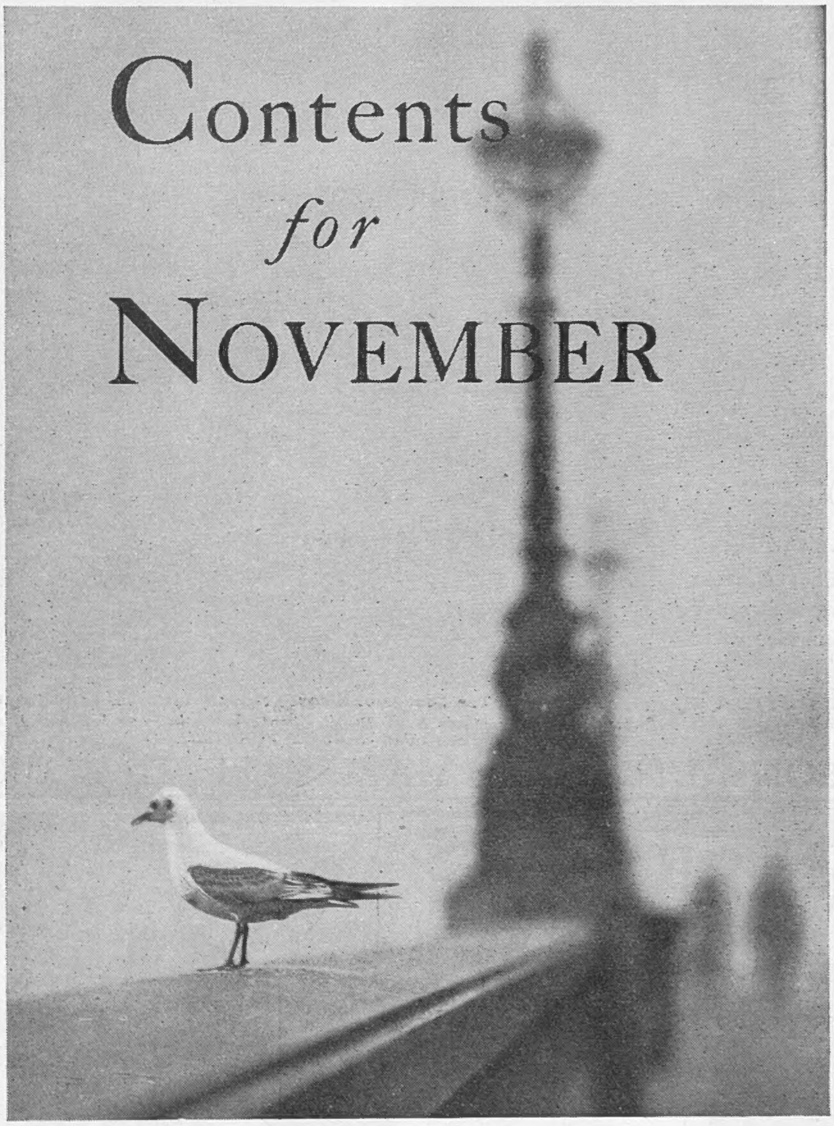

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by *Heade*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 158. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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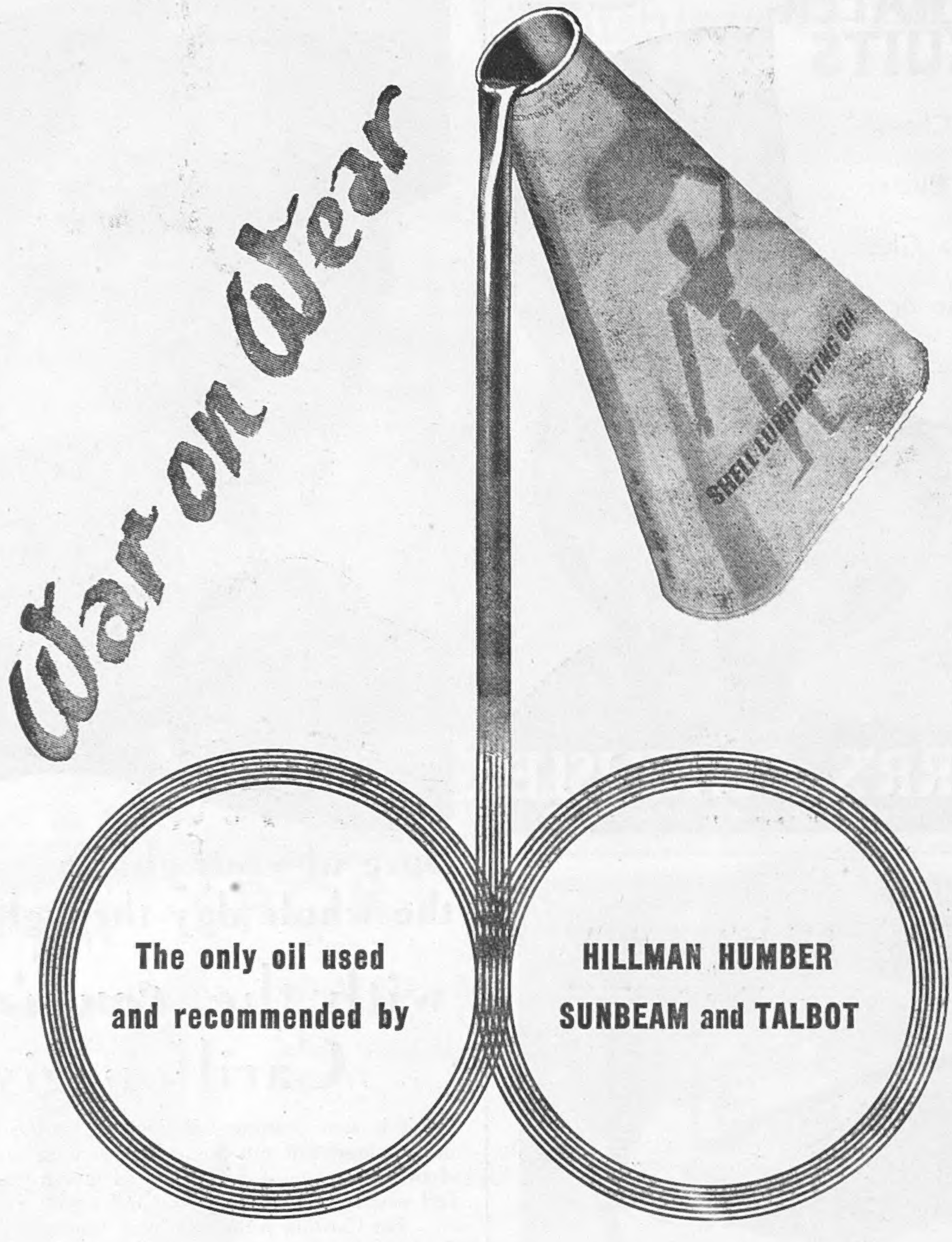

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NOVEMBER

Tally ho! Tally ho! Tally . . . tally . . . red coats splash after the hounds. Sound the horn—for the fox this month breaks cover. Bob after him, huntsmen, across the wide Leicestershire brows, up steep Sussex slopes, over stone walls in the Cotswolds, or in red Devon valleys.

And to think that one fox can often fool thirty men, thirty horses, and twenty dogs. Here's to Master Reynard. Long live the Fox. Long may he lead a vermilion dance across November's gold and grey countryside.

In other respects a month of preparations and memories.

At Covent Garden every evening—Rhapsody on Ice, the ice-ballet. Two hundred and twenty performers, the pick of the world's professional skaters, many of them English, most of them bronze medallists. Full orchestra, flying leaps, unparalleled lighting effects, owing to colours being reflected, rainbow-wise, by the ice.

Something new, something splendid. Cost of transforming stage into an ice-rink and maintenance: £30,000.

Sonja Henie, world's ice-ballerina, refused £1,000 a week to appear here, owing to previous engagements. That constitutes a fresh break in record salaries. Mothers, train your daughters to skate; it costs no more than other trainings, is healthy, and *lucrative*.

Best planting month of the year.

"He that planteth a tree is the
servant of God;
He provideth a kindness for
many generations,
And faces that he hath not seen
shall bless him."

In planting, remember that trees, shrubs, and roses are living things, and do not like their toes and fingers torn off any more than you do. At the same time, cut off any bruised or split portions of root; handle carefully, bed in firmly and make as comfortable as possible.

Monday, 1st.

All Saints' Day.

Salmon-fishing closes in England and Wales.

Wednesday, 3rd.

New Moon: 4.16 a.m.

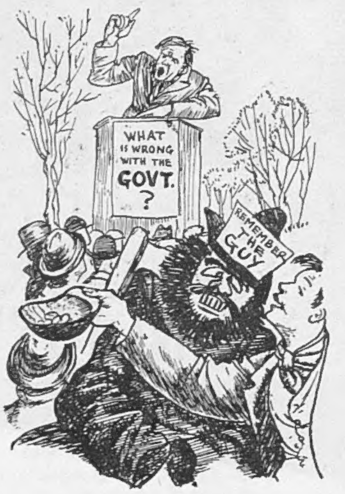
Toscanini concert, Queen's Hall. Seats by ballot, as five times the number of people that can be seated, applied.

Thursday, 4th.

Motor Transport Exhibition open, Earl's Court. Every kind of trade and transport vehicle.

National Chrysanthemum Society's Show, New Hall, Westminster.

Fifty-two nations have condemned Japan. But quite fifty-two hundred people will rush to see this exhibition of their National Flower. Specimens will not be like the chrysanthemums you and I know, but great, curling, tawny, clubheaded, yellow, ruby, and whiter than white fantasies gone mad.


WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE GOVT. ?
REMEMBER THE GUY

Friday, 5th.

Remember . . . remember . . . gunpowder, treason and plot.

Question that will be mooted in Hyde Park. Does Parliament require blowing up? Or, are M.P.'s safest when confined to playing at fireworks with their children in the backyard? Is this the lesson of Guy Fawkes?

Great Mahomedan thirty-day fast of Ramadhan begins.

At the Queen's Hall, 8.30 p.m. Marian Anderson, coloured singer, gives a recital of Negro Spirituals. Rich warm voice, full of brooding, yet full of pep; colour.

Monday, 8th.

Day for opportunists. Money to be made by wits, and you will probably have the wits to make it. Under stellar influences that are ideal for catapulting fresh enterprise; for inventions; for publicity; for securing a new job or a concession from the boss. Set to.

Tuesday, 9th.

Lord Mayor's Show. Rather like the procession of a spontaneous charade. Evokes enthusiasm among children and the child-minded. Looks like rain for the lunch-interval, but clear weather at the start and round 4 p.m.

Wednesday, 10th.

Thirty-one shopping days till Christmas.

Here's a suggestion for a way of meeting the shopping-list; a house clearance.

Send all pictures, silver, glass or curios you have stowed away, or do not want, to Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, S.W.1. Goods are well displayed, for they have the best showrooms and consequently obtain the best prices. Percentage no higher than other auctioneers; furniture sales every Wednesday. Antiques required. If you are not certain of your stuff, send them a description. There's a boom now in buying.

Thursday, 11th.

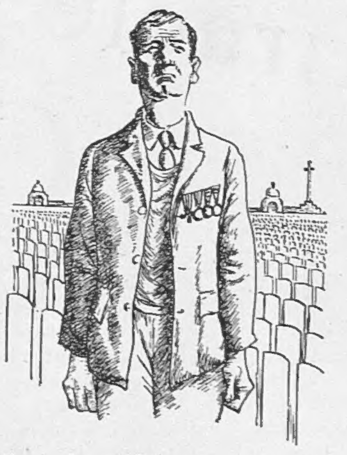
Nineteenth celebration of Armistice. Silence 10.58 a.m.

Poppy Day.

At 7.30 p.m. Great Rally of Ex-Servicemen at Albert Hall. March past of units with banners; chorus of War-time songs. At close, as many poppy petals as there were killed—considerably over a million—shower down on platform, while a voice speaks: *They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old. . . .* Most moving reunion.

Exhibition of French Impressionists—Sisley, Renoir, Manet, Monet, Cezanne, and Van Gogh—at Tooth and Tooth's Galleries, New Bond Street. Pictures by these artists that have previously not been seen in London. Well worth a visit.

The Van Gogh is priced somewhere between eighteen and twenty thousand pounds. Forty years ago he did not sell. It is doubtful whether during his life he could ever have scraped together £5. This is so often the case with artists. Be kind to your painter friends.



Saturday, 13th.

Can be used to great advantage in the garden. Dig back into the soil the leaves it brought forth. If the lawn looks mangy, spread a layer of good earth pounded with leaf mould over it, and leave.

Divide and replant over-grown roots in the flower border: try to give them new positions. Keep outside portions of the clumps and, if generous, give inside ones to the neighbours.

Monday, 15th.

During this week and the next, on clear nights, look out for meteors.

A hundred years ago, the sky during these weeks, showered star-rockets. In 1866, it "rained fire." Owing to planetary attraction drawing the meteor belt away from the earth, there are no longer such stupendous spectacles. But you can still see "fountains."

Tuesday, 16th.

Björling—new-famed Swedish tenor—sings at Queen's Hall, 8.30 to-night: on way to America to fulfil fortunate contracts. A runner-up to Gigli.

Thursday, 18th.

Full moon: 8.10 a.m.

Friday, 19th.

Under auspices which favour a Gargantuan feast.

Ever tasted young wild boar steeped in kummel and roasted with honey cakes and fresh pine-seeds; remoistened by a sauce of old Burgundy. You will scarcely leave it when you have. A speciality of François Latry, master-chef of the Savoy.

After taking it, proceed to the Film Ball at Albert Hall, and be stricken by the slim proportions of film-stars, who fast and do not feast.

Saturday, 20th.

Start nothing fresh. Don't quarrel. Be prudent. Under really bad influences. Don't give way to melancholy in the afternoon, because everyone else will have the blues.

Tuesday, 23rd.

Carnation Show, Old Hall, Westminster. Most widely-grown flower for commercial purposes. Growers make good money. Hold three shows a year.

Saturday, 27th.

Racing: Manchester November Handicap.

Sunday, 28th.

First in Advent.

Carol-singers begin. Is born a feeling of expectation; of age-old, inescapable, anticipatory excitement; of joy, which combats pre-Christmas "fatigues," and friendliness.

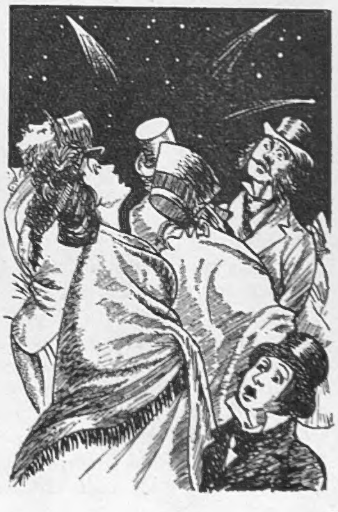
Monday, 29th.

Bagpipes and haggis-eaters to the fore, St. Andrew's Eve.

Tuesday, 30th.

St. Andrew's Day.

Boxing: Great fight at Wembley for light heavyweight championship of the world between title-holder John Henry Lewis, of America, and Jock McAvoy, challenger, Britisher from Manchester.



OXFORD GROUP
NEW ENLISTMENT

LORD SALISBURY addressing 2,000 young men of the Oxford Group in the hall of the British Industries Fair at Birmingham, where a New Enlistment Camp was held at Easter, 1937. (Seated, Mr. Alan Thornhill, formerly Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford, and Mr. Peter Phelps, Queen's College, Oxford)

The Miracle Men from OXFORD

THE world, say some observers, is waiting in a state of suspended spiritual animation for a new religion or a new and common impulse in old religions. Unrest of the soul is in the air. Demagogues and political fakers have even capitalised this amorphic urge, as witness the Russian attempt to exalt the machine to a god and economics to a theology, or the Neo-Paganism which the Nazis are weaving into the politics of Germany. But these, if you call them religions, are religions without the essential quality of spirituality.

The world waits; exactly, perhaps, as the Roman world, so modern in many of its reactions, was waiting in the first century A.D. We know now that a new religion, its members slaves, aliens and outcasts, was in that period working underground to transform the outlook of humanity—and Rome knew it not.

Perhaps the same thing is happening in the twentieth century. Some fifteen years ago, a set of young men at venerable Oxford, inspired by a roving American clergyman named Frank Buchman, laid out for themselves a new way of life and began rather quietly to follow it. That circle of earnest souls—one can scarcely call it a sect or a cult—widened unobtrusively for a decade and then, as is common with such movements, seemed to burst into sudden vigour and brightness. The Oxford Group, as the followers of the new way call themselves, now stretches round the world. Since this movement is entirely unorganised, we have no accurate means for measuring its strength; but it has already more followers than any other new religious idea of this century. Most significant of all, perhaps, is the high quality of its members for education, character and ability. It is barely possible that while nations arm to dominate the world, while Communists and Fascists, Conservatives and Liberals struggle for control of the future, the young apostles of the Oxford Group hold its key. The more so since the group, while adhering to no party or faction, is professedly working toward the political ideal of a "God-guided world" wherein exploitation, injustice and war will have no place.

When Frank Buchman arrived in England from the Orient, he appeared to be simply an original evangelist with a method of his own. Much piffle has been written about the Oxford Group and its observances. Really, its processes of conversion, and of leading "the life" after conversion, are very simple. The individual who adopts their way accepts God as his sole guide. Therein, of course, it does not differ from the established sects. Having crossed this line, having prayed, he examines his past and present in the light of what Buchman calls "the four absolutes"—perfect truth, perfect purity, perfect self-sacrifice, and perfect love. Then, having searched his mind and soul down to the smallest offence and imperfection, he proceeds to a form of confession known as "sharing." While the Oxford Group was new, the British public was led to assume that the convert rose in one of the public meetings and bared his soul, not overlooking interesting offences against perfect purity. That misconception ran round the world. It was the first thing that most of us heard about this movement. Let me, an outsider, declare on the word of an impartial investigator that this is not true. The neophyte tells the worst about himself either to the friend who brought him into the movement, or at most to a group of two or three. And except when married couples open their hearts to each other, "sharing" never crosses the line of sex.

Following this painful process, the neophyte makes all the restitution in his power. He goes to the rival whom he has hated, offering friendship. He acknowledges his offence to the man whom he has wronged; he almost certainly has apologies to make to his wife and family.

Now, in the terminology of the Group, he is "changed." He goes on to that practice which more than anything else sets the Oxford Group apart—the "quiet time" under "guidance." For he believes that God really talks to us provided we learn how to listen. Every day, usually on rising in the morning, the follower of this way, alone in his closet, sets forth in prayer his perplexities,

1.—Smiling villagers wearing the picturesque costume of Friesland. A hundred thousand Dutch people attended the Whitsun meetings held in the great market of Utrecht. 2.—Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman, leader and founder of the Oxford Group, with the late Dr. B. H. Streeter. A snapshot taken at the garden party held at Queen's College on June 5th. 3.—Mr. Ivan Menzies, leading tenor of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company of Australia, with three friends from Norway and Holland. 4.—The Hon. Carl J. Hambro, President of the Norwegian Parliament, and Principal Delegate from Norway to the League of Nations. 5.—Two employees with their employer in a London printing works. All members of the Oxford Group. 6.—Christopher Story aboard one of his tankers. During a recent strike his fleet of ships was the only one in the United States not held up as he was running his business on the standard of the Oxford Group. 7.—Surya Sena, from Ceylon, sings his native songs to British listeners from the B.B.C., and works for harmony between East and West through the Oxford Group.

By Will Irwin

spiritual and material, and waits for the stray thoughts—often seemingly inconsequential—which float into his mind. "God," said the Oxfordites, "does not help you. He tells you how to help yourself—if you will only listen." All of them carry notebooks in which they set down these ephemeral thoughts. By the orders so received, they rule their private lives; by them they have directed the spread of their movement through the world. The sceptical outsider may say that they are only tapping the subconscious mind, the mysterious part of us in which resides both the faculty of clairvoyance and the power of artistic creation. Every fictionist and every poet knows that his best plots and his best lines do not come from hard, conscious thinking. They write themselves on the background of a blank mind. Given a man or woman who has put himself right with the world, who is constantly squaring his life with the principles of truth, purity, self-sacrifice and love—what, inside his capacity, can these thoughts be but wise and in tune with whatever purpose there is in the Universe? This, perhaps, is begging the question, since we have only the dimmest notion, as yet, of what it is—this subconscious mind.

On these principles and practices, the Group began its rise. Its methods of evangelism were peculiar and remain so. When Billy Sunday or any other old-time revivalist invaded a town, he entered behind a skirmish-line of advertising; and his meetings were spasms of emotion. The Oxford Group believed from the first in man-to-man contact. It holds public meetings, it is true; but they are marked by humour rather than by ecstasies. And its apostles—which means in effect every member of the Group—work mostly through social contacts. During the early days in Oxford, Frank Buchman's

(*Continued on page 79*)

West Brom.
Liverpool
Brentford
Man. City
Preston N.E.
Birmingham
Sunderland
Blackpool
Wolves
Bolton W.
Aston Villa
Fulham
Bradford
Sheff. Wed.
Luton T.
Newcastle
Notts F.
South'pton

At the Altar of

DEAUVILLE from the yacht suggested a beautiful woman keeping a tryst with her lover at the Ritz. It looked very smart, groomed to a hair, *soignée*, subtly excitant and excited under a mask of poised calm. A case of distance lending enchantment. . . .

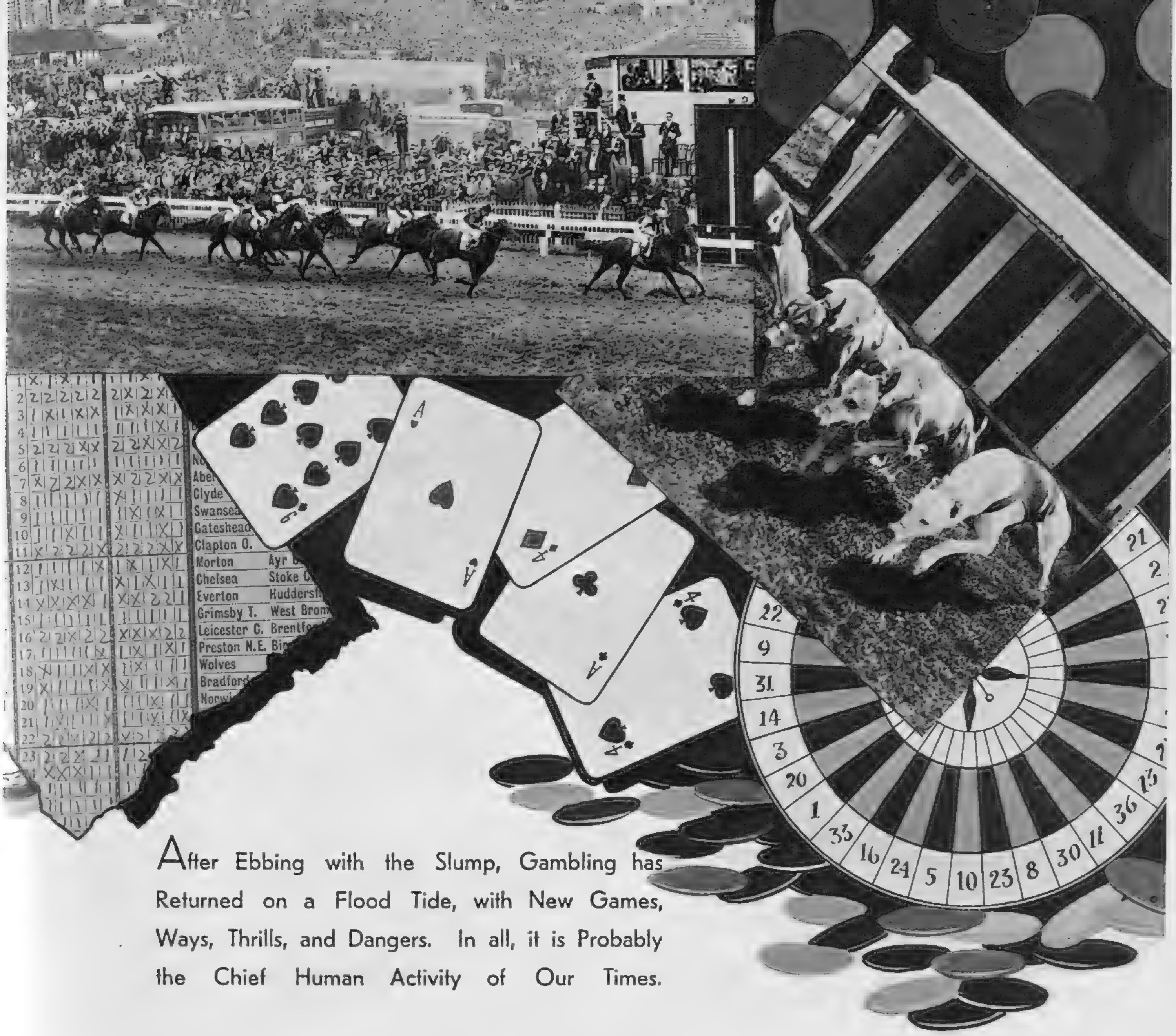
In the harbour, the *Cutty Sark* and the *Sans Peur*, the *Xarifa*, *Radiant*, and *Crusader*, representing the clans of Westminster, Sutherland, Singer, Iliffe, and Macomber. Ashore, on the plank-walk and in the bathing-house bar, platoons of pretty women in backless bathing-slips complete with silver-buckled belt and pearl necklace, battalions of portly gentlemen of plutocratic aspect. The international demi-monde, the Anglo-American sporting set, the Paris and London stage, and big business of a dozen countries were well represented on the polo ground, in the restaurants of the Normandy, Royal and Golf Hotels, and in the Casino after dinner.

But back of this glittering and rouged façade one noted the shabbiness of the hotels and fashion shops. The world's most celebrated summer-time gaming resort needed a coat of paint and new furniture.

"It will get both," said the banker I was with (he has interests in this masterpiece of the late M. Cornuche, creator of gambling resorts *de luxe*), "if its luck holds. The place has been in low gear for six years, but this season play in the Casino has jumped to its old volume. Stakes are higher than they were in 1929. People have money again—and they 're gambling."

That is the news from all the centres the world over where people wager money on games of chance and the outcome of contests, or hazard it in markets where the operations approximate to a bet on whether this stock or that commodity will rise or fall in price. There is a new boom in gambling, bringing with it new fashions in play and new ways of taking a chance. People never stopped gambling, of course, through the great slump. They did not stop gambling when Rome fell, or through the Dark Ages.

As a pastime and a business, gambling reached its highest peak ever in 1929, when Wall Street was functioning as the world's greatest and most popular casino, with millionaires playing at the sky-limit tables, and boot-blacks and hotel page-boys pooling cents, dimes, and quarters to buy an odd lot of some low-priced counter for the rise. A year earlier, Zographos, playing for the Greek syndicate at the oval table at Deauville Casino, dropped £200,000 in a single session of the open-bank baccarat. A trifle. Clarence Hatry, gambling in a bigger way, saw £29,000,000 swept away by the Fate-croupier's rake. Kreuger managed to stay in play another two years, but when he finally closed down his gamble with a lead pellet through the heart, he had piled up a loss of



After Ebbing with the Slump, Gambling has Returned on a Flood Tide, with New Games, Ways, Thrills, and Dangers. In all, it is Probably the Chief Human Activity of Our Times.

By C. Patrick Thompson

the Chance God

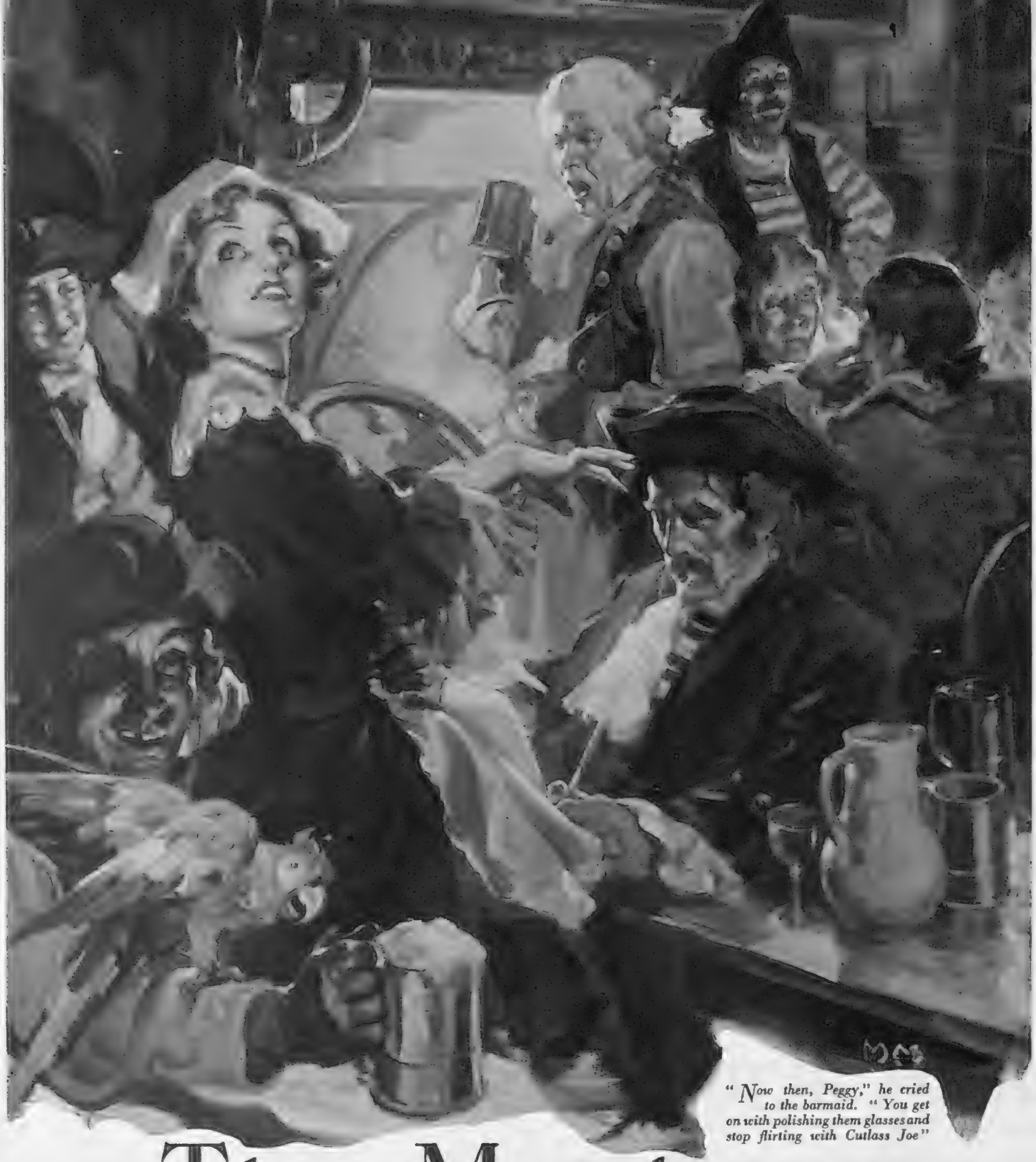
£50,000,000. Thereafter, gambling followed the ebbing economic tide out. It diminished to a trickle of what it had been, because so few people had the stake to play with. Deauville fell into disrepair, and the company which owns the Monte Carlo Casino passed its dividend.

Then the economic tide began to return, and by 1935 business was picking up in the casinos and on the dog tracks, at race meetings and in fan-tan joints. By 1936 business was quite good. It increased rapidly as the year progressed, and this year has achieved the status of a boom. Most of the 170 casinos of France are paying dividends again, and the owners have money to refurnish. In England, the dog-race tracks have been reporting record attendances—and everybody who goes to the dogs knows what that means in mass betting. For one horse-race, the Derby, at Epsom, the "Tote" "take" was £36,504. At the Ascot meeting the "Tote" recorded for the four days a turnover of £488,249 in 2s. bets (one horse paid £10 14s. 6d. on a 2s. stake). In the Cambridgeshire at Newmarket last year £5,000,000 in bets was placed—and the bookmakers were heavily hit. Pool betting has attained a fantastic volume, beyond the dreams of the early promoters.

Government tries to control gambling. It has to, because when too many people gamble too hard all at once, you can get a situation where a whole economic civilisation comes close to collapse. It happened in 1929—and the U.S. Government has since severely limited the gambling facilities offered by the stock market, obliging the stock gambler to put up half the purchase price of the stocks he operates in. Gambling on an over-large scale can also upset the orderly movement of prices, as when early this year it forced metal and rubber to boom prices at a time when Britain had to buy vast quantities for her £1,500,000,000 Arms Plan. It can give judges headaches trying to decide where chance ends and skill begins, and when a gamble is not a gamble anyway. And it worries the politicians badly.

Last year the anti-gambling committee of the Christian Social Council backed a Bill to stop the new craze, pool betting. The Bill was defeated and the Government was not sorry. Seven million people every week were buying stamps and postal orders to participate in pools, with stakes ranging from a penny to a shilling. The new betting business was giving employment to 50,000 persons. Twenty million pounds was changing hands a year. Postal orders sold had increased by 107,000,000 over the previous year—the new betting pastime accounted for most of that rise. This year it is reckoned that the business—which started with football, and has spread to horses and even to jockeys—will be a £30,000,000 one, with 10,000,000 persons participating. And they all have votes.

The British like to match animals on speed tracks, and men in ball games, and wager on the result. The Americans do most of their gambling in ingenious machines and in (*Continued on p.* 112)



"Now then, Peggy," he cried to the barmaid. "You get on with polishing them glasses and stop flirting with Cutlass Joe"

The Marshmen

THE wind swept in cold, icy gusts over the Romney Marsh, tearing and plucking wildly at stark trees and yeomen's tiny cottages that had stood up to the same cold blasts for countless years. Off Dungeness a French schooner lay anchored, waiting in vain for a signal from the smugglers on shore that would show that it was safe for them to begin unloading their cargo. On the schooner's bridge her Breton captain scanned the coast, but never did he see the three flashes of light from a horn lantern that would show him all was well. On shore behind the sea-wall the smugglers crouched down, their leader holding them back; knowing the marsh since he was a child, he knew that the Revenue men were on guard, watching for any attempt that they might make. After a while he saw it would be hopeless, and weary and disappointed he led his band back across the dread swamps of St. Mary's Marsh. The French captain, with an exclamation of annoyance, put out to sea again; things were indeed becoming hard on the Kentish coast.

Meantime, inside their cottages, men and women huddled up close to their fires, seeking what comfort they might against the rigours of the worst winter that England had experienced within living memory. Times were severe, too, amongst the marshmen; the Government in London had sent down more and more excise men, and their always precarious living was thus continually threatened. It had indeed become a difficult and a dangerous job to land a cargo of fine old brandy anywhere along the coast, for from Rye right over to Birchington every inch was watched, both day and night.

The marshmen had been in complete despair until a new and unexpected leader had come amongst them to help their battle against the Government men.

Revenue Men and Smugglers bold—those were the Days on the Marshes

By John Steel

Illustrated by M. Mackinley

One place alone amongst the drear reaches of the marsh was really warm and happy on this September night. That was the Golden Galleon Inn, resort of smugglers from all over the marsh, where one might drink the finest old cognacs and wines along the whole Kentish coast. A grand inn it was, with its timbered front, dating far back into Queen Bess's time, and within its cosy parlours glowing with heat and bodily cheer. From the parlour's roof hams, blackened with smoke and dust, hung from aged oaken timbers, undergoing their long process of curing. On the panelled wall were flattering portraits of His Majesty George III of England, complete with equally enchanting likenesses of his fat and worthy spouse, Queen Charlotte.

Every racehorse that had ever been known to fame was depicted in sporting prints where jockeys urged their stiff-legged mounts past the winning-post. On every other available inch of space were hung portraits of blood-stained pugilists battering each other to bits in front of the top-hatted gentry.

To-night the inn was a blaze of excitement. It was nearly eight o'clock, and in less than half an hour the stage-coach from Charing Cross would come tearing into the yard, its horses covered in sweat, and its load of gentry perished and freezing after their ten-hour journey from the metropolis. Best of all, the coach would bring news about the famous St. Leger, which had been run the day before and on which every marshman had staked his all. They were all sports at the Golden Galleon, and not a man was there amongst them who was not beside himself with excitement. Champion was the favourite of the year, and riding him was no less a personality than the famed Francis Buckle himself, so hope ran high amongst the marshmen, and already they all saw comfortable money lying in their jerkin pockets.

The bar was full, moreover, and Big Jim Heaver, the landlord, was standing before the roaring fire, his legs astride over the hearth and his vast body screening the heat from every other soul. Now and again he would lift his big voice in chaff to someone, and, setting down his glass of ale, would roar with laughter at a witty sally.

"Now then, Peggy," he cried to the barmaid. "You get on with polishing them glasses and stop flirtin' with Cutlass Joe."

"As for you, young Jed," he bellowed, "I'll break your demned young neck if you don't get them tankards round quicker."

Little Jed, the potboy, gave his lord a terrified glance and scuttled around the benches as fast as his diminutive legs would take him.

Peggy, the barmaid, her bright, comely face lit up with happy, laughing eyes, was not quite so subdued, however. Setting down her glasses, she placed her buxom arms on her hips and squared up to the landlord.

"All right, Jim Heaver," she said. "You keep yourself calm. Just because you've got a bit of money on Champion that doesn't mean you've got to lose your hoary old head altogether."

Roars of laughter greeted this sally and none of them louder than Jim Heaver's. Peggy, bless her warm heart, had been with him ever since she was fourteen, and that was over ten years ago. It was his proud boast to all that there wasn't another barmaid like her in all Kent, and he was certainly right. Peggy was Sweet Peggy to every marshman for miles round, and one and all were looking to her to marry Cutlass Joe before the spring came round.

Whence Cutlass Joe came was a bit of a mystery. A huge man he was, with dark, swarthy features, but fine-looking withal. Over his right eye he wore a dark patch, a legacy of some sea fight with Napoleon's men, and down his cheek ran an evil scar that stretched away down towards his hairy chest. In his ears were golden rings that he had won from a forgotten sweetheart on the Spanish Main, and on his shoulder perched a villainous-looking parrot, a native of Port of Spain, so Joe said. Wherever Billy, as he was called, came from, his language was the coarsest and foulest that one could collect from all the seven seas.

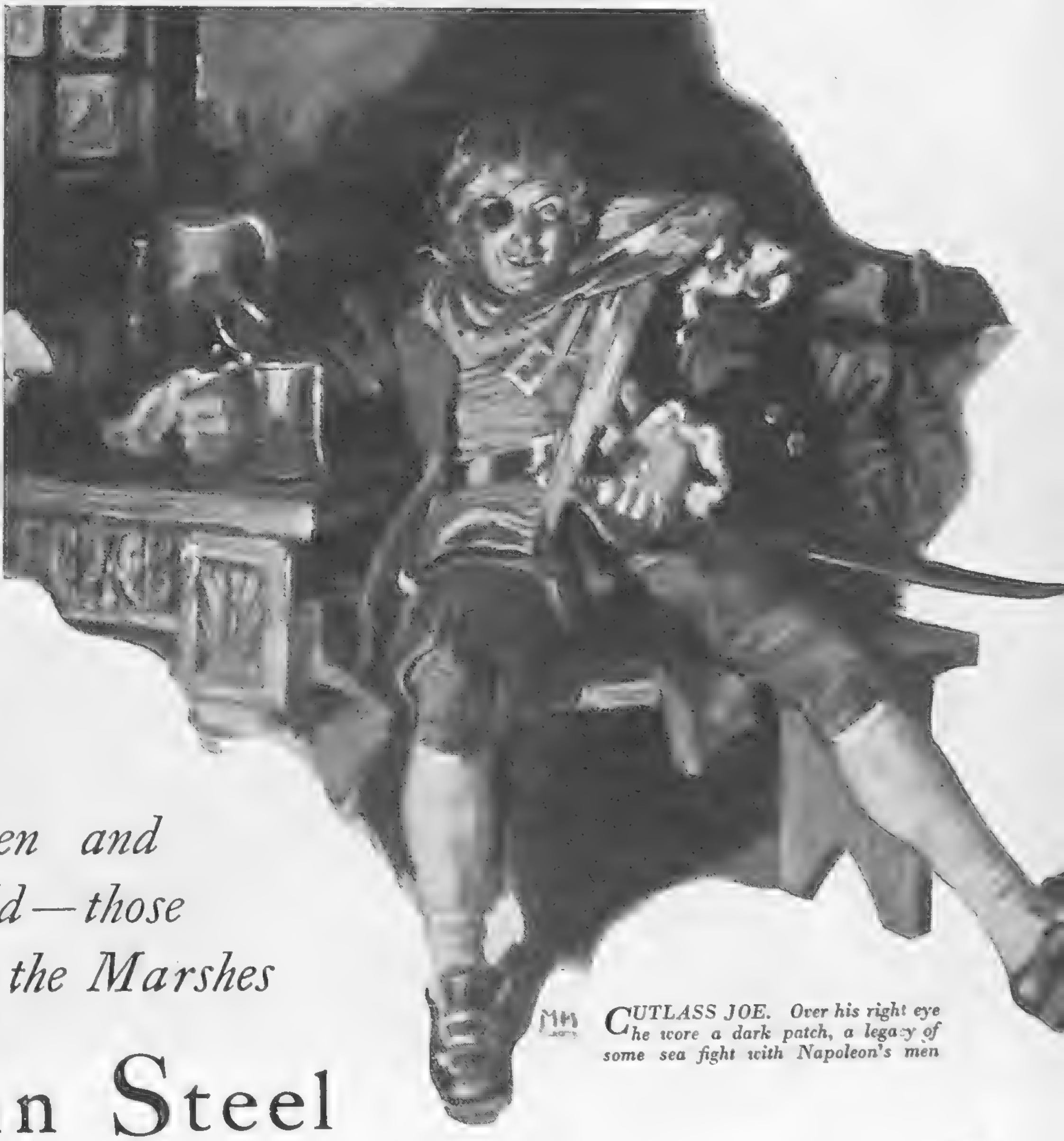
Most formidable of all, however, about Cutlass Joe was the wicked Moorish cutlass that he always wore around his middle, and which Peggy was wont to say that he even slept with. When he was in his cups he would tell ghastly stories about the fights he had been in and the terrible work he had done with his cutlass.

Then Billy would rise up on his shoulder and blow out his feathers, screaming out "Oh, you bloody man, now you've done it, now you've done it! Cut him up, cut him up!"

Both Billy and Cutlass Joe shared one idea in common, and that was an undying hatred of parsons. "Always a-pryin' where no one wants 'em, and always a-tryin' to save our bloody souls, ain't they, Billy?" was a favourite remark of Cutlass Joe's.

Suddenly the noise in the parlour died down and all the marshmen got up to their feet and touched their heads.

"Evenin', Miss Molly," croaked out Billy.



CUTLASS JOE. Over his right eye he wore a dark patch, a legacy of some sea fight with Napoleon's men

Coming down the staircase was Molly, the landlord's daughter. Barely twenty-two, she was the most beautiful little creature one could ever hope to see, and in the Court of St. James's she would have been a sensation.

From the top of her golden head to her dainty feet, clad in velvet brocade, she was too exquisite to describe, and not a marshman was there for miles around who would not have laid down his very life for her. Dressed in a simple frock of dark-blue velvet that Jim Heaver had paid many sovereigns for in Cheapside, she made her father's honest face beam with pride. What a daughter she was, to be sure, and no wonder that Tom Langdon, the young squire, had long since lost his heart to her! Jim knew he would see his daughter Lady of the Manor before long, and the thought of it gladdened his heart.

She went around the parlour with a greeting for everyone, her lovely face smiling with pleasure when Billy flapped his wings and blasted forth "Ain't she lovely, ain't she lovely?"

Molly shook her finger at the parrot. "Billy," she said, "you're a black old liar!"

"Oh, no, I ain't," yelled Billy.

Then her face clouded over, as Captain Ferrers, the new chief revenue officer, rose up from the fire and came over to her. She hated the Captain more than any living thing; never for one moment did he leave her alone, and he was for ever pestering her with his attentions and bold love-making. Already he was half-mad with drink, and swaggering across the bar he put his arm around Molly and tried to kiss her.

Molly drew back from him, struggling to free herself, and all round the parlour the marshmen began to look dangerous. They, too, hated the Captain with their very lives, and they would never permit anyone to worry their beloved Miss Molly.

Of a sudden, however, before any of them could move, the doors opened and in came young Squire Langdon. It did not take him a minute to see what had happened; striding over to the revenue man, he grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and hurled him backwards.

"I thought I told you before, Captain Ferrers," he said, "not to follow up Miss Molly with your unwelcome attentions; can't you see, man, she hates you?"

Captain Ferrers came at him, his drunken eyes mad with rage. "What the hell have you got to do with her, you penniless young squire?" he demanded. He raised his fist and hurled himself at Tom Langdon. Tom Langdon stepped to one side and crashed his right fist on to Ferrers's jaw, sending him reeling on to the floor, where he lay groaning and kicking on the sawdust.

All the marshmen got to their feet and bellowed with laughter; they had been waiting for such a moment for a long while, and nothing pleased them more than to see their detested enemy so discomfited.

Ferrers got to his feet.

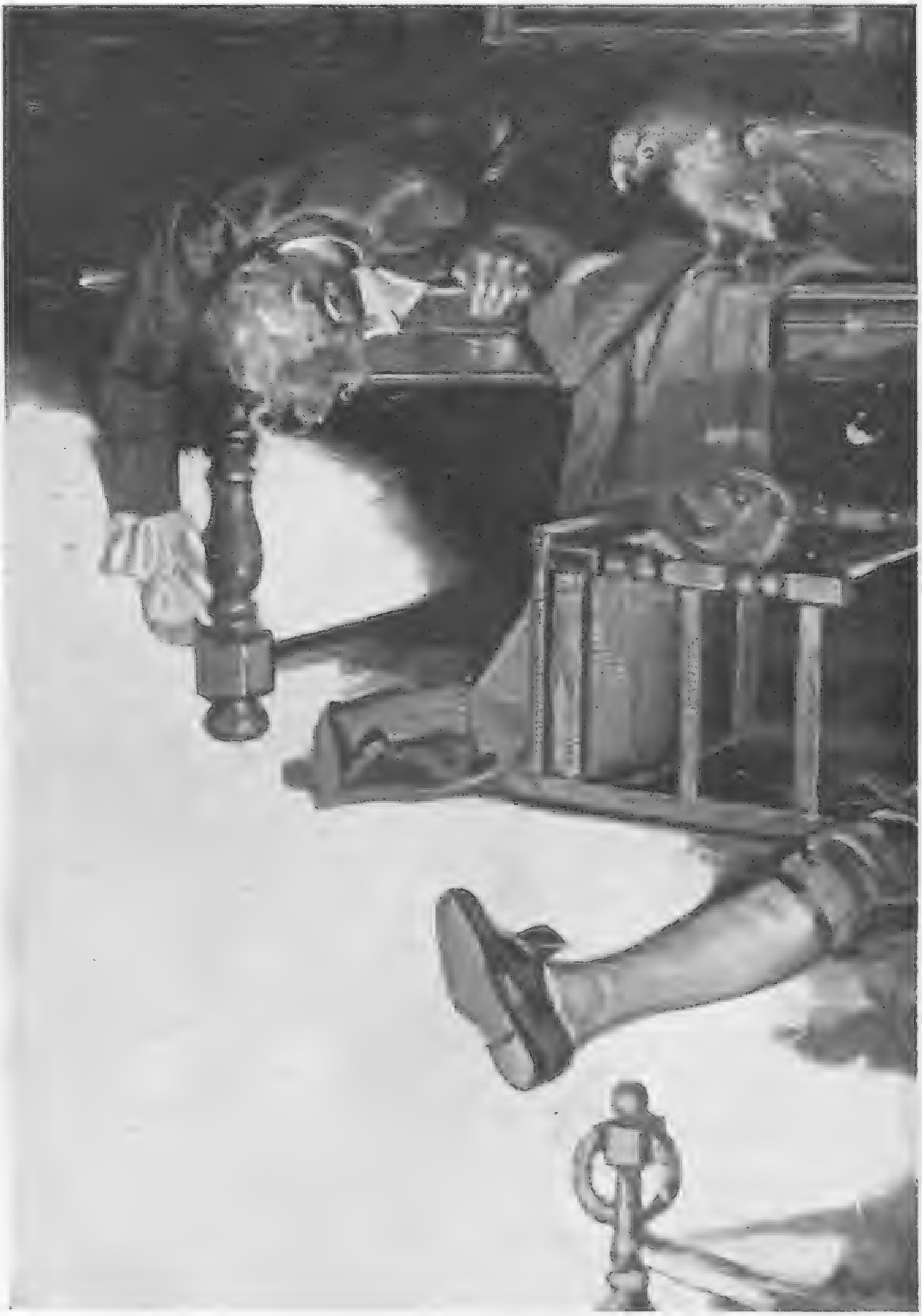
"I'll teach you to strike a King's officer," he mouthed. "I'll get even with you for this." He slunk away back to the fire, muttering and cursing to himself.

Langdon took Molly in his arms and kissed her. "Never you worry, my sweet," he told her. "If ever that swaggering bully annoys you, I'm always near." Then drawing close to her ear, he whispered, "I'll come and see you again, darling, after the inn is closed for the night. Now I must go over to the marsh, for we are expecting a cargo from France to-night." Molly held his hand as though she would try to hold him back, but with a smile he had gone.

Over by the fire Ferrers sat sulking and thinking out dark threats against the young squire.

Suddenly Billy stiffened on his master's shoulder as, with a blast of icy wind from outside, the doors opened and Parson Drake came in for his nightly glass of grog.

"'Ere comes the black devil," piped



Langdon in a minute
Cutlass Joe. He saw

Billy; " 'ere 'e comes, blast 'is evil soul; blast 'is evil soul!"

A kindly man was Parson Drake; little of stature, he had a face like a crab-apple and silvery locks strayed out from beneath his rusty parson's hat. Night after night he came to the Golden Galleon Inn to get his cognac. All the smugglers were his friends and they never failed to bring a bottle of brandy or rare old Amontillado to the lonely parsonage that lay so near the sea-wall. Parson Drake was trusted by all on the marsh, and to be asked to his home at night to sit beside his fire in the candle-light and sip an old vintage was a great privilege.

Only Cutlass Joe did not like him, and that, of course, applied to Billy. They hated the Church, of course, and that was never popular on the marsh, for the smugglers, although they would cut a revenue officer's throat willingly enough, would allow nothing to make them forgo their Sunday visit to the parson's dry-as-dust sermons.

In spite of Billy's swearing and cursing, which the parson took in excellent part, the parlour soon settled down again, although the conversation was not so open, since Captain Ferrers was looking so wicked and ill-tempered as he sat beside the fire. He was a cruel man, this Captain Ferrers, and he and his men had been making the running of contraband a perilous and dangerous trade. Suddenly Billy pricked up his head.

" Listen," said Peggy. " Here it comes. Can you hear it?"

Everyone ran to the door. Already they could see the swaying lights of the stage-coach which was coming thundering down the frosty road, its horses steaming and covered with lather. The guard, muffled up to the eyes, was getting ready to dismount, and the driver, holding the reins in his half-frozen hands, was beginning to pull up his charges. Now the postboys and the ostler were running out to unharness the horses; headed by Jim Heaver, everyone gathered round the coach. At last they would know if Francis Buckle had done it or not.

" Well, George," said Jim, addressing the guard, " who won? Lord bless your heart, man, we've all had such a time awaiting for you!"

" Why, bless 'e, Jim, Francis 'as done it again, just as I said to myself 'e always would. Good old Francis! that man makes an 'orse do wonders, 'e does. Champion first past the post, but a nasty low wager, says I—only two to one, dang it, but still better than nothing. Now I must get down and get my passengers out. They'll be a-wantin' your fire, Jim, for we've 'ad an awful journey, and freezin' cold it's been."

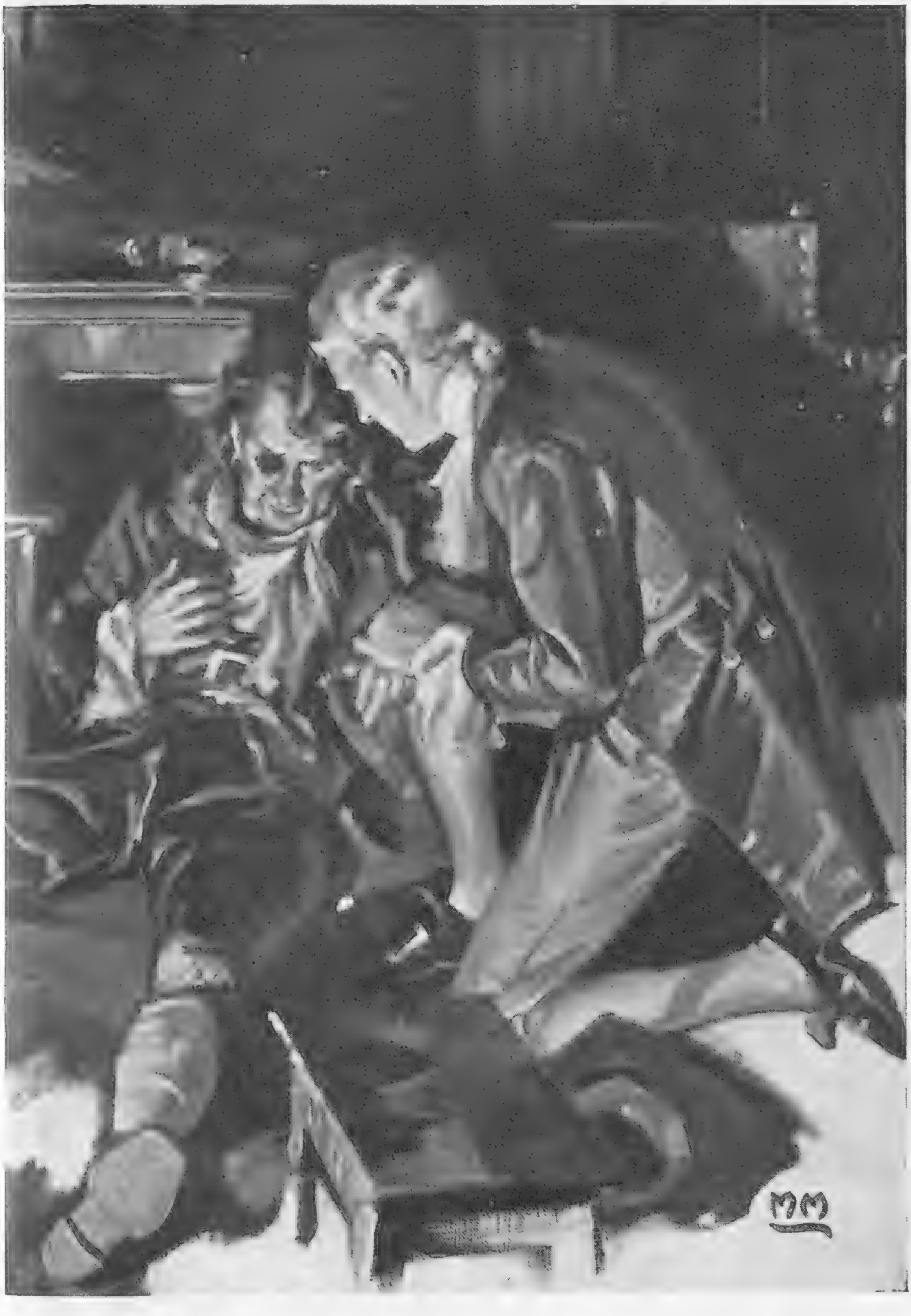
In high good form the marshmen went into the parlour again. A low wager, true enough, but Francis seldom failed them, and they had made good money through it.

Soon the passengers from the coach came in to the warmth of the fire: a gouty old admiral, on his way to the Cinque Ports, the usual fresh batch of customs men, and a charming, spoilt and thoroughly petulant lady of fashion. The latter's delicate and highly bred nostrils quivered with disgust on beholding the rough-looking crowd in the parlour. Sniffing daintily, she raised a kerchief to her nose and approached the landlord.

" Master landlord," she said, " You will please to conduct me with haste to your best guest-room. I fear me I cannot prevail in this atmosphere." Jim, terrified as he always was by the aristocracy, helped my lady upstairs and away from the swelter of the parlour.

Late that night, long after the Galleon had closed, Molly lay awake in bed listening. From her window she could just make out that the clock on the church tower was slowly approaching midnight; down below, the inn was silent as the grave. She got out of bed and went over to the window and looked over towards the frosty marshland; through the night echoed the sonorous boom of the clock striking the hour of midnight.

On the marshland not a soul moved, but Molly knew that the preventive men were on guard (*Continued on page* 132)



was kneeling beside
that he was dying

Men live Queer Lives in Odd Corners

Does it Pay?

THERE are more people knocking about odd corners of this earth trying to get back to London than to any other city in the world. This is not necessarily a tribute to London. It is a comment—if you are willing to face the cold truth—on the lives that London sends out. Minions of Empire. They are time-servers. How they all long to be back, those star-gazers at the Southern Cross, the beachcombers, the Manchester merchant smoking his hookah in Smyrna, the remittance men who say life east of Suez is so romantic—and know it isn't—the Resident Magistrate, clapping his hands to have twenty black boys leap to obey him in darkest Africa, the man who tends Tortegas Light, the High Commissioner—waiting for that ultimate home-going, when a red carpet will be laid down for him to walk aboard ship—even the General "serving" his twenty-five years in India. Time-servers—all of them—and London is reward. And here's another thought. It's not a popular thesis. I am not sure I shall even get away with it. But from what I have seen of the world it is my opinion that the lives of most of these picturesque people have been either a bore—or an absolute horror to them.

For every Sir Harry Johnston or successful colonial administrator there are a thousand men down in Africa at this moment doggedly, sullenly soaking themselves to death. Those who don't souse go in for other opiates.

Take the case of Devons, for example, whom I found down on the Persian Gulf, where he had been sitting in the same spot—watching one end of a telegraph line—*for twenty-four years.* There wasn't a white man within hundreds of miles of him. The nearest thing human was an Arab fishing village, about a mile away, so stinking, so filthy, that he didn't dare take off his own shoes after a walk through its street. He had to clap his hands for a boy to do it for him. He was a bachelor. The only white woman he had seen for years was an adventurous soul who dropped down with an aeroplane and insisted on a tub-bath in his bungalow without closing the curtains of her room—"which upset my servants greatly." Yet he was one of the cockiest exiles I had ever seen. There was a smugness about his complacency that put your back up the instant he said "How-de-do?" to you. What was it—what held him up—how had he kept his reason through all those lonely years; Devons, in his shorts; the smothering mud desert with its blinding layer of salt, the bare mountains of Persia flaming behind him? Did he have a hobby?

While I was having my sundown swim—peering gloomily through the water for the slithering approach of any passing hungry shark—I made up my mind to ask him. But the moment we sat down to dinner I knew I would not.

He lived in great dog. Stiff white dinner jacket, red cummerbund, four turbaned Arabs standing in the shadows beyond the candelabra. Silent as the shadows themselves. And in those shadows, fantastic tracery, cobwebby where they leaned down to us from the ceiling, were some fretwork figures. There was a row of them on the mantelpiece, and two—of grotesque shape—formed the end-pieces of a massive teak sideboard. They were all cut from three-ply wood. And it was only after I had taken the review that I realised each figure was a woman—without any clothes on.

"I've got a jig-saw," said Devons. "Cut things out—all day. How do they strike you?"

Some were fat, some divinely slender, a few as distorted as the reflections you see of

# of the Globe and Dream of Home . . .

By Negley Farson

Illustration by J. Nicolson

yourself in those curved mirrors at a Fun Fair. But, one and all, they were types. Distinctly individual. Animate in the flickering shadows of candlelight, you almost expected them to speak to you—in different languages. When I mentioned this to Devons he sat up with pride.

" Damn near *talk*—what ? You bet they can. Done from the originals. Show you after dinner. Without boasting, I think I've got one of the finest collections in the world ! "

AND had he not ! Some were the things they try to sell you in the streets of Paris, or—when it is not their sister—in Naples or Marseilles. But the bulk of the collection was German, albums of human statuary, all too, too alive. The latest was one from Vienna which came in the same mail that brought me. Devons and I thrummed its pages together. " Types of the World " was its name. Vienna had put its best foot forward—and Devons paused.

" Utterly delightful," he sighed. " If I can only get the peculiar fascination of that one."

NOW don't expect me to tell you that when we flew off the next morning Devons stood outside his bungalow and waved at us. Far from it. Devons was inside. I looked down as we climbed for altitude until the soggy clouds rested on the steaming desert like balls of dirty wool, until the track of the camel-caravans was merely a pencil scratch across the salt mud, until Devons's bungalow was no bigger than a lump of white sugar. No Devons. But I could simply *hear* his jig-saw—zipping up and down through the three-ply wood—doing justice to that Viennese girl, until—" she could damn near talk."

I'd like to read his obituary—what they say about his life. It would be so utterly off the mark.

I MUST hurry ; " the dawn has caught the Sultan's turret . . ." Case of an English professor who tried to go native in Moscow. One of the kindliest old codgers imaginable. Yet he would wear a rubashka—and he wouldn't wear an orthodox tie and collar. Result, his own kind felt a little afraid of him ; they didn't invite him to their teas and dinner parties. Result, the Bolshevikie attached no importance to him. Ultimate result, he became a hermit, buried himself in a tenement in shabbiest Moscow. He was very poor. On the one or two occasions when he did manage to save up enough (or someone sent him the money) to get back to London he lived in limelight glory. His rubashka, his beard, his shaved head, his stories of life under the Soviets were food and drink to the intellectuals. Then the " Russian interest " began to wane in London, people were not open-mouthed about Moscow any more. Outcast that he was, he was finding it more and more impossible to make a living in Russia as the Bolshies began to " normalise " their life. He died, friendless, in a Moscow tenement, in a bed which he had made himself.

Yet he was so anxious to be friendly—if only the Bolshies had let him.

Confirmation from a beachcomber in Karachi.

" It's all my eye and Betty Martin, my lad. You take it from me. The native takes you at the valuation he sees your own kind set upon you. If the Wog or the wiley Oriental sees you plodding along in the hot sun, while your own kind toodle past in tikka gharries and rickshaws—when he gets on to the fact that you are not allowed to enter any one of their clubs— (*Continued on page* 150)

THE great bronze Buddha at Kamakura is devoutly revered because it has remained uninjured by earthquakes and tidal waves

JAPAN is a land of beauty as well as of disaster. A picture of Osaka castle in cherry blossom time

MOUNT ASAMA. Eruptions of this volcano in 1936 and 1937 became more frequent, and in the opinion of seismologists probably forecast a great catastrophe

THIS was not caused by an earthquake, but mainly by wind and water. Tramcars capsized by a hurricane and accompanying tidal wave in Osaka

JAPAN — Land of

"HOW I wish I could feel an earthquake!" says the new arrival in Japan. He soon has his wish. "Why, that wasn't bad at all," he comments, greatly pleased with the rocking sensation.

The second one does not please him quite so much. The third makes chills go up and down his spine. The fourth brings out the gooseflesh, and he thinks, "I wish they would stop that."

But there is no way to stop an earthquake. And the newcomer's increasing uneasiness is due to his growing realisation that there is nothing he can do about it, that this is something beyond his control. There is no way of telling whether the shock will be trivial or fatal. Perhaps only a vase will fall from a shelf. Perhaps the house will collapse and kill all the inmates.

This is a land of the unpredictable and the unexpected. It is in a peculiar sense in the lap of the gods. And they are nervous gods—trembling, stormy, fiery, explosive.

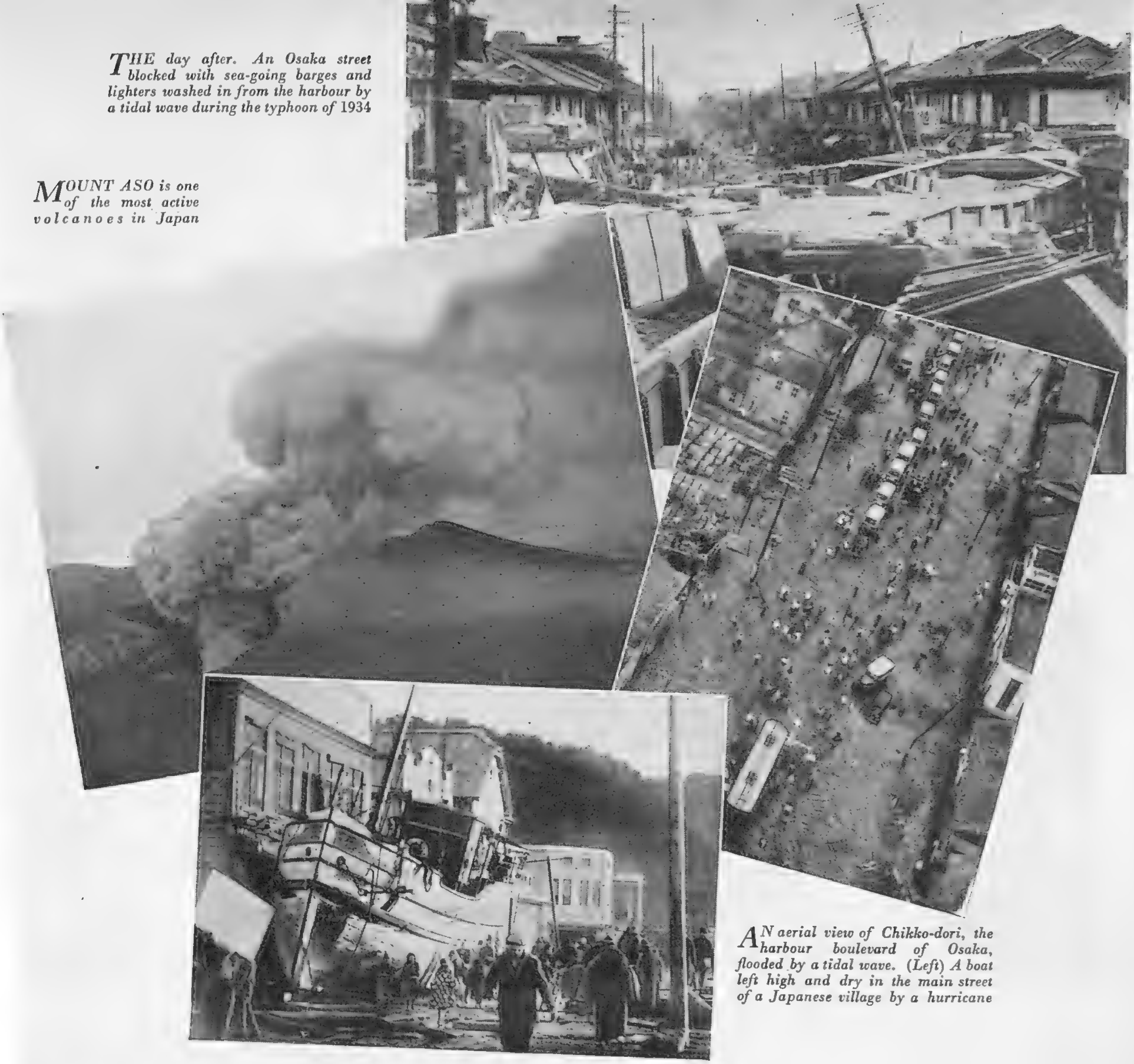
Japan is a geological and meteorological novelty. It may owe its very existence to seismic and volcanic outbursts—these, say the geologists, raised it up out of the sea. That Japan once lay at the bottom of the ocean appears from the fact that on the mountain tops one may find fossilised sea-shells.

According to Japanese legend, Fuji and her lesser companions rose in a night. According to geology, it took a few million years more than that. But according to anyone's casual investigation, it is plain that the upheaval was tremendous. Japan is a land on edge. It is eighty-five per cent. mountainous, and two dozen of its mountains are between 8,000 and 12,000 feet high. Compare Ben Nevis, 4,400 feet; Snowdon, 3,500 feet.

Japan is an island floating upon a sea of fire. Recently fifty-eight of her 192 volcanoes have been active. There are nearly a thousand hot springs. There are four earthquakes a day, one severe earthquake every thirty months, a disastrous shock every lifetime. Great tidal waves are frequent. Typhoons are annual visitors. Flood and fire cause spectacular calamities.

Dean of disaster is the beautiful Fuji. Lovely, perfect, robed in virginal white, she is a devil at heart. Herself dormant, Fuji is a volcanic and seismic centre. The fires still burn below, and burst forth through other volcanoes or shake the earth with quakes many miles away. Fuji has been constituted a Shinto shrine, and thousands of pilgrims climb it yearly to beseech the spirit of the mountain to have mercy.

The name Fuji is an aboriginal Ainu word with two meanings —"Goddess of Fire" and "to burst forth." In either sense, the name is appropriate. Standing 12,400 feet high, the



The day after. An Osaka street blocked with sea-going barges and lighters washed in from the harbour by a tidal wave during the typhoon of 1934

Mount Aso is one of the most active volcanoes in Japan

An aerial view of Chikko-dori, the harbour boulevard of Osaka, flooded by a tidal wave. (Left) A boat left high and dry in the main street of a Japanese village by a hurricane

Disaster

By Willard Price

majestic cone represents the greatest "bursting forth" that has ever occurred in Japan. It has the shape of a perfect ant-hill, and, like an ant-hill, it was formed by material forced out from beneath. It has been compared to a titanic crucible out of which in past ages the surrounding country has been poured. Its most recent great eruption was in 1708; then, in the words of a priest whose temple stood at its base, "Fuji-no-yama suddenly opened in a place overgrown with splendid trees to vomit fire. . . Showers of stones and ashes lasted for ten days, so that fields, temples, houses, were covered with ejected matter more than ten feet deep. The dwellers in the neighbourhood of Fuji lost their homes and many of them died of hunger."

To-day only steam spurts from holes in the crater's rim; pilgrims cook their eggs in the jets. But Fuji may become weary of speaking only by proxy, through the mouths of other volcanoes. The people fear her, knowing well how dormant or supposedly extinct volcanoes suddenly throw off all reserve . . . how Bandai, for example, roused from a thousand-year sleep to blow off her snow cap and kill four hundred persons.

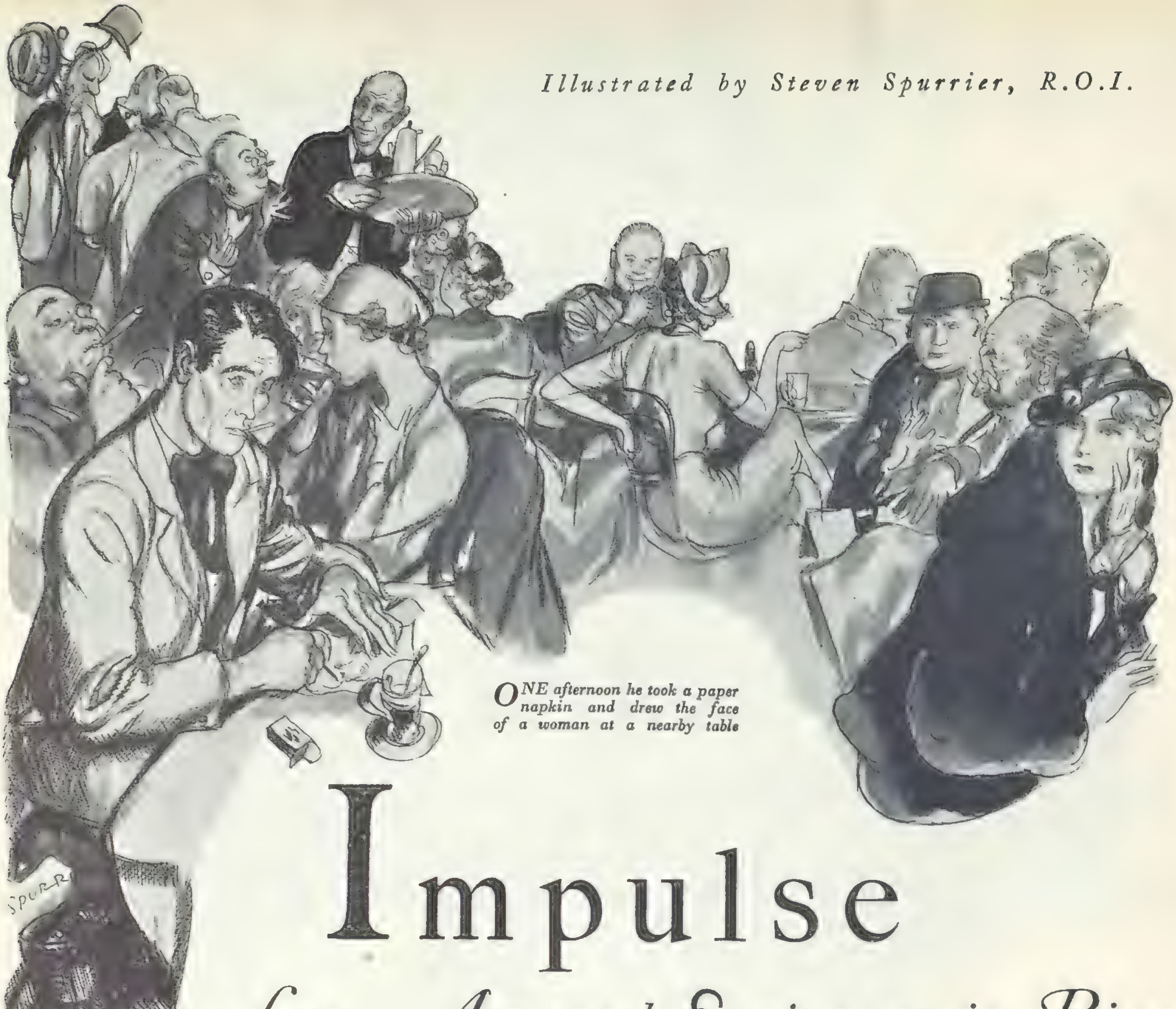
So the Goddess of Fire, who is supposed to sit in the white-hot centre of the snowy cone, is worshipped more devoutly than any other deity in Japan with the exception of Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess. Contrarily, the Sun Goddess is besought to bring heat, while her subterranean sister is begged to withhold it.

Of the fifty-eight active volcanoes, Asama has been most vicious of late. For five years she has been greatly disturbed and seems to be preparing for a major catastrophe. The crater is boiling furiously, now and then spurting streams of red-hot lava. Showers of incandescent rocks kill many climbers. Ashes and cinders pour down upon the roofs of houses twenty miles away, and the violent quakes make life uneasy in the near-by resort, Karuizawa, where British and American residents of Japan spend their summers. The volcano is twice as high as Vesuvius, has a more deeply buried Pompeii near its base, and a greater record of activity.

Asama means "Without Bottom," but the name is a misnomer. The crater's bottom may now be seen at a depth of six hundred feet, and is steadily rising. This gradual filling of a crater is usually a prelude to a major eruption, and seismologists have already given warning that

(*Continued on page* 74)

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



ONE afternoon he took a paper napkin and drew the face of a woman at a nearby table

Impulse

Love, Art and Espionage in Riga

By William C. White

IF you have ever been in Riga, in the lonely north-east of Europe, you know Café Braun. Every afternoon at five you will find in it the same group of army officers, opera singers, speculators on the bourse, the younger chaps from the embassies, the university professors, the journalists, and the pretty girls. It is very gay, and the conversation, in German, Russian, and Latvian, is very loud. Everybody knows everybody else and everyone notices who is with who and say very clever things apropos. The orchestra plays waltzes from "Eugene Onegin" and potpourris from "Rose Marie" and "The Chocolate Soldier." Every afternoon at five! It may not sound exciting, but even excitement is only a relative thing. Riga, once a great Russian port, is to-day the only city in the small, struggling country of Latvia; it has the air of a back-stage where no one has bothered to clear away the old sets, the props, and the backdrops for a performance that closed long ago. Possibly everyone at these café tables wishes in his heart that he were far away, where his dreams and his ambitions were not circumscribed by the limits of one city and the frontiers of a little country, but no one ever words such thoughts. Instead, the conversation volleys the gossip of the Ministries, the rumours about jobs, the guesses about some love affair. In such a setting you can understand the excitement that Eric Milngailis' cartoon of Café Braun stirred up, but he meant no harm by it, and he and Anna, his wife, laughed a great deal as he drew it.

Eric was at the café each afternoon at five. He could have shut the door of his little office, with its sign "Commercial Artist," much earlier. Very seldom was there anything to keep him busy afternoons, but he remained because he felt he owed it to Anna to be there if some customer should come to order a drawing of a woman's coat for a newspaper advertisement or a lettered poster to announce "Social Evening with Recitations and Songs." The money for coffee each afternoon was a serious matter, but he argued himself long ago into believing that everybody who hoped to be anybody was at the café. Anna encouraged him. "As the most promising artist in the city," she said—and her voice was always like low harp tones—"you must be seen." Eric kissed her and said irrelevantly, "Your hair gets more golden every day."

Anna would have liked to come to the café, too, but she always said that her work at the War Office kept her late. Eric, in his happy, unthinking way, never questioned her, and Anna was glad, and he knew she was glad, and he took credit, in the same thoughtless manner, for making her glad. At seven, when he came home, in their little apartment in the Old City, Anna had dinner on the table.

Eric usually sat holding a pencil at the café, while friends chattered politics. Politics never interested him. One afternoon he took a paper napkin and drew the face of a woman at a nearby table. It pleased him, and he smiled as he worked. He knew that Anna would like it, too, and when it was finished he put the napkin in his pocket and took it home. Anna was pleased with it, and each afternoon thereafter he sketched a different person for her. He usually caught people at their worst, with their mouths pursed prettily over some fine morsel of gossip or in the act of swallowing hot coffee and sticky pastry.

Anna put the sketches away, as further proof to herself that she was right, that some day Eric would be as famous as his talents deserved. She saved everything he drew. The little two-room apartment was filled with landscapes—pictures of green woods, grey-green sea, and white birches. Since one white birch is much like another, the pictures had a sameness about them, but that did not matter; after all, Corot's landscapes have a sameness about them, too.

One night she happened to bring out the café sketches and she went through them one by one. Eric noticed her. "You've saved them all?"

She smiled happily. "Every one."

He was reading and seemed absorbed in his book. Suddenly he jumped up. "Let's walk by the harbour. The night is always so alive then." They were about to go when he stopped at the door. "I have an idea—those café sketches! I'll do a composite picture of Café Braun." He took off his coat and started rummaging through a portfolio for a piece of drawing paper. "Perhaps I can get rich by being a cartoonist," he said.

She frowned ever so slightly. It always hurt her when Eric talked about his inability to make much money. Thanks to the memory of a father who had been an officer, she had a job in the War Office, not well paid, but enough for rent and food. But she forgot her hurt and she laughed when she saw Eric begin to pencil in the general idea of the café.

FOR the next three weeks the cartoon was their nightly pastime. Eric would not touch it by day. But as soon as tea was poured and Anna had set out the bowl of strawberry jam, he cleared one end of the table and he and Anna went to work. "Here's Dr. Steif," she would say, handing him a sketch. "You did him so well—he really looks as mean as that. Put him at the table with Mme. Jaksch." Bit by bit, and each bit lined with laughter, the picture of Café Braun appeared, with the tables crowded, with the waitresses as breathless as in reality, with the orchestra members looking as if they wished they were playing in far Vienna.

For Anna, each of these nights was just a new segment to the perfect whole that was their two years of marriage. It seemed such a little time since the day they had decided to live on his talent and her salary, since the day when they had come home married and Eric had said, "I found some eggs in the house, but no butter. If you can think of any way eggs can be cooked without butter, we'll have them for dinner." And Anna had said gently, "You might try boiling them." So boiled eggs were their wedding-night dinner, because they wanted to economise. But two hours later Eric had said, in his quick way, "I'm hungry," and they went out and spent on a supper all the money they had saved for a new suit for him. They laughed at that for a long time. Most of their days, as she looked back on them, had the patina of laughter. But there were times when Eric would worry about money and lie on the sofa and look at the ceiling, and Anna, who would know his worries as she did her finger-tips, would say, "Planning to be Da Vinci and fresco my ceilings?" She knew that he was dreaming about Paris—Paris, because it was a symbol—in reality, going anywhere abroad. She looked at him and saw him tall, strong, with a high colour against a dark skin and with black hair that rose to a peak at his forehead, then tumbled down. "The build of a ditch-digger," he would say ruefully. "If only I had a ditch-digger's talent!" Then he would forget his worries and look at her golden hair and blue eyes and her cheeks, the pink of spring sunsets. And he said, "You're so lovely, Anna. You're one of the people whom Nature puts in our grey Baltic north so that summer and sunlight may be remembered." She never forgot that he said that.

When the cartoon was finished Eric took it to Helmsing's store on Kalku Iela. With that pleasant manner of his he said, "I'd like you to put this in your window." Old Helmsing took one look at the sketch, stuck his face closer, looked again, then exploded in laughter. He put the sketch in the front window, and in an hour the crowd that gathered blocked the entrance. They saw Eric's name in the corner, and when they asked who that was, others said, "You know, the artist who married Colonel Ostmann's daughter." That identified him. By noon the crowd was larger, and a few of the people caricatured appeared, stared, then pushed and puffed their way out of the crowd.

ERIC was at home when Anna returned that night. "I'm in flight," he said gaily, reaching out for her. "Seven people were in my office, threatening me assorted damage. Four husbands came and said their wives had seen them in the drawing with ladies they weren't supposed to know and threatened divorce. They asked me to see their wives and assure them I hadn't copied a photograph."

"Oh, Eric!" Anna was upset.

"Hereafter," Eric said firmly, "I shall do only landscapes."

The cartoon was the subject of conversation at the café for a week. Then the tumult died down and Eric could enter it again without having people look black threats at him.

Then one night, as Anna and Eric were about to go out for a walk, Helmut Rohrmann knocked at their apartment door.

He stood in the half-light at the entrance. "I beg pardon," he said, "am I speaking to Herr Milngailis who did the Café Braun cartoon? I should like to introduce myself. I am Helmut Rohrmann, of Paris. A publisher. I saw your cartoon."

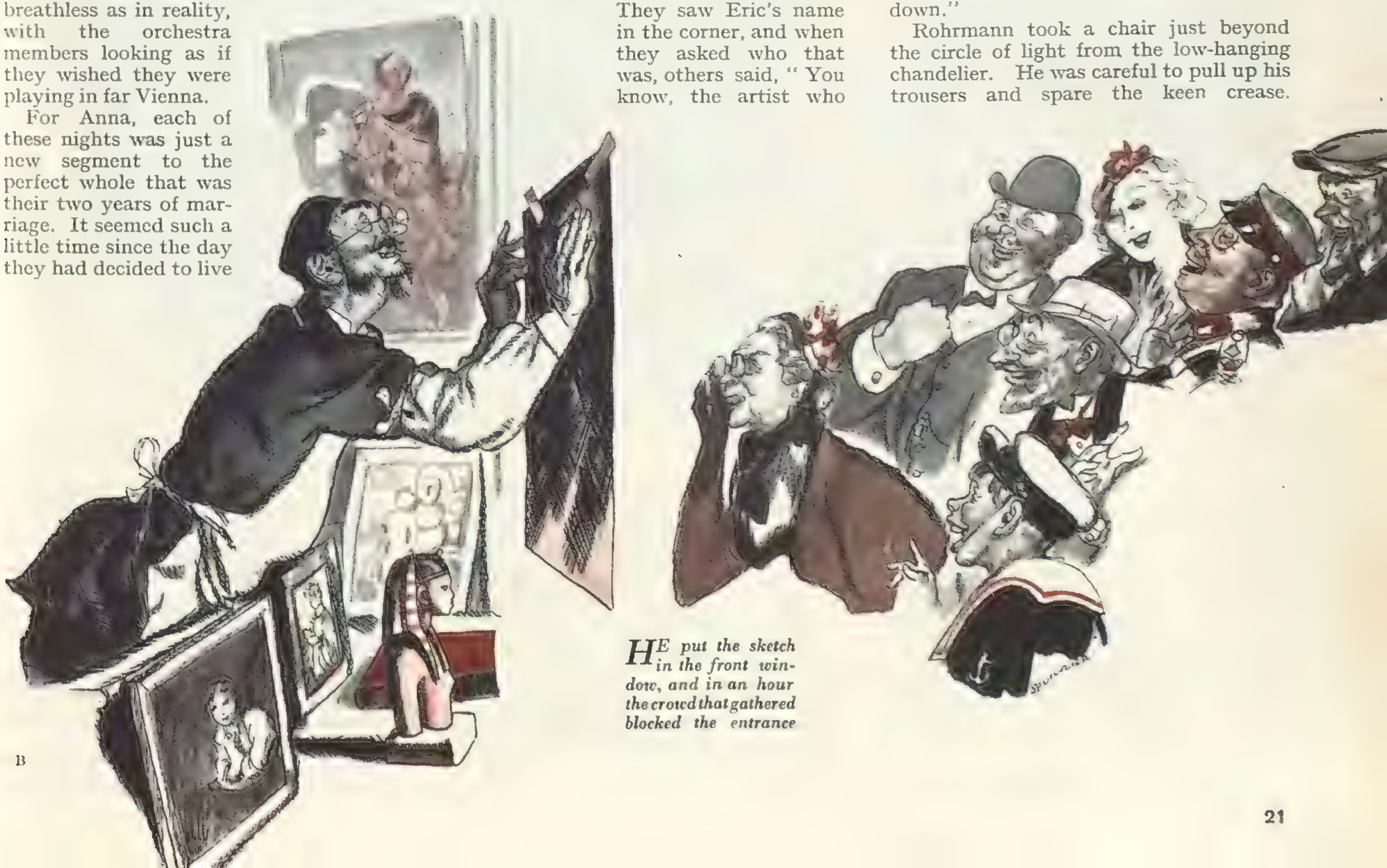
Anna listened, uncertain and worried. The neat carefulness of his entrance seemed like something rehearsed. She said hospitably, "Please come in. You must excuse our apartment."

"We like it," Eric said, refusing any apology to a stranger.

Rohrmann came forward, his hat and cane carried so carefully. "I must tell you at once how much I admired that cartoon. Very much."

Eric stammered something, suddenly sorry at being curt. "Please sit down."

Rohrmann took a chair just beyond the circle of light from the low-hanging chandelier. He was careful to pull up his trousers and spare the keen crease.



HE put the sketch in the front window, and in an hour the crowd that gathered blocked the entrance

"You are a master of line," he smiled. "You are a clever caricaturist, yes, but that is beside the point. It is your drawing that interested me. I've heard your cartoon talked about all over the city."

Eric looked helplessly at Anna. "We did not anticipate that," he said.

"I came to-night," the publisher continued, "after a little difficulty in finding just where you lived, to ask if I might see more of your work."

"I have very little," Eric said, embarrassed. Anna knew that he was making up his mind about the man; if he liked him, he would pull out portfolio after portfolio.

Rohrmann waited, like a man willing to take his time. "I told myself when I saw that cartoon, I must see that young man. You have a great future. Very great."

Eric, whose likes and dislikes formed as quickly as squalls, stood up, "I'll show you more of my work."

With only her impression as proof, Anna felt that Rohrmann relaxed, like a man who had achieved what he set out to do. Eric obviously liked him; he felt none of Anna's reaction. One by one he took pictures from the walls and handed them to the publisher. He took a pair of heavy-rimmed glasses from his pocket, then pulled out a large handkerchief. After polishing the glasses for several minutes he began examining the pictures. "They are good, yes, you have a nice brush stroke."

While Rohrmann looked at the pictures, some of them carefully, others casually, with the casualness of the man who knows what to look for, Anna studied him. She felt that he knew he was being watched and examined, and was as prepared for it as an actor. He was gracefully past fifty. The faultlessness of his dress was apparent; if he did live in Paris he certainly did not use French tailors. He wore a grey suit, the grey of afternoon formal clothes. His linen was white and his tie blue with little white dots. His face was on the long side, a long forehead, a long bridge to his nose. His eyes seemed to be grey. His hair was black but with a greyish tone. She noticed how pale his lips were, but that might have been the effect of the light on them. The skin over his cheekbones and over his forehead was taut; it picked up the light and made his face glow unhealthily. Anna caught herself, embarrassed; she had never examined a stranger so closely before.

Eric was busy now, opening several portfolios. He seemed so pleased to have a new admirer, one who knew how to phrase his praise so carefully, to give it without being so generous as to seem foolish, without withholding it so as to appear unmoved. "This is what I really hoped to see," Rohrmann said, as he began to look through a series of Riga architecture studies—the tower of St. Petri, the spires along the Dvina, the Power Tower. "Yes, I had hoped you would have some things like this," he said thoughtfully

For an hour he seemed all absorbed in what he was seeing. Not once, Anna noticed, did he address a remark to her, nor ask any question, although he chatted all the time. It was not because he was uninterested in her, she was sure; he asked no questions because he already knew all he wanted to know about her, about the two of them. And, between sketches, she knew that he examined the small apartment with the same air of a man who knew how to look for what he wanted to see.

He looked satisfied when Eric closed the last portfolio. "You have given me a pleasant evening," he said, "very pleasant."

Eric smiled boyishly. "You've been very patient."

"If I may ask," Rohrmann hesitated tactfully, "do you have much work as commercial artist?"

"I can show you a fine assortment of labels for canned fish, for illustrations for women's corset sales——"

"It is scarcely art, is it?" Rohrmann spoke so deliberately. Then he turned to Anna. "Do you work, too?"

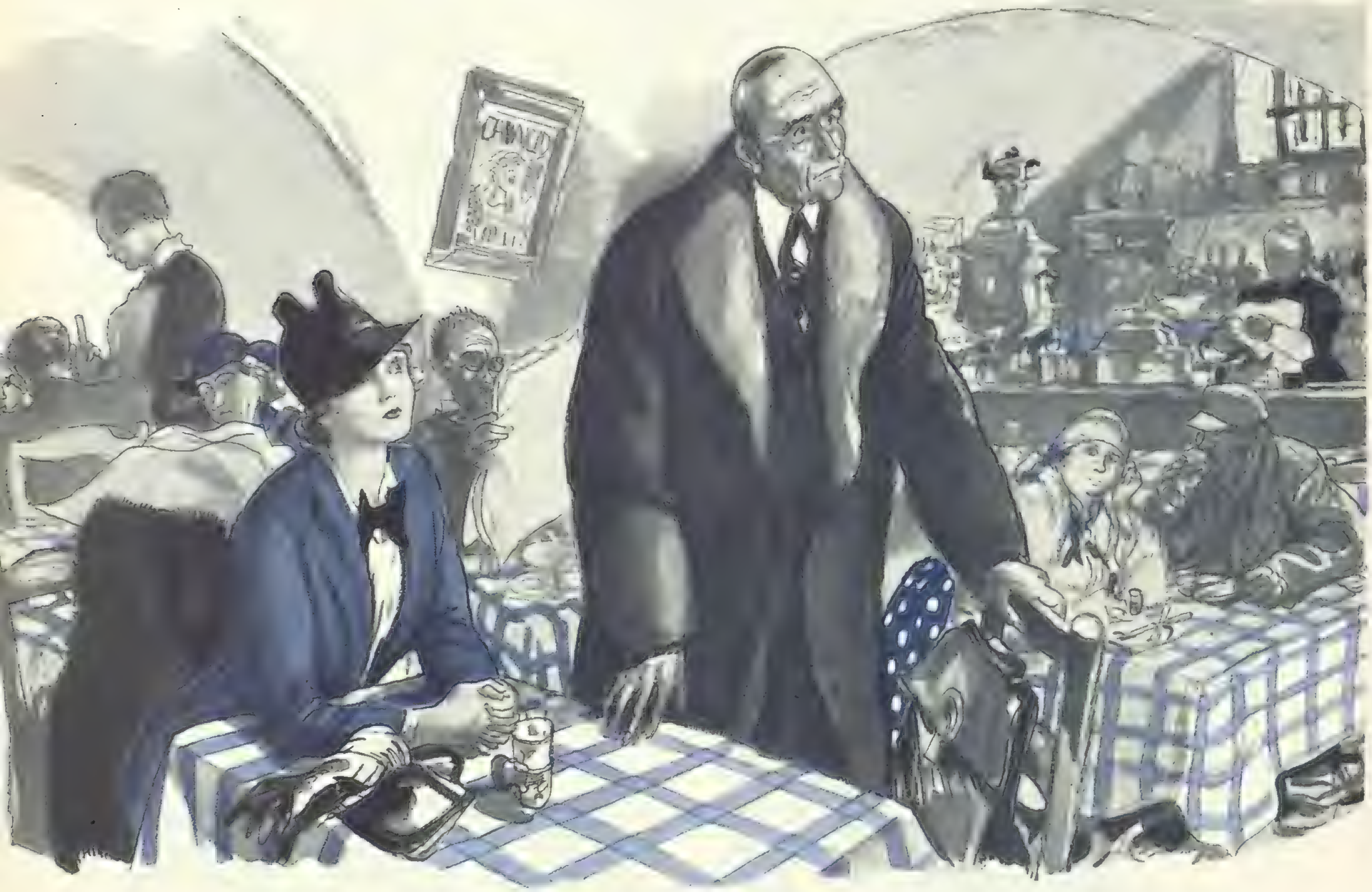
"I am a clerk in the War Office," she said. She was sure he knew that already.

"My wife says that she is chief clerk in charge of missing mules," Eric explained gaily.

"In the supply department?" Rohrmann presumed.

Anna nodded and said, "It is very routine work."

The publisher said nothing else and seemed satisfied to ask nothing more.



Anna felt uncomfortable ; usually people showed a little more curiosity about her work. It was as if Rohrmann needed to ask nothing else, knowing all the answers already without the bother of questions.

He turned suddenly to Eric. " Have you ever done any book illustrating ? " When he saw that he had taken Eric by surprise, he continued, " That, frankly, is why I came to see you. I think you could have a fine future in it."

" Oh, Anna," Eric reached out to include her at once in his happiness, " wouldn't that be marvellous ? "

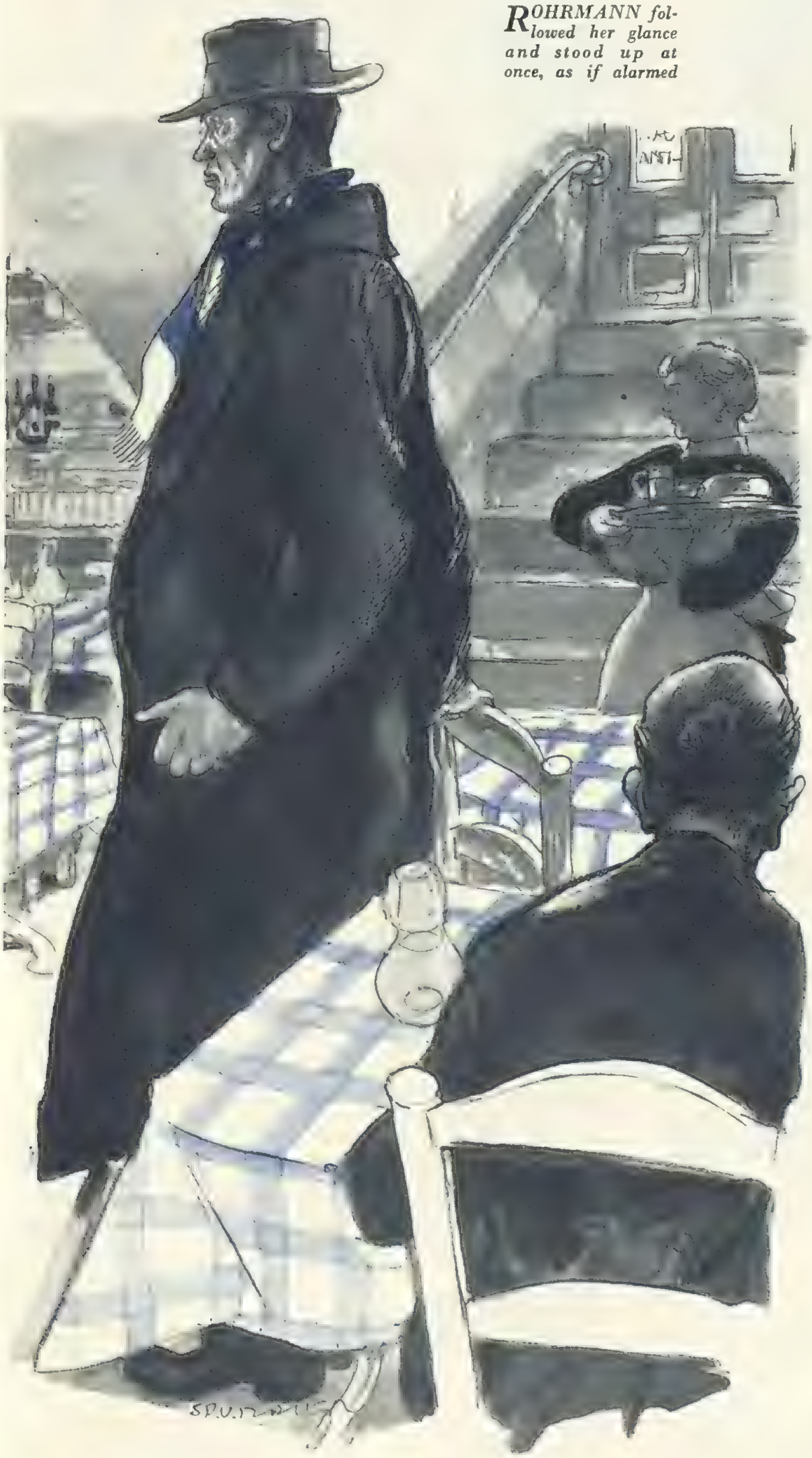
" It would be, Frau Milngailis, I assure you," Rohrmann said, and Anna wondered why he felt he should suddenly turn a remark to her. It was as if he had felt her suspicions and now enjoyed upsetting them so completely.

" I'm sure that Eric could do the work," Anna said. She knew that Eric seemed disappointed that she did not reflect and increase his own enthusiasm. She could not.

" I should be very pleased to have you do a book for me," Rohrmann said. " It is a little history of Modern French furniture."

" I know nothing about it," Eric said honestly.

" You can draw from photographs ? Of course ! I shall come to your office in the morning and discuss the details." Then—and his leaving seemed as carefully considered as his entrance—he rose and bowed. He lifted Anna's hand and kissed it.



ROHRMANN followed her glance and stood up at once, as if alarmed

Eric was dazed and could only nod. Anna said, " Good night, Herr Rohrmann."

He stopped at the door for a moment. " I may say I am looking forward to the time when you will work with me in Paris," he said. Then another bow and " Good night."

For a moment more Eric stood speechless. Coming back to reality, he swept Anna into his arms and brought her close to him. " Did you hear that—Paris ! " His face was aglow. " Isn't it marvellous, and all because of that cartoon ! "

He was so happy, now talking incessantly. Anna kissed him and went about clearing the table. His enthusiasms always grew so rapidly. She did not have the courage to tell him her reactions, and he was too intent on what he thought he saw before him to notice any reservation in her. Eagerly, he started rummaging through his books, hoping to find something on book illustration.

She had just finished lunch the next day when a messenger came into her office. " Your husband is outside to see you." She went to him and found him joking with a clerk and laughing. He took her by the hands, " Come on, come on," he said. " Come down town with me."

" But I have work to do ! "

He would not hear of it. " Ask for an hour's leave."

" Where might I ask, young man, are we going ? "

Concealing a monumental secret, he said, " You may not ask." And as she led the way toward a tram station he said, " No, no, only a taxi will do ! "

They drove to a store on Kalku Iela. " Here we are," he said, leading her through the entrance. She had never seen him in such high spirits. They went to the dress department and he nodded to a clerk. " Bring out what you just showed me." The clerk brought a coat-suit of English tweed, grey with a bluish cast.

" Do you like it ? " Eric asked. " It's for you ! "

" But——! " It was lovely stuff and it would go well with her.

" Hurry, say yes," Eric smiled impatiently.

" Step over here, young man," Anna said sternly. He stepped. " Now, where did you get the money ? This is an expensive suit."

" The most expensive in the store," he agreed shamelessly. " I arranged to do the work for Rohrmann this morning. He paid me the money in advance." Proudly, he took some bills from his coat pocket where he had carelessly jammed them.

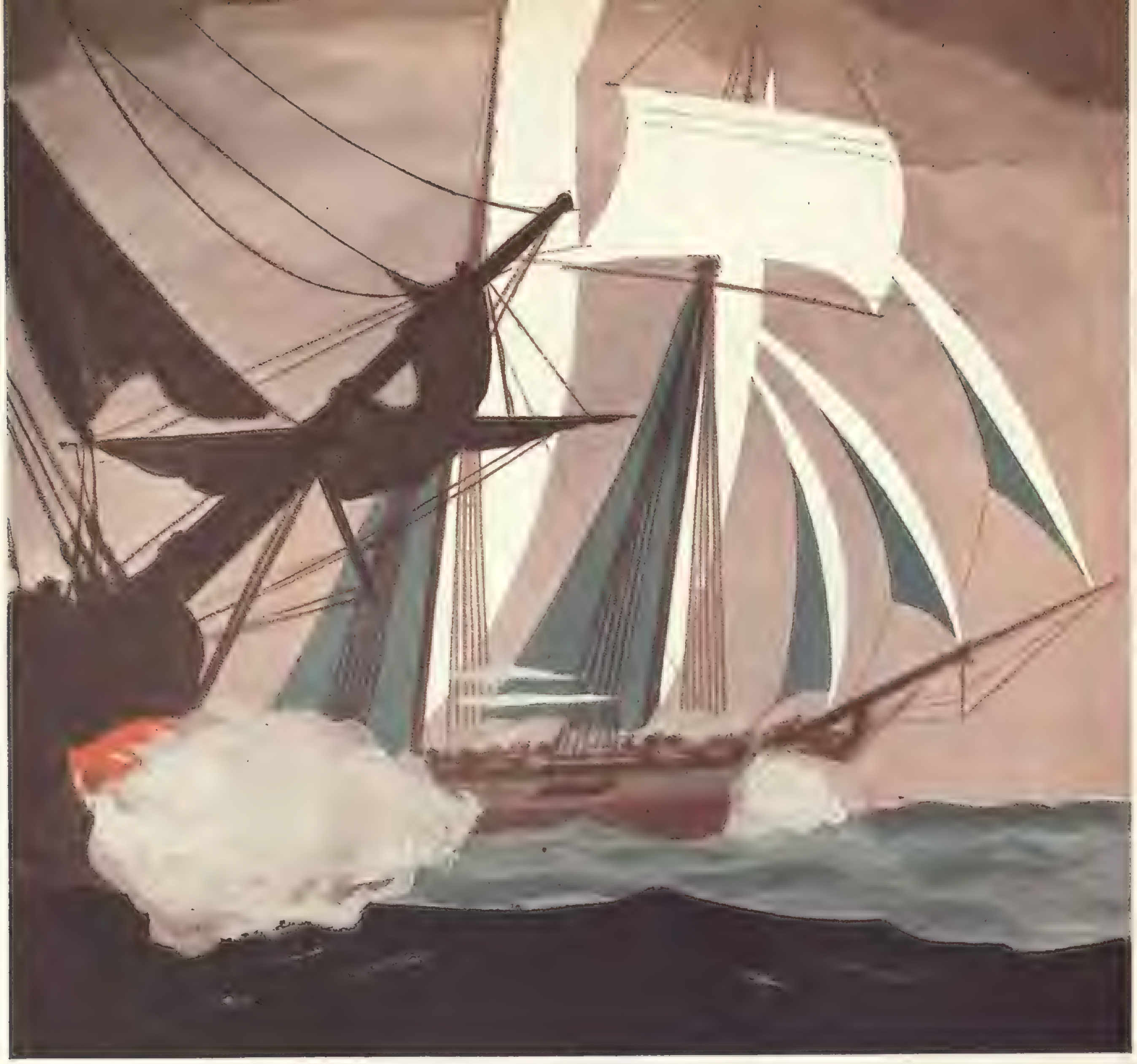
Suddenly nervous, Anna started to question him, but he turned her questions. " The important thing is, do you like the suit ? "

" I love it."

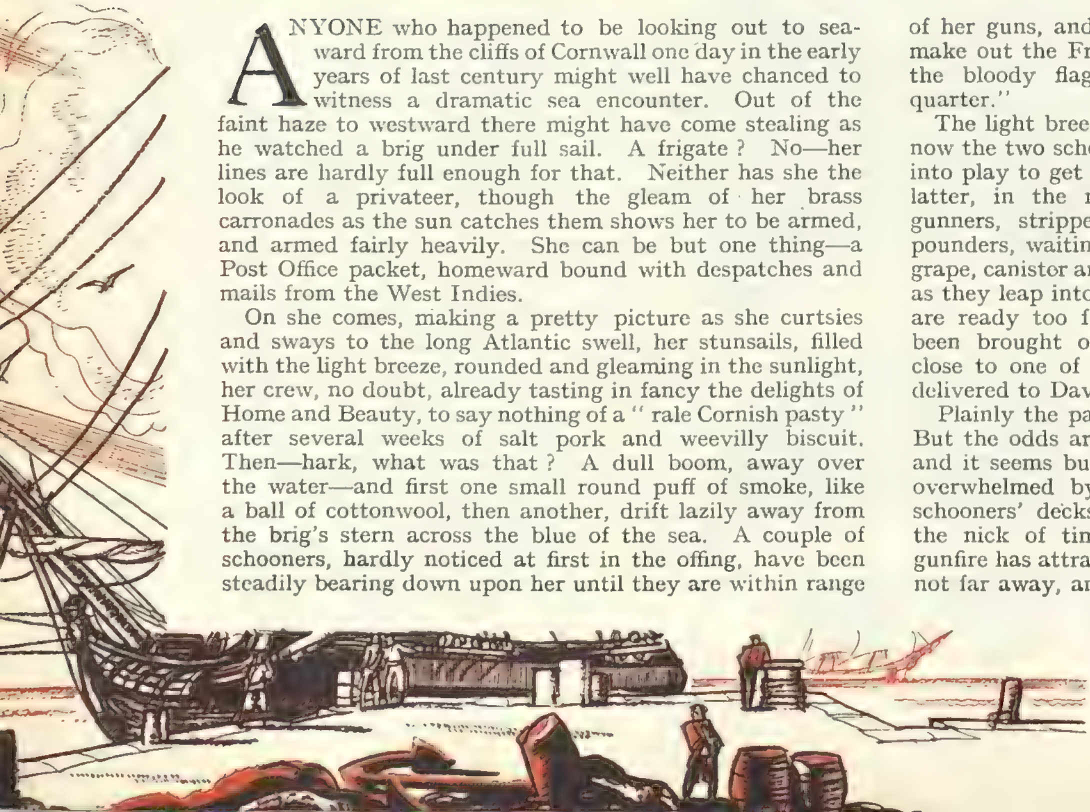
" Then it's yours." And, as they left the store, arm in arm, he drew her closer. " There, *Liebschen*, is the first piece of clothing I've ever been able to buy you with my own money ! " And he looked his pleasure.

When she came home that evening, Eric was already there. Drawing paper and photographs were spread out over the table. " This is what I'm doing," Eric said, not quite casually enough to hide his pleasure.

Anna picked up (*Continued on page* 120)



Carrying the Mails



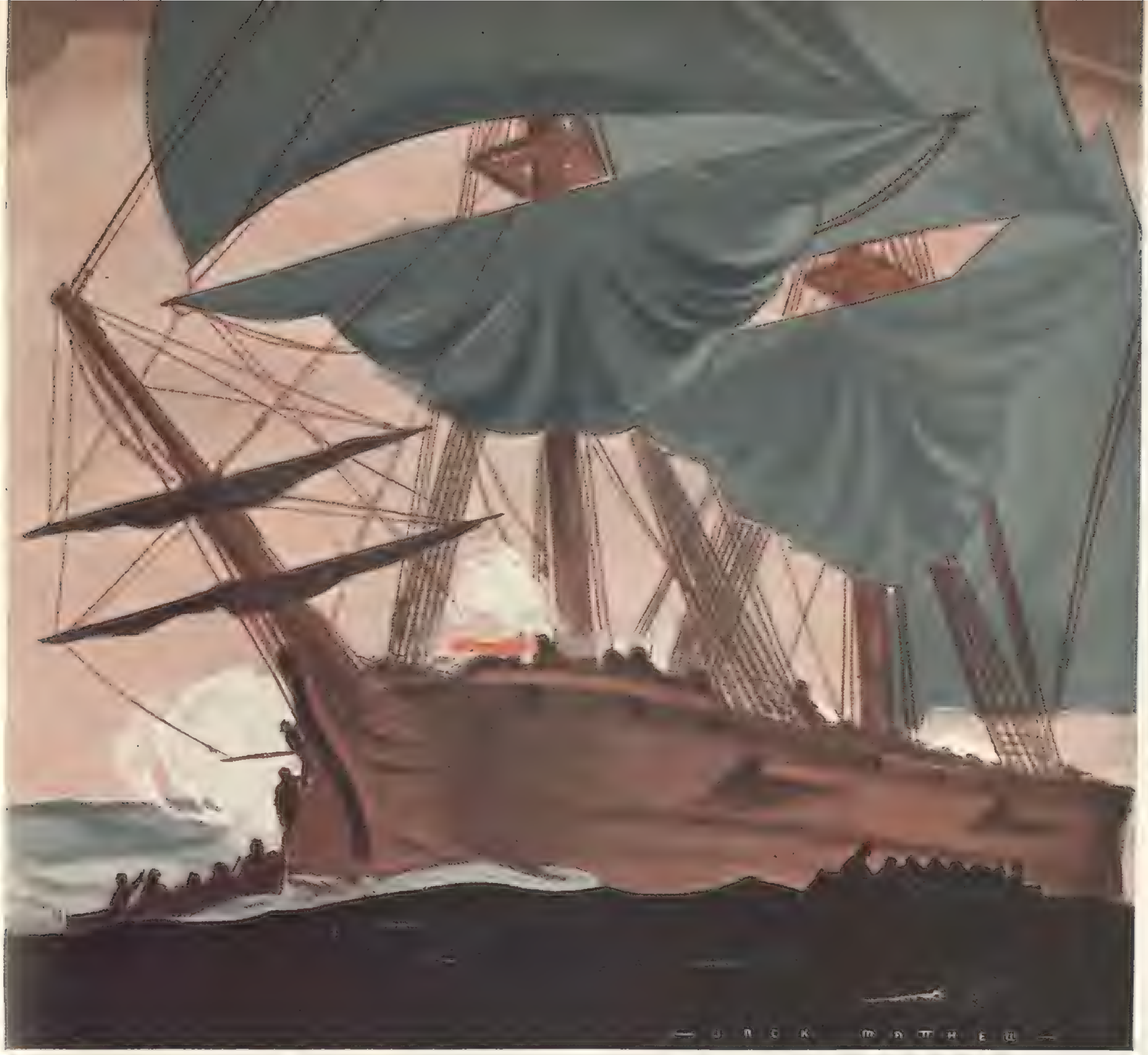
ANYONE who happened to be looking out to seaward from the cliffs of Cornwall one day in the early years of last century might well have chanced to witness a dramatic sea encounter. Out of the faint haze to westward there might have come stealing as he watched a brig under full sail. A frigate? No—her lines are hardly full enough for that. Neither has she the look of a privateer, though the gleam of her brass carronades as the sun catches them shows her to be armed, and armed fairly heavily. She can be but one thing—a Post Office packet, homeward bound with despatches and mails from the West Indies.

On she comes, making a pretty picture as she curtsies and sways to the long Atlantic swell, her stunsails, filled with the light breeze, rounded and gleaming in the sunlight, her crew, no doubt, already tasting in fancy the delights of Home and Beauty, to say nothing of a " rale Cornish pasty " after several weeks of salt pork and weevilly biscuit. Then—hark, what was that? A dull boom, away over the water—and first one small round puff of smoke, like a ball of cottonwool, then another, drift lazily away from the brig's stern across the blue of the sea. A couple of schooners, hardly noticed at first in the offing, have been steadily bearing down upon her until they are within range of her guns, and with a powerful glass one might almost make out the French colours they have just hoisted, with the bloody flag above them whose meaning is " No quarter."

The light breeze has fallen away almost to nothing, and now the two schooners have brought their powerful sweeps into play to get to grips with their quarry. On board the latter, in the meantime, all is frenzied activity. The gunners, stripped to their waists, stand by their six-pounders, waiting to discharge a death-dealing mixture of grape, canister and small-shot among the groups of boarders as they leap into the packet's chains. Cutlasses and pikes are ready too for their reception; and the mails have been brought on deck and lie, weighted with pig-iron, close to one of the ports, whence they will be promptly delivered to Davy Jones should capture seem inevitable.

Plainly the packet means to put up a strong resistance. But the odds are all against her, both in men and metal, and it seems but a matter of minutes before she must be overwhelmed by the swarms of men mustering on the schooners' decks. Only a miracle can save her—and in the nick of time the miracle happens! The sound of gunfire has attracted the notice of a British frigate cruising not far away, and as, crowding on all sail, she bears down

By C. Fox



The Romance of the Post Office Packets

Illustrated by Jack Matthew

upon the scene, the two privateers, drawing off from their quarry, hasten with the combined aid of sail and sweeps to remove themselves to a discreeter distance.

SUCH happenings as that just described were part of the day's work in the Post Office packets all through the eighteenth century and during the early years of the nineteenth, for carrying the mails then was by no means synonymous with safety, punctuality and an almost clock-work-like regularity. Rather, indeed, might the reverse be said to be the case. A mail packet was a prize specially coveted by the privateersman. Frequently she carried important naval and military despatches the capture of which would bring rewards and honours, to say nothing of the consignments of bullion and treasure which often formed part of her cargo.

It was therefore essential that she should be adequately armed for defensive purposes, and that she should carry a fighting crew ready and able to give a good account of themselves should occasion arise. How well they did so is shown in the many records of their engagements which survive, some hidden away in the records of the Post Office, some to be found in the pages of naval history.

Take, for example, the great fight of the packet *Windsor Castle* with the notorious French commerce-raider *Jeune Richard*, which is possibly the best known, though by no means the most desperate, of such engagements. The *Windsor Castle* was bound for the Leeward Islands with mails in October, 1807, and when nearing Barbadoes she was attacked by a schooner, which hoisted French colours and then opened fire. The *Windsor Castle* replied with her stern-chasers, but the enemy still continued to come on until she was actually within hail, when her commander summoned the packet to surrender, accompanying the demand with a volley of abusive language. She then subjected the *Windsor Castle* to so heavy a fire from her superior armament that the packet's rigging was soon a tangle of wreckage, and the privateer then grappled and boarded. The attack was beaten off so effectively and with such loss to the assailants that the Frenchman prepared to draw off and renew her battering of the *Windsor Castle* at a greater distance. Unluckily for the carrying out of this manœuvre, however, the *Windsor Castle's* mainyard had become so inextricably locked with the *Jeune Richard's* rigging that the latter could by no means release herself, and the two ships, locked in a death grapple, hammered away at each other at close quarters. At last the French crew gathered for a final

(*Continued on page* 127)

Smith

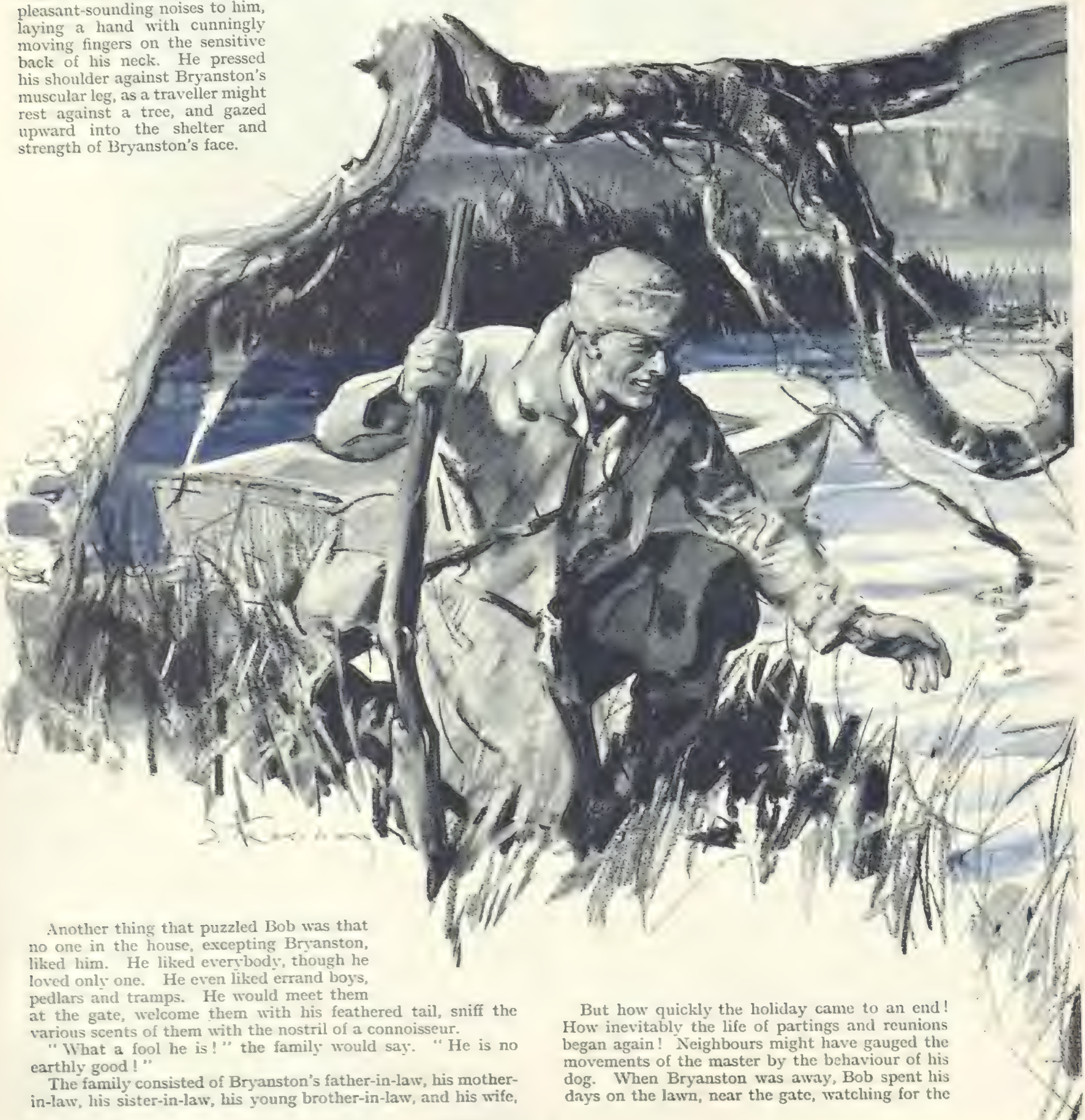
“Virtue of Man without

BOB was puzzled about a number of things, but the goings and comings of Bryanston puzzled him most of all. One day Bryanston had gone to the trouble of explaining to Bob that he had to leave him so frequently because of business, very necessary business, and that he must be a good dog and not do things to annoy the family, and that the time would soon pass and they would be together again.

Bob listened to all this without understanding a word of it, but he threw such a glow of understanding into his golden eyes, the full dome of his cocker spaniel's head looked so nobly receptive, that Bryanston almost believed that he took it in.

“ You do understand, don't you, Bob ? ”

What Bob understood was that the one he loved was close beside him, making intimate, pleasant-sounding noises to him, laying a hand with cunningly moving fingers on the sensitive back of his neck. He pressed his shoulder against Bryanston's muscular leg, as a traveller might rest against a tree, and gazed upward into the shelter and strength of Bryanston's face.



Another thing that puzzled Bob was that no one in the house, excepting Bryanston, liked him. He liked everybody, though he loved only one. He even liked errand boys, pedlars and tramps. He would meet them at the gate, welcome them with his feathered tail, sniff the various scents of them with the nostril of a connoisseur.

“ What a fool he is ! ” the family would say. “ He is no earthly good ! ”

The family consisted of Bryanston's father-in-law, his mother-in-law, his sister-in-law, his young brother-in-law, and his wife, who was always ill. She would have liked Bob if she had seen more of him, but she only heard of his misdemeanours, how he had brought mud into the drawing-room on his big feet, how he had fleas, and how he had dug a hole in the lawn to cool himself in.

One thing Bob was good for—in addition to being a fountain of pure affection—and that was shooting. Bryanston had never had a better gun dog. Their duck-shooting trips were a joy to them both. Each did his work so surely, so swiftly. The nights in a canvas tent, on a bed of blankets laid over hemlock boughs, when Bob lay with his head on Bryanston's thigh, were almost better than the days. Then Bob felt that they would never part again.

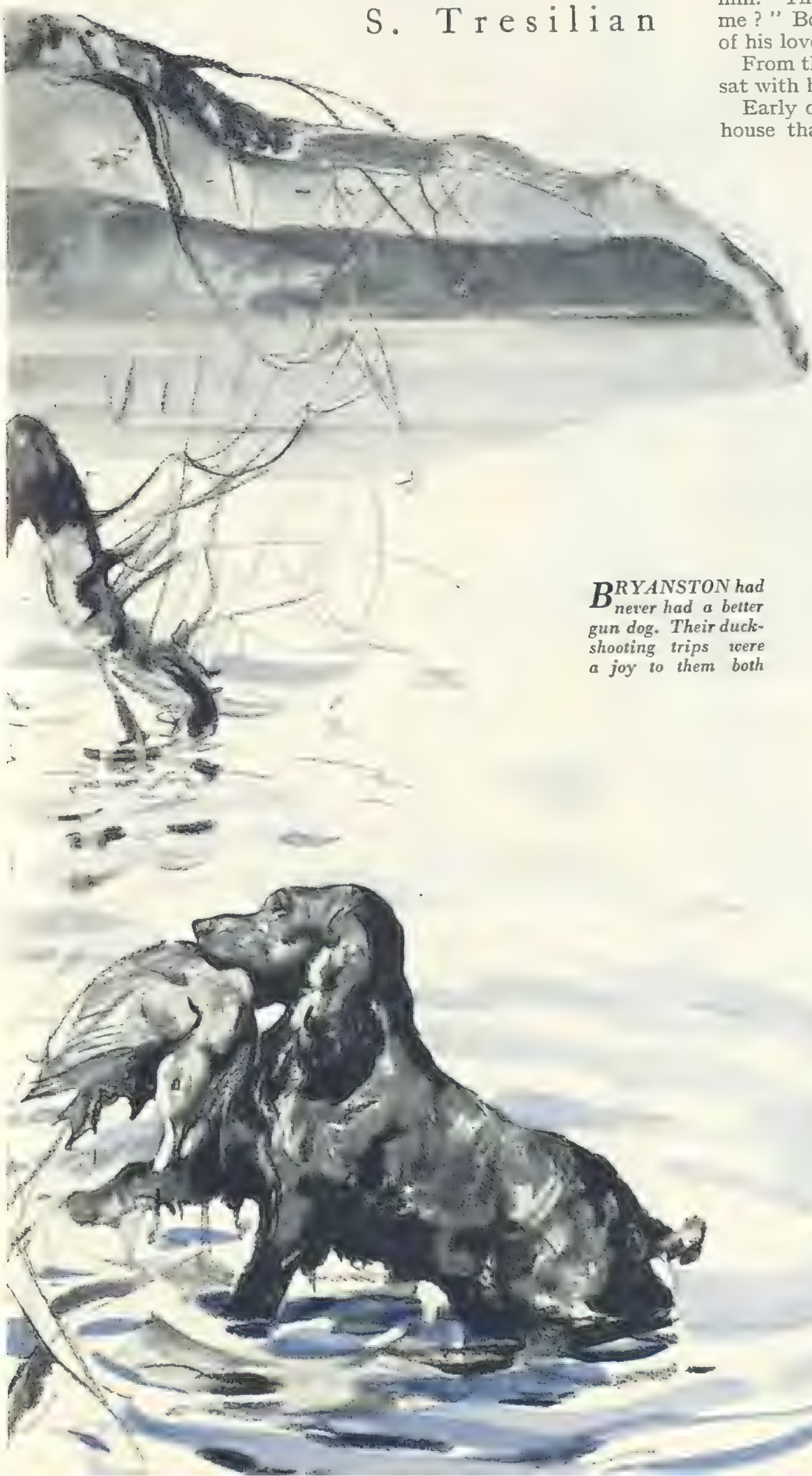
But how quickly the holiday came to an end! How inevitably the life of partings and reunions began again! Neighbours might have gauged the movements of the master by the behaviour of his dog. When Bryanston was away, Bob spent his days on the lawn, near the gate, watching for the

his Vices"

The Story of a Cocker Spaniel

By Mazo de la Roche

Illustrated by
S. Tresilian



BRYANSTON had never had a better gun dog. Their duck-shooting trips were a joy to them both

moment of return. When he saw Bryanston's stalwart figure, when he heard the heralding pipe of his whistle, Bob would sit for a moment motionless, as though the joy were too much for him. Then Bryanston would call, " Aren't you coming to meet me ? " Bob would run to him, crouching low in the humility of his love, uttering little yelps, as of pain.

From that moment they were separated only when Bryanston sat with his wife.

Early one spring new things happened to puzzle Bob. The house that had been so orderly was being pulled to pieces. Strange men came, like big dogs, and began to tear the inside out of it.

Bob sat on the lawn and watched one piece of furniture after another being carried into a van. He wished Bryanston would come. He saw the canvas bag that held the blankets they took on their shooting-trips carried to the van, and ran and sniffed it, barking loudly. He felt that somehow the barks might bring Bryanston. But no one paid any attention to him. He curled himself up on the lawn and laid the side of his head on his paws, as though worn out by watching. He slept a little.

Suddenly, through the shuffling and tramping of the men, he heard the longed-for step. It moved deliberately toward him. Supple hands took hold of his ears. His being melted into delicious content. He snuffled Bryanston's hands and looked up into his face as though he would clamp him to him for ever with that gaze.

After a while Bryanston brought a leather lead and snapped it on his collar. He looked up trustingly, but he was puzzled. He was puzzled during the long walk. Bryanston walked quickly, never speaking to him. The sun was warm, the snow melting into rushing streams in the gutter.

THEY went into a strange house, and Bob sat close to Bryanston's knee while the talk went on. The talk was about how you couldn't very well keep a spaniel in the city, especially when your wife's family didn't care about dogs, and your wife was ill.

Then Bryanston went. He went so quickly that Bob could not get through the door after him. He sprang to the door and threw himself against it. The man of the house caught him by the collar and held him.

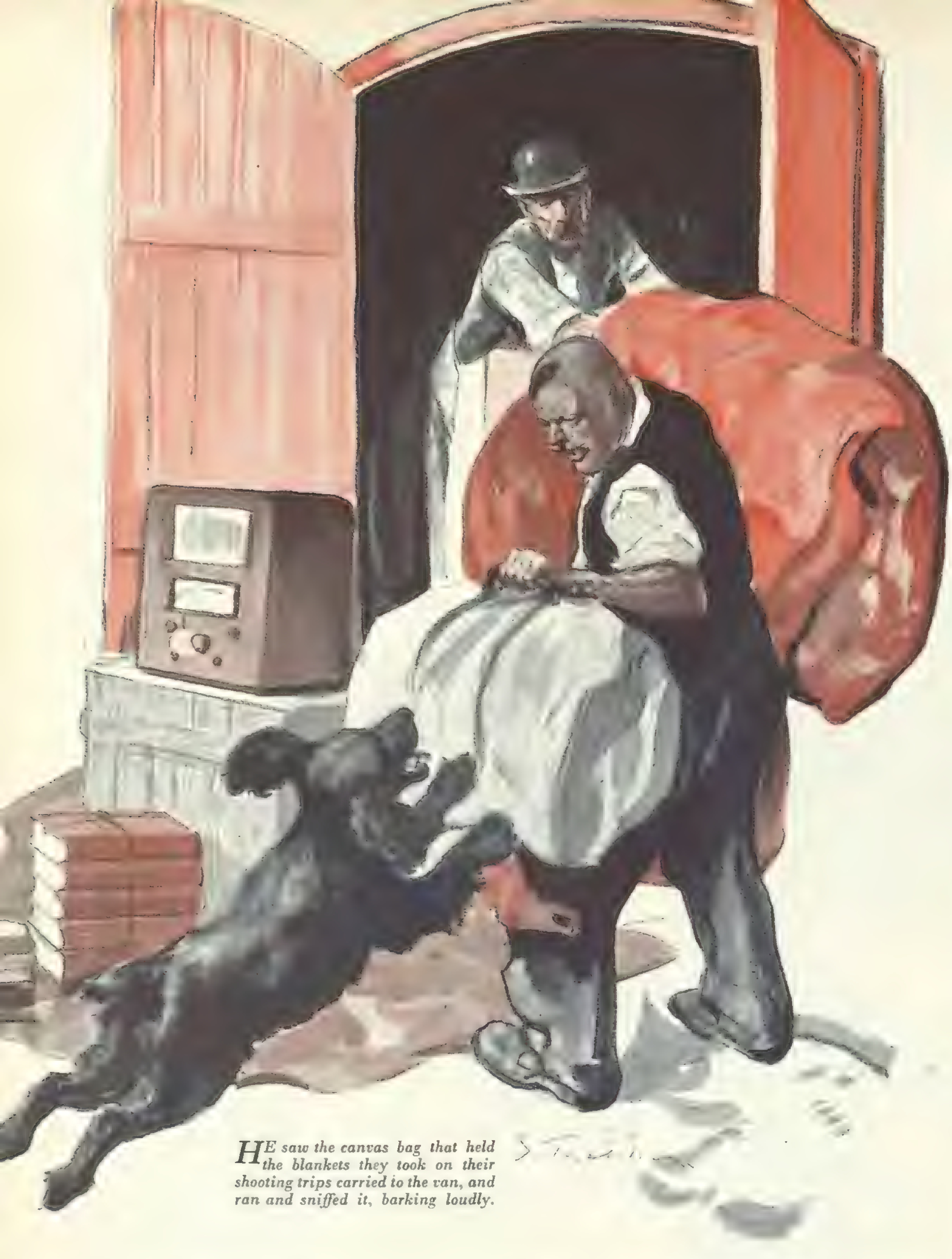
There was no hate or savagery in Bob. He did not try to bite the man. When he found himself held fast, when he found the door shut in his face, he stood still, trembling, and waited his chance to escape.

It did not come for two days.

He had refused food. He had sat quietly by the kennel where he was chained, waiting. At last they freed him.

He did not waste a moment. He trotted quickly in the direction of home, but when he neared it he began to run wildly, his long ears flapping, his eyes strained.

The front gate was shut, but he knew the loose board in the fence at the back,



He saw the canvas bag that held the blankets they took on their shooting trips carried to the van, and ran and sniffed it, barking loudly.

and he passed through that. He trotted to the back door. It was shut. He ran to the front door. It was shut. He listened intently. The house was silent. He ran snuffling over every inch of the ground. There was no fresh scent of Bryanston.

He sat himself down, in his accustomed place, to watch the gate. A passing boy who knew him called out :

" They're gone, Bob ! Don't you know that ? They're gone. You don't belong to them any more. You belong to the Grants. You go back to them, like a good dog."

Bob wagged his tail, but he knew the boy was talking nonsense.

After a while he became very troubled by the quietness of the house. He went into the street and began to seek the scent of Bryanston there. It tingled through his nerves like the warmth of the sun, when he found it. He followed it, drinking it in with each breath, up one street, down another, till he reached the railway station.

The confusion, the clashing of trucks, the whistling of engines, frightened him, but he thought he would find Bryanston there, and he kept his dignity. He walked up and down the platform, up and down, threading his way among the confusion of boxes, bales and luggage, but the scent was lost. He thought he had better go home.

He sat quietly on the lawn for a time; then the agony that was in him rose to his throat, and he howled. He howled again and again in his mourning. Towards evening Mr. Grant came and put a lead on him and took him to his house. He was kind to him, but Bob wanted Bryanston. He was very hungry and ate the supper that was set before him. He curled himself tightly in his kennel and felt the comfort of his long ears across his face.

THE next day he went to his old home and from there to the railway station. He ran up and down the platform snuffling eagerly. He tried to get on a train, but was put off. Then he returned to the house and sat before the door, howling. The neighbours were disturbed. He made them miserable, sitting there in the snow howling as though the end of the world had come. Once he sat through a blizzard, raising his desolate voice to the whirling snow, becoming as white as a snow dog. Boys made snowballs and threw them at him, but, after a look of reproach, he returned again to his mourning.

Fortunately for him, this return of winter was brief. Soon it was really spring. Dandelions appeared like brass buttons on the green livery of the lawn. Newcomers moved into the house, and Bob gave up hope of Bryanston's return there. He spent more time at the railway station. He knew exactly at what hours the trains left, and he was almost always there to see them go. For some reason he gave no heed to the incoming trains. The men about the station liked him. They were proud to tell strangers of how faithful he was to Bryanston.

One day Bob knew that he was late for the train. He ran along the road to the station, his long ears flapping, his short, feathered legs stretched in anxiety. Just as he ran on to the platform he saw the train going out. Bryanston was standing on the steps of the last carriage. He was finishing a cigar and dropped the end to the ground.

Bob's astonishment was almost panic. For a moment he stood, as though turned to ebony. Then, with all the force that was in him, he strained to overtake the train.

Bryanston saw him coming. He had had to return to the town on business. The stationmaster had told him about Bob, and he had hurried away, hoping the spaniel would not see him. He shrank from the pain of parting from him again, for Bob's sake. Now he saw him stretched to his farthest muscle. He saw the wild flapping of his ears. The anguish of his starting eyes.

For a moment Bryanston closed his own eyes, hoping that, when he opened them, Bob would have given up the pursuit, be nothing but a small black image of a dog staring after the train.

But Bob had not given up hope when Bryanston looked again. He was straining harder than ever. Hope sprang in his heart like a tough-fibred weed that would not be uprooted.

Now he was hurling himself, with a strange rocking-horse motion; he was staggering, but he was not giving up. As he watched him, Bryanston began to cry. Before reason could stop him, he stepped inside the door of the carriage and jerked the emergency chain that would stop the train. Then he took out his handkerchief and blew his nose. He stood, with the handkerchief against his face, wondering what he would say to the guard, as the train slowed down.

Bob could barely drag himself to Bryanston. He felt himself picked up in the longed-for hands, laid against the familiar chest. He seemed to be all pounding heart, lolling tongue and glowing eyes.

"You can be fined for this!" said the train officials.

"I know! I know!" said Bryanston. "But look at him! Can you blame me?"

All the way to the city Bob sat between Bryanston's legs, pressing close to him, feeling his nearness. Nothing else mattered. Nothing else mattered. . . .

Bryanston told the family about the reunion with Bob, with all the dramatic fire of which he was capable. His eyes shone as he told it, but he felt uncomfortable at bringing the dog again to the house where he was not wanted. It was easy to see that they wanted Bob even less than before. Bob wagged his tail whenever one of the family looked in his direction.

He found life very different here from what it had been in the house in the small town. Then there had been nearby fields to run in. There had been country walks with Bryanston, walks to the lake, and sticks hurled far out to retrieve. In the background the shooting trips, the free, wild days and happy nights. Now Bryanston sat more and more with his wife when he was at home. When he was away Bob had nothing to do but sit on the front steps watching people go by. No one took him walks. The weather was very hot. He was listless and he longed for a certain sort of grass. He could think of nothing but this particular grass.

He walked round and round the little garden, snuffing the plants, hoping to find what he wanted. He even went a long distance down the road, searching among the uncared-for growths of a vacant building lot, but he could not find it. He returned home and went in by the kitchen door. The maid offered him a chop bone, but already she had given him too many bones. His appetite was gone, but he was too polite to refuse. He took the bone and buried it deep in the geranium-bed.

His paws and muzzle were earthy when he came into the house again. He wandered from room to room, searching for a cool spot. The door of the drawing-room stood open. It felt cooler in there. He sat down under one of the long lace window curtains, its creamy lace folds falling over his face, so that he looked like a ridiculous canine bride.

It was the day of long lace curtains and formal best rooms.

For some reason Bob liked the feel of the lace over him. It felt cool and comforting. He sat still for a long while, enjoying it.

But again the urgent need of the particular grass troubled him. It came into his head that this stuff that hung over his face might do. He drew a bit of it into his mouth and began to chew. He chewed long and stubbornly, devouring as much of the curtain as he could.

For a time he sat hunched in an abyss of misery. Then he went into a corner and was sick on the carpet.

He had just lain down, feeling better, when the maid came in with her broom. "You brute!" she exclaimed and hit him with the broomstick. He slunk swiftly out of the house.

Bryanston's brother-in-law was a nice, fair, curly-headed young fellow. He hated to see the household upset by the presence of the spaniel. He made up his mind that he would get rid of him, swiftly and without fuss.

The next morning he whistled blithely to Bob as he lay on the porch. Bob looked at him puzzled. It seemed too good to be true.

"I mean it!" said the young man. "Come along, old fellow! Good old Bob!"

Bob leaped up and trotted at his heels. He had never been for a walk with him before. He raised his head and waved his tail proudly. At the corner the young man stopped a tramcar, and they got on it together.

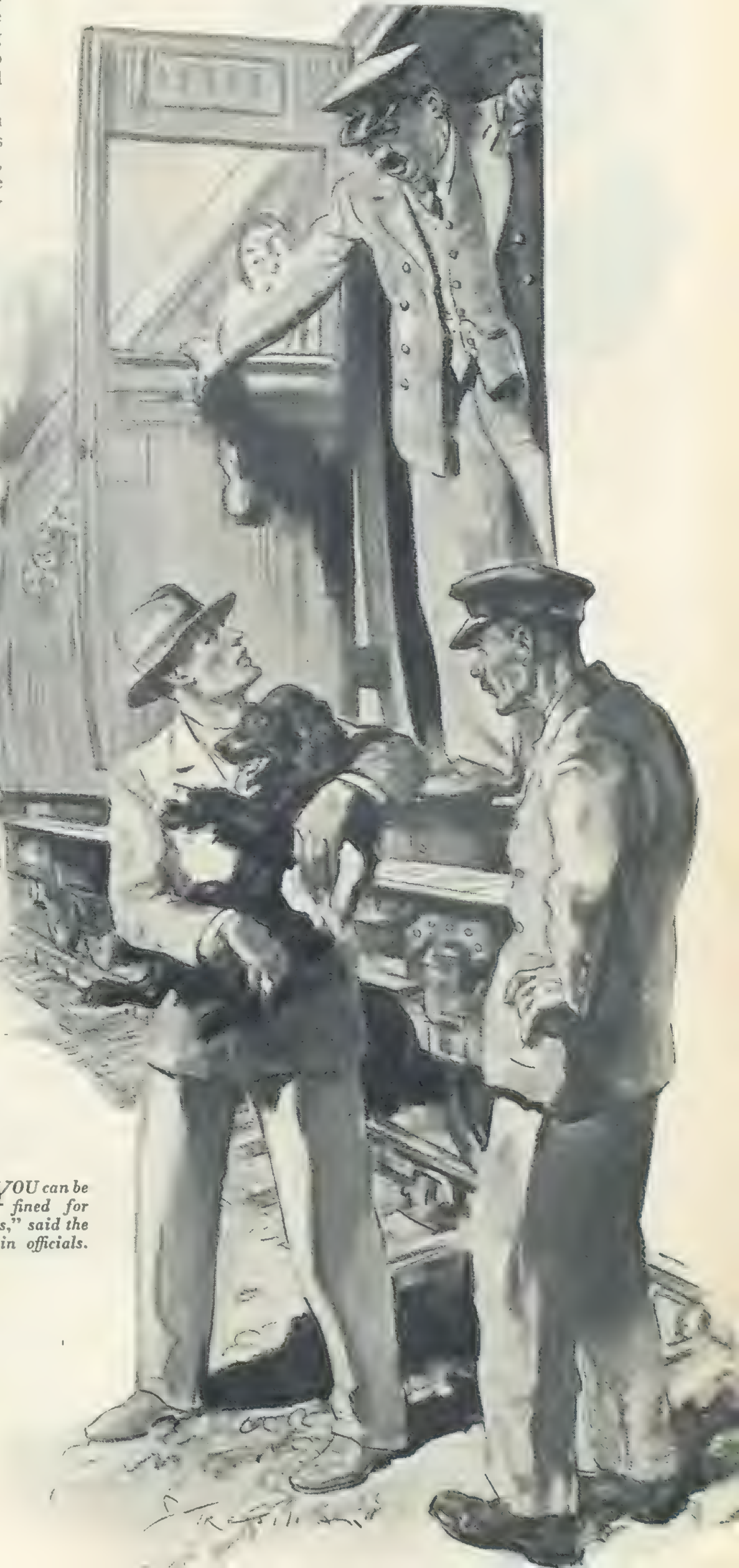
Bob sat at the young man's feet, gazing up trustfully into his face. The tram joggled on and on. In the business part of the city, where the traffic was heavy in the narrow streets, the young man alighted and called to Bob. He walked quickly, with Bob close behind, up one crowded street, down another, through many side streets.

Then, suddenly, as they were about to cross a street, he darted ahead, reached the other side alone, stepped quickly on to a tram and was gone.

Bob ran here and there among the legs of the passers-by bewildered. He jostled against people, ran between a man's legs and almost overthrew him. He had never been in such a crowd before, and it frightened him. He ran in a panic, forgetting to use the delicate sense that had been given him by Nature, using only his troubled eyes.

At last he grew quieter. He put his nose to the ground. He found the scent he wanted, followed it across the street, but there it disappeared. There was only blankness.

Up and down the street, dodging through the traffic, he searched. The policeman's eye was on (*Continued on page* 154)

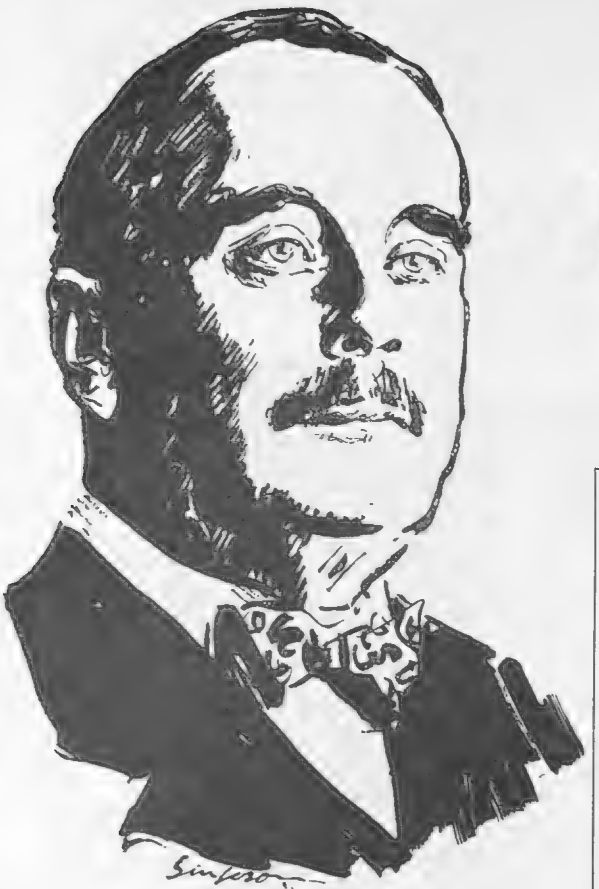


"YOU can be fined for this," said the train officials.

BOOKS:

Personality in Fiction

By Arnold Palmer



H. G. WELLS, whose latest novel, "Brynhild," is reviewed in this article

History

"The Mutiny at Invergordon": *by Kenneth Edwards*

(Putnam, 10s. 6d.).

THE full, remarkable story, told for the first time, of the mutiny of the crews of the ships of the Atlantic Fleet, at Invergordon, in September, 1931. The author, who served in the Royal Navy for some fifteen years, was the Naval Correspondent of the *Morning Post*.

"London Afresh": *by E. V. Lucas*

(Methuen, 8s. 6d.).

MR. LUCAS'S third guide-book to London, his two previous ones—*A Wanderer in London* and *London Revisited*—having been rendered partly obsolete by changes in the metropolis, is now published with 16 plates in colour, the work of H. M. Livens. A first edition, without these illustrations, was brought out a year ago.

"My Scotland": *by A. G. Macdonell*

(Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.)

THE fourth volume in the *My Country* series, issued conformably with the already published studies of England, Ireland and Wales. Mr. Macdonell's two main points are that the Highlanders and Lowlanders are, in effect, two separate races, and that Scotland, instead of exploiting England, as is usually held, is the target of her too pressing attentions.

"A Hundred Year History of the P. and O.": *by Boyd Cable*

(Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 10s. 6d.).

THE Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company was founded one hundred years ago. In this handsome and modestly priced volume, Mr. Boyd Cable tells the story, the highly dramatic story, of the inception and growth of this great concern. He has performed his task with skill, keeping the book to handy size, including and summarising an immense mass of detail, and making an arresting and coherent story.

"The Rose of Raby": *by Guy Paget*

(Collins, 12s. 6d.).

ISSUED with a prefatorial note by Sir Charles Oman, this book is the first historical biography devoted to Cecily Nevile, Duchess of York, daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland and mother of Edward IV. Although he has written his book in semi-fictional form, Major Paget claims to have used his invention in the filling of gaps only, and to have tampered with none of the known facts.

THE public has grown very slowly, I surmise, aware of the charm of the novels by Mr. Forrest Reid. There are not many of them, although he has been writing now for a long time, and it seems probable that his readers, a devoted and enthusiastic but inevitably not a vociferous brotherhood, are also restricted in number. One could never hoist Mr. Reid up into a headline. The subjects he chooses, the methods he employs, are the reverse of sensational and stunning; his readers may go off in pairs into corners in search of uninterrupted exchange of appreciations, they are never likely to engage a hall and crowd into it for noisy debate. He is, in short, a perfect example of the kind of novelist who makes reviewing worth while. He is a beautiful writer whose work has only to be read to be enjoyed by every reader worthy of the name; but its freedom from stridency and its power to evoke moods of intimate reminiscence—in a word, its virtues—do not advertise well or appeal to those people most susceptible to advertisement. He has to be circulated from hand to hand. Like a password, he cannot in the nature of things be shouted.

Almost exclusively, he writes of youth and adolescence, a period he has made, by long contemplation, his own. His new novel, *Peter Waring* (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.), is a revised, an entirely rewritten, version of a story which he first published fifteen years ago, *Following Darkness*. The rewriting, however complete, of old novels is seldom thoroughly successful, and I do not think that *Peter Waring* ever quite reaches the level of *The Retreat* and some of Mr. Reid's other novels. The fault perhaps lies in the disclosing of Mrs. Carroll, a very important figure in the story, whose character—did I miss something ?—seems to contain doors not opened by the simple key of kindliness which is all that the author places in our hands. But the weakness, if it exists, does little to mar the effect of a lovely and personal book. It has not the sort of plot which can be summarised; it has not what some people would call a plot at all. But I could not put it down until I had read every word of it. One forgets one is reading. One seems to be living at first hand, a heightened existence.

TO turn, as I did, from the dreamy, sensuous, sensitive atmosphere of Mr. Reid to the energetic, impatient, hammering world of Mr. H. G. Wells is like having a bucket of sea-water thrown in one's face. "Mr. Rowland Palace woke up abruptly at seventeen minutes past three in the morning" are the opening

MAJOR GUY PAGET

MISS ROSALIND WADE, author of "Treasure in Heaven." This book is not merely easy to read—it is difficult to lay down

words of *Brynhild* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), and at once the reader knows that he, whatever Mr. Palace may do, will never again be allowed to close an eye. Mr. Wells's new novel, a "straight" and comparatively short story, tells of the spiritual and physical adventures of a wife who reaches the stage of seeing through her husband. (It would have been more interesting, though doubtless more difficult, if the author had shown us how she ever came to be taken in by such an ass.) We leave her, at the end, still married to the same husband, whom she watches with a sardonic eye as he innocently dandles on his knee a child of which he is not the father. What on earth, one wonders, would Ann Veronica have had to say about that? It is a little surprising to find H. G. W. turned cynic, for in most respects he has changed hardly at all since the days —how long ago?—when he liberated on a gasping world a succession of uncompromising and (in spite of their pince-nez) clear-eyed young Amazons. He is as discursive and violent as ever, as impressed as ever by the incorruptible wearers of overalls known, vaguely, as "scientists," as vivid and vigorous as ever, as capable as ever of those authentic and electrifying passages which no one has managed to imitate. As for his "Disavowal" that any of the characters in the book are drawn from living people —that is surely even more elaborate than ever. Indeed, it might have the effect of stimulating rather than discouraging curiosity.

Mr. Wells's vitality is so magnificent that, when one leaves his side and seeks the company of other contemporary novelists, one is conscious of a sharp drop in the temperature. *Remembering Laughter*, by Wallace Stegner (Heinemann, 6s.) was the successful manuscript (from 1,340 entrants) for a prize of £500 offered by an American publisher; and it is as unsatisfactory as such prize-winning efforts almost —though not quite—always turn out to be. It is well written in a superficial way, the author has evidently taken great pains with his "style," but the characters are not explored at all. Mr. Stegner seems to have tried to exercise his imagination, but his fiery steed is very lame and can do no more than hobble. Many of the younger American novelists are uniformly violent and brutal. Mr. Stegner has avoided rowdyism, at the cost of hardly breathing at all.

MAURICE DEKOBRA, whose humour is of the boulevards. His latest book is "Hamydal"

THE *South Wind of Love* (Rich and Cowan, 10s. 6d.) brings Mr. Compton Mackenzie to the second point of his compass, and half way through his long story. This second volume may be taken up and enjoyed by readers unfamiliar with its predecessor, *The East Wind of Love*, but for a thorough understanding of the author's purpose it is not even enough to read both books. One must wait until all four have appeared before a verdict is possible—and when that moment arrives, the critic will find himself considering a novel of hardly less than one million words. It is a formidable prospect. The present volume shows Mr. Mackenzie making full and lively use of his experiences during wartime among the isles of Greece—material which, though he has used it before, seems capable of providing endless entertainment.

TRANSLATED from the German, Franz Werfel's eight stories, collected under the title of *The Twilight of a World* (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.), also recall the War, for they deal with a vanished world, the old Austrian Empire of Franz Josef. The reader who can suffer with patience the tortuous circumlocutions of Herr Werfel's style will be rewarded by a genuine picture, compounded from memory and not from imagination only. To explain the significance of each of the stories, the author has provided prefatorial notes. They are more pretentious than helpful, and are better ignored.

(*Cont. on p. 76*)

BELINDA JELLIFFE

Autobiography

"Coming, Sir!": *by Dave Marlowe*

(Harrap, 8s. 6d.).

MR. MARLOWE is a waiter. He served Mr. Desmond MacCarthy; they got talking; and here is the waiter's autobiography, with a Foreword by the diner. At least one half of Mr. Marlowe's professional life has been passed on board ship, and he was a steward in the *Queen Mary* for her maiden trip. Earlier, he had made a nice little bit by smuggling spirits into the United States, during Prohibition. Now, it seems, he is firmly on land. He has much to say about the conditions of work, tipping, and the manners of passengers on liners and guests at hotels; all this is of great interest, but not unexpected. The surprise of the book consists in the violent adventures which seem to come the way of a steward or a waiter. The life, whatever its drawbacks, is not as dull, evidently, as it looks.

"For Dear Life": *by Belinda Jelliffe*

(Hurst and Blackett, 10s. 6d.).

FROM a farm in North Carolina, the author of these confessions ran away with fifty cents and the clothes she stood up in, to find a less restricted world. After many struggles, her courage and perseverance brought her where she would be—the position of trained nurse. She tells the story of her adventures with great, and at times almost too great, energy, but she succeeds in holding the attention, if not in revealing just what sort of woman, beneath her strength of purpose, she is. One can best study faces in repose.

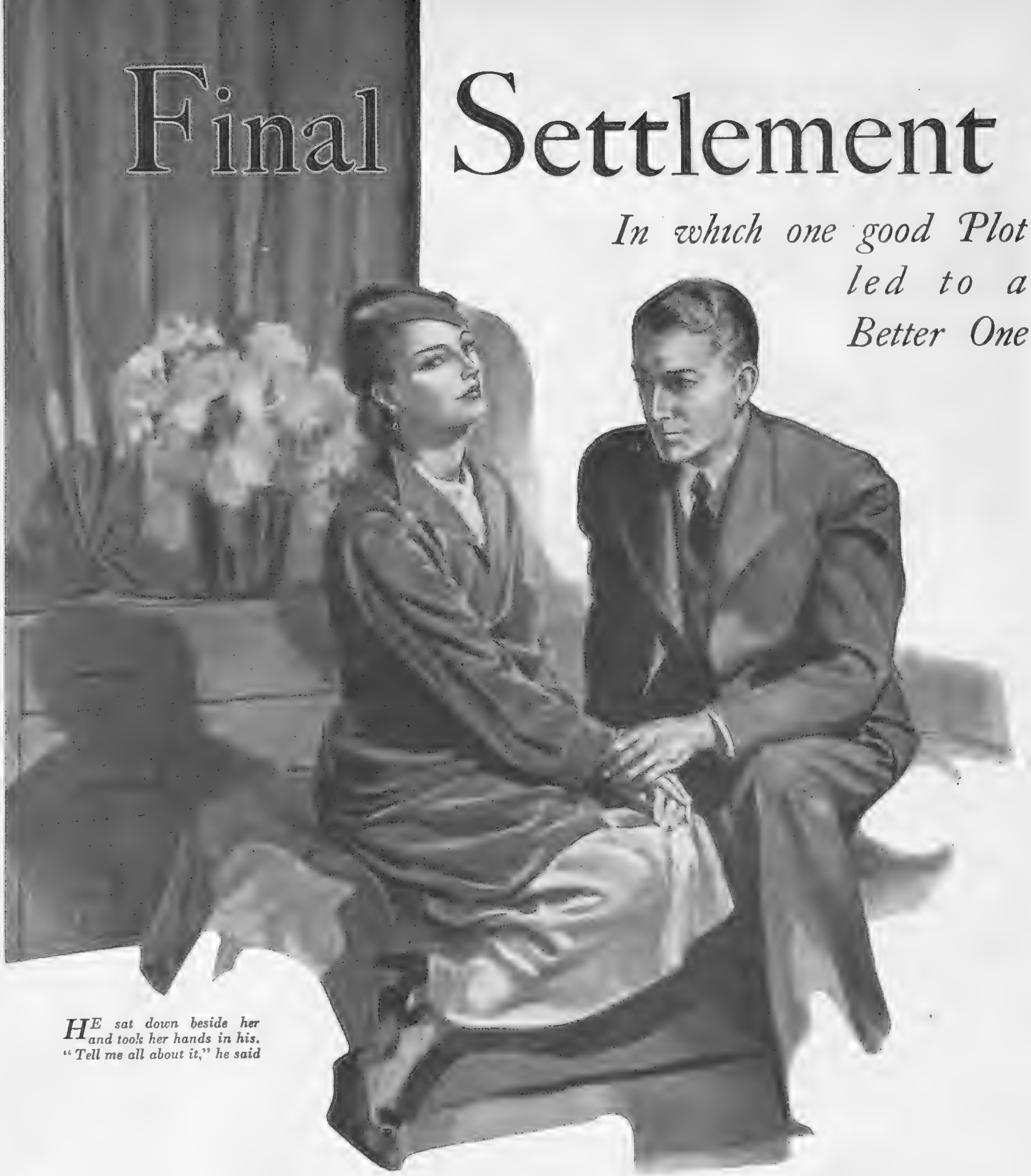
"Me—Again!": *by Naomi Jacob*

(Hutchinson, 18s.).

A SEQUEL to the successful volume of recollections published under the title *Me*, this record of a full life features the author herself rather than her friends. Such at least was her intention, but her interest in her fellow men and women is something which she finds it hard to lay aside, and indeed no portrait of herself would be complete without it. Many of her latest memories are centred in Italy. The theatre, again, plays a conspicuous part in her life.

Final Settlement

In which one good Plot led to a Better One



HE sat down beside her and took her hands in his. "Tell me all about it," he said

"CAN I come in ?"

"No."

"Can I come when you're less busy ?"

"No. I shall never be less busy."

"But I want to talk to you."

"That's the one thing you can't do. I'm committing murder. One can never be talked to while one's doing that." Charles Herepath ran his fingers through his hair, stabbed with his pencil at the writing pad before him, and groaned. "I wonder if I could kill him with an arrow of ice," he said, staring out at the array of chimney-pots before him. "The ice would melt, and there'd only be a mysterious wound, but could ice be made hard enough to pierce clothing ?"

"Need he wear clothing ? Couldn't he be in his bath ?"

"Blackmailers don't have baths . . . anyhow, not in the kind of stories I write."

"I'm not sure that an arrow of ice would even go into the skin. Do you remember when you tried to cut up that rabbit when we were children, how tough it was ? I think a blackmailer would be tough too."

"I want constructive criticism, not destructive. If you haven't anything better to do than crab my ideas, you'd better go."

"Darling, I'm sorry." Eve crossed the room, and laid a hand on her lover's tousled hair. "My creative powers are rather dull to-day."

Charles turned from his writing-desk and looked up at her. "What's the trouble ?" he asked, suddenly grave.

"Mummy. She's not going to Switzerland after all."

"But why . . . ?"

"Oh, the same old reason." Eve sighed. "Money again."

"But I thought that was all fixed up. I thought you said on Friday . . ."

"I know. It was all right. She had enough. But now something's happened, and she says she can't possibly afford it. She's not going . . . . Oh, Charles, I'm so worried."

"My sweet, of course you are." Charles rose, and led her across the small sitting-room to the divan. He sat down beside her and took her hands in his. "Tell me all about it," he said.

"Well, you know that when they wound up poor Daddy's estate, and by the time all expenses were paid, there wasn't even a shilling left. Mummy had to dip pretty deeply into even the tiny bit of money she had left. But even so she had about sixty pounds, which was going to be just enough with a scrape to get her to the place in Switzerland old Doctor Boddy recommended. Well, now it seems there's some other dam' bill which she's got to settle, which just makes the trip impossible. She says it's out of the question."

"But, darling, she must go. I don't know how straightly old Boddy talked to her, but he made things pretty clear to you and me. He said she simply couldn't spend another winter in England."

"I know. She knows it too, but she insists that now she simply can't afford it. It was going to be a tight squeeze as things were. But now, with this bill to pay . . ."

"What is this bill?"

"I don't know."

"Can't it wait?"

"I think Mummy's already paid it."

"But what was it?"

"I don't know. She said she couldn't tell me."

"How much was it?"

"Somewhere about twenty pounds. It doesn't seem very much, but it just makes the difference between her being able to go and having to stay. Oh, Charles, isn't it awful to think of the number of people who spend twenty pounds in an evening on a party? And for us it's going to be almost a matter of life and death. Isn't it wicked that some people should have so much and others so little?"

Charles nodded, and surveyed his own patched shoes and the frayed edges of his trousers. "I haven't seen twenty pounds since the war," he said. "Why, even if I succeed in killing my blackmailer, I shall be lucky to get eight guineas for the story. And I'll probably have to wait a month for the cheque too. But I can scrape along somehow without money; it doesn't worry me. But in your mother's case . . ." He broke off. "When did this mysterious bill appear?"

Eve frowned. "It must have come by yesterday's midday post," she said. "When I got back to the rectory from playing tennis I went straight up to Mummy's room to help her with her packing. She wasn't there. She was in the drawing-room, looking awfully ill and worried. Then she told me that she'd had to pay a bill which she'd known nothing about, and that she'd had to give up all idea of going abroad."

"But she wouldn't tell you what the bill was?"

"No. That was what was so odd. You know I've helped her with all her accounts since father died, written out all the cheques and done everything. She said this was something private, something she couldn't tell me about, something I couldn't understand. She was so worried and miserable I hadn't the heart to pester her." Eve wound and unwound her handkerchief in her distress.

"And, Charles," she went on, "that was what was so peculiar. She's been so brave and cheerful lately, able to laugh at our awful financial state, but this seems to have knocked her completely. It's . . . it's almost as if there was something worse than the loss of twenty pounds . . ."

"Something worse? What do you mean?"

"I mean she's not worried about not going to Switzerland. She'd never worry about anything to do with herself. But she's worried sick and miserable. It's as if there was something awful about that bill . . . something shameful . . ."

By

Colin

Davy

Illustrations by
J. R. Barber

"Do you think it was something to do with your father?"

"I think so. You see, I said 'Can't we send it to old Wheatly, the solicitor? Can't it be paid somehow out of the estate?' And she said no—that that was quite out of the question."

"How very odd!" Charles frowned, and then looked up. "It couldn't have been a bookie's account, could it? Do you think that perhaps your father went in for a quiet gamble occasionally?"

"Oh, darling, as if mother would have minded that! Why, in the old days she used to have a bet on nearly every race, and Daddy used to help her work out the form. He would have betted himself except that he was afraid his parishioners would have found out."

"But what could it be? What possible thing could there be in his life to be ashamed of? He was never . . . never tangled up in any way with a woman, was he? It couldn't be some form of blackmail, surely?"

"Charles dear, the poor sweet never had time! He adored my mother, as you know. He ran after her all day long. Why, right to the end they were like lovers. It was most embarrassing."

"I must say," mused Charles, "he wasn't the type who is discovered afterwards to have had a second establishment in Putney Wick . . . But, even so, to the novelist's mind it does smell of blackmail."

"But how could it be? He went to a conference yearly in London. Otherwise, except for fishing, I don't think he ever went out of the parish for the last twenty years."

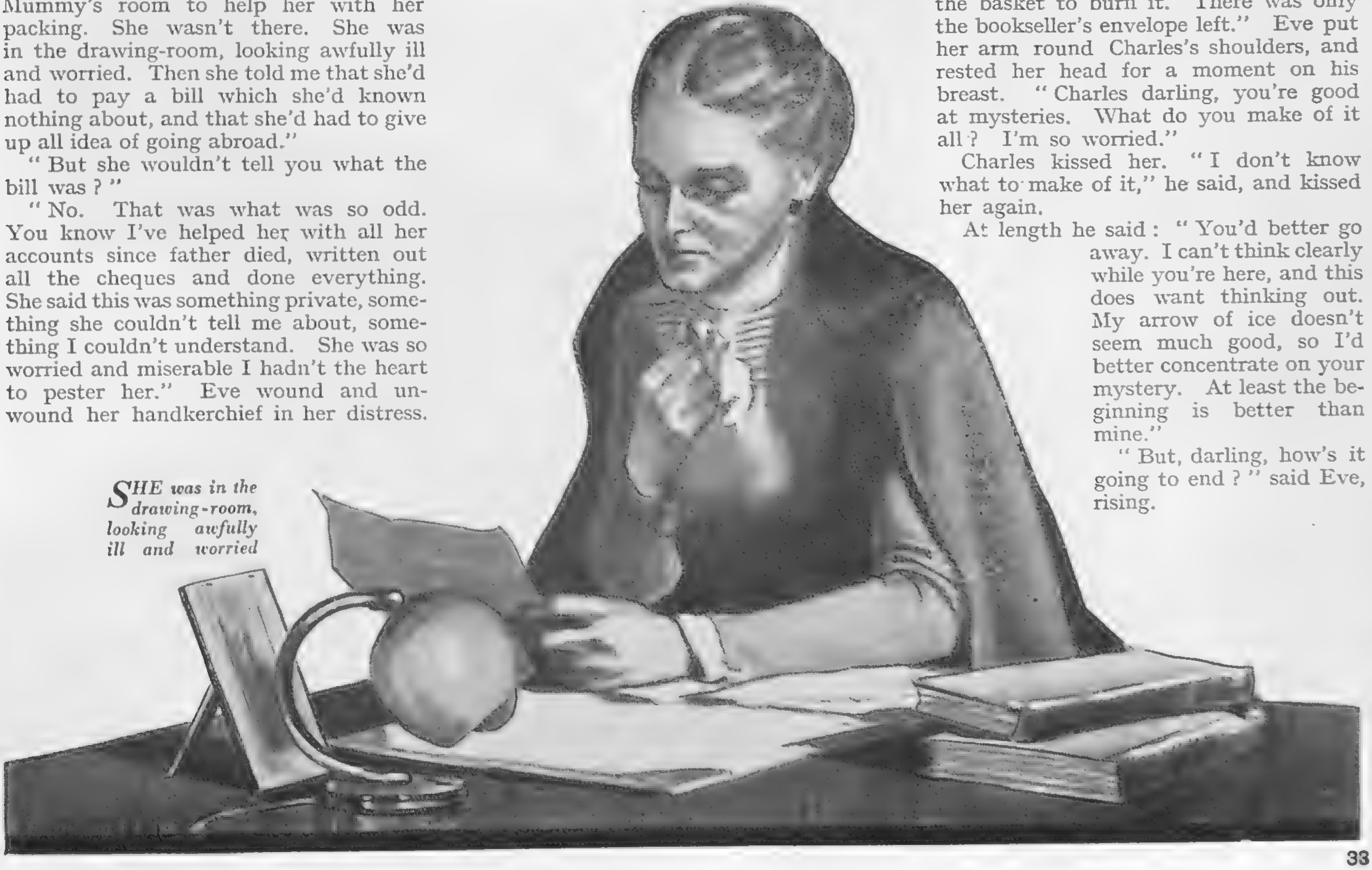
Charles stared at his shoes. "And you got no glimpse of this mysterious account?"

"No. I even went so far as to look in the wastepaper basket, in case mother had torn it up. There was only an envelope—a trade envelope of a bookseller in London—which probably held a circular. I think when mother got the account she must have burned it and the envelope. You see, I know exactly what she does when letters come. She always takes them to her desk to read, opens them all before reading, and throws all the envelopes away into the basket. This was evidently so private that she even went to the trouble to get the envelope out of the basket to burn it. There was only the bookseller's envelope left." Eve put her arm round Charles's shoulders, and rested her head for a moment on his breast. "Charles darling, you're good at mysteries. What do you make of it all? I'm so worried."

Charles kissed her. "I don't know what to make of it," he said, and kissed her again.

At length he said: "You'd better go away. I can't think clearly while you're here, and this does want thinking out. My arrow of ice doesn't seem much good, so I'd better concentrate on your mystery. At least the beginning is better than mine."

"But, darling, how's it going to end?" said Eve, rising.



SHE was in the drawing-room, looking awfully ill and worried

"The Lord only knows," said Charles, shaking his head. "But your mother has got to go to Switzerland in the last chapter." He grinned at her and gave her an encouraging pat. "Don't you worry, Eve. I'll think it out somehow. As a matter of fact, I'm not too bad at working out happy endings."

"I do hope you can work this out."

"I'll have a shot at it," he said. "Somehow I think I can."

"*HARPER'S BAZAAR*? I don't stock periodicals. There's a newsagent's a hundred yards down the street on the left . . ."

"No, madam. I don't know the book you mean. Perhaps it would be simpler if you found out the title from the friend who recommended it to you . . ."

"A book on oil-painting? There might be some on the third shelf there. Perhaps you will look for yourself. The steps are in the corner . . ."

"What title do you say, young man? Speak up, and don't mumble . . . *Fanny and Desmond in Paris* . . . No. You won't find that type of book here . . ."

"You say the author wrote a book on Turkey three or four years ago, but you don't know whether it was a biography or a novel. And about two years ago he wrote a romance about Dalmatia, but you have no idea of the author's name or the title. Really, madam, I'm afraid I can't help you . . ."

It was nearing closing time and it was well known that Elias Bark became more and more crabbed and surly as the day wore on. Even in the morning his manner was that of a churchwarden watching late-comers take their pews. He never smiled, never returned a good-day, and had never been known to leave the high stool behind the cash-desk to help a customer in his search. Even when dealing with intelligent customers who knew exactly what they wanted he betrayed no enthusiasm for his trade and little interest in his customers' literary tastes. A big man with a high, domed forehead and a long, lean neck, he sat at his high desk like an old vulture in his eyrie, his head following the movements of his customers with peering, jerky movements as if he watched the small birds which were his prey. Some said he was like a dumb-show of John Knox in his pulpit, for there was a clerical sombreness about his clothes and something awful and threatening in the way he towered above one. Little boys passing down Moscow Road peeped in at him through the windows, and ran away. Some people said he kept a bottle behind his high desk which was the cause of his surliness when evening came. It was a mystery why anyone ever came into his shop twice, and how he made his business pay, for, in addition to his rudeness, his stock of books was never up to date, and the books seldom dusted. Moreover, he seemed not to care in the least whether he effected a sale or not. Yet, because he was what is known as "a character," and because there are certain people who take a morbid delight in a sinister figure, the customers still came to the bookseller's at the corner of Moscow Road.

As the last customer left the shop, and the hands of the clock neared the hour of seven, the figure in the pulpit-like cash-desk stiffened and grew tense, and his heavy-lidded, brooding eyes grew bright and watchful. He cocked his head and listened to the footsteps in the street outside. Then, when it seemed that none of them were approaching his door, with a grunt and a shuffle he slid down from his perch. With his old-fashioned frock-coat flapping like the wings of a bird, he scuttled across the shop and locked the front door. Then it was one saw that, though he had the body and shoulders of a giant, his legs were withered and deformed. The skirts of his coat were a bare six inches from the dusty floor, and his feeble, twisted legs bore their burden with such difficulty that he had to flap his arms to maintain his balance. Away from his perch he was more than ever like a gigantic bird as he hopped and flapped, putting up the shutters. . . . A gigantic bird, sorely maimed and wounded, yet elated by its freedom.

When all was fast and the lights in the front part of the shop extinguished, he switched on the light above the writing-table in the back room and made preparations for what was obviously to be a long sitting. First he brought a pint bottle of milk from the cupboard and set it on the writing-table. Then he exchanged his black coat for a shabby, grey dressing-gown, and his elastic-sided boots for carpet slippers. Then he went off to a dark corner and returned with a file of newspaper clippings and three fat books. This done, he sat down and rubbed his hands like an alderman about to begin a feast. He had gone about his various tasks with the zest of a lover preparing for his mistress, or an artist in haste to his palette. As he drew the books and papers towards him, his hands shook with an eagerness which was pathetic, and a deep rumbling sound which was almost a chuckle escaped him. Those that quailed before his harsh voice, brooding eyes and ice-cold hardness when in his cash-desk would have been surprised and relieved to see the very human enthusiasm with which he gave himself up to his task.

For half an hour, with darkness all around him and the sounds of the street traffic almost inaudible, his head and hands ivory in the lamplight, he worked slowly and methodically as a man with hours of seclusion before him, for whom time has ceased to exist. A sheaf of newspaper clippings lay to his left hand and the three fat books of reference to his right. He was working through the clippings, making a mark here and a note there, and occasionally referring to one of the books, when the bell in the front of the shop rang stridently.

He gave a grunt of annoyance, hunched his great shoulders and continued with his work. A minute later it rang again, long and insistently. Elias Bark stabbed with his pencil at the cuttings beside him, and made no move, but it was obvious that his peace was broken and his concentration thrown out of gear. When the bell rang a third time, he rose with a growl like an angry bear and tottered slowly to the door in the front part of the shop, muttering and grumbling as he went.

"The shop is closed," he growled. "What do you want?"

The young man in the soft hat and belted raincoat smiled engagingly. "I want to come in," he said, in a soft, sleepy voice.

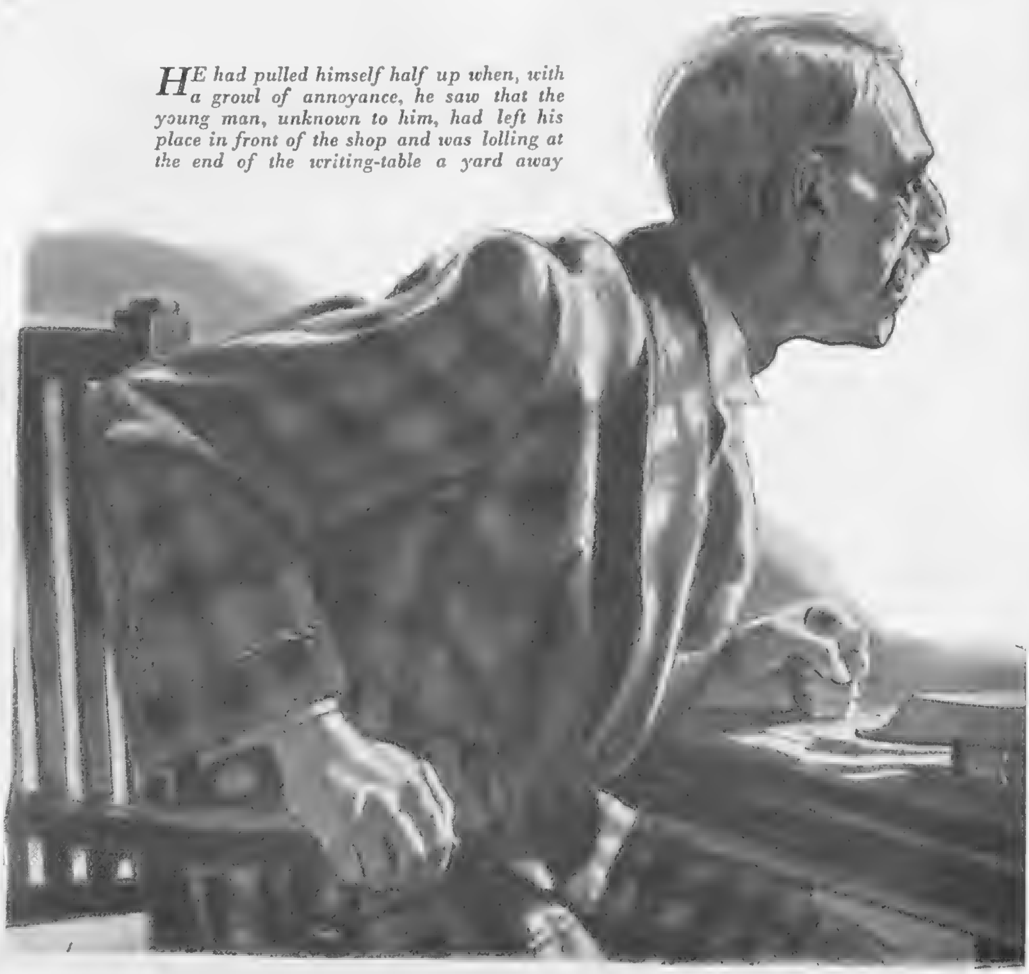
"I don't do business after closing hours. You must come to-morrow."

"Oh, I say, what a bore! I've come all the way from Devonshire. . . ."

"I'm busy now."

"Too busy to give me five minutes in which to write a cheque?"

"What cheque? I don't remember



HE had pulled himself half up when, with a growl of annoyance, he saw that the young man, unknown to him, had left his place in front of the shop and was lolling at the end of the writing-table a yard away doing any business with you." The bookseller peered into his visitor's face.

The young man stepped forward and put his foot on the mat, which set the bell ringing. "Oh, sorry!" he exclaimed. He took half a step into the shop, but the bookseller blocked his way. He hesitated, and stepped back again, and the bell began again to ring.

"Get off the mat," exclaimed Bark petulantly. "Can't you see that is what rings the bell?"

"Sorry," said the young man again, stepping sideways past him into the shop. He blinked curiously about the bookshelves. "I often wondered why shop bells rang when one came in," he observed, with a slow smile.

"What account have you to settle?" repeated the bookseller. "I don't remember your buying any books."

"Oh no. It's not mine. It's someone else's account."

"Why doesn't the person settle it himself? Why send you?" asked Bark, scowling.

His unwelcome customer smiled. "He couldn't post you a cheque."

"Why not?"

The young man took out a packet of cigarettes and selected one before answering. "Because he's dead," he said.

Elias Bark grunted, stared for a moment, and then slowly closed the shop door.

"How much was the account?"

"That's the trouble," said the young man, speaking with the unlit cigarette between his lips. "I can't remember exactly. You see, I tore up the bill."

"What name was it?"

"Purvis."

Bark scowled. "Purvis?" he muttered.

"The Reverend John Purvis, late rector of Saint Aubin's in Devonshire."

The bookseller looked down at the floor for several seconds. Then "I think I remember the account," he said, and moved slowly across the shop to turn on the light. His visitor had been standing first on one leg and then on the other; he seemed strangely lethargic and sleepy, and his limbs seemed to support him only with difficulty. He sighed, and moved across to the counter to loll against that.

"You don't remember the exact amount?" asked Bark.

"It was either eighteen or twenty-two guineas. I can't remember which."

The bookseller stroked his chin. "I remember now. It was eighteen guineas," he announced firmly. "Have you a pen, or will you use this?"

The young man looked up, surprised. "But . . . I say . . . hadn't you better look up the account? I'm not at all sure that it wasn't twenty-one pounds ten, now that I come to think of it. You don't want to do yourself down."

"I shall be satisfied with eighteen guineas. It will take some time to look up the account. My files are all locked up now."

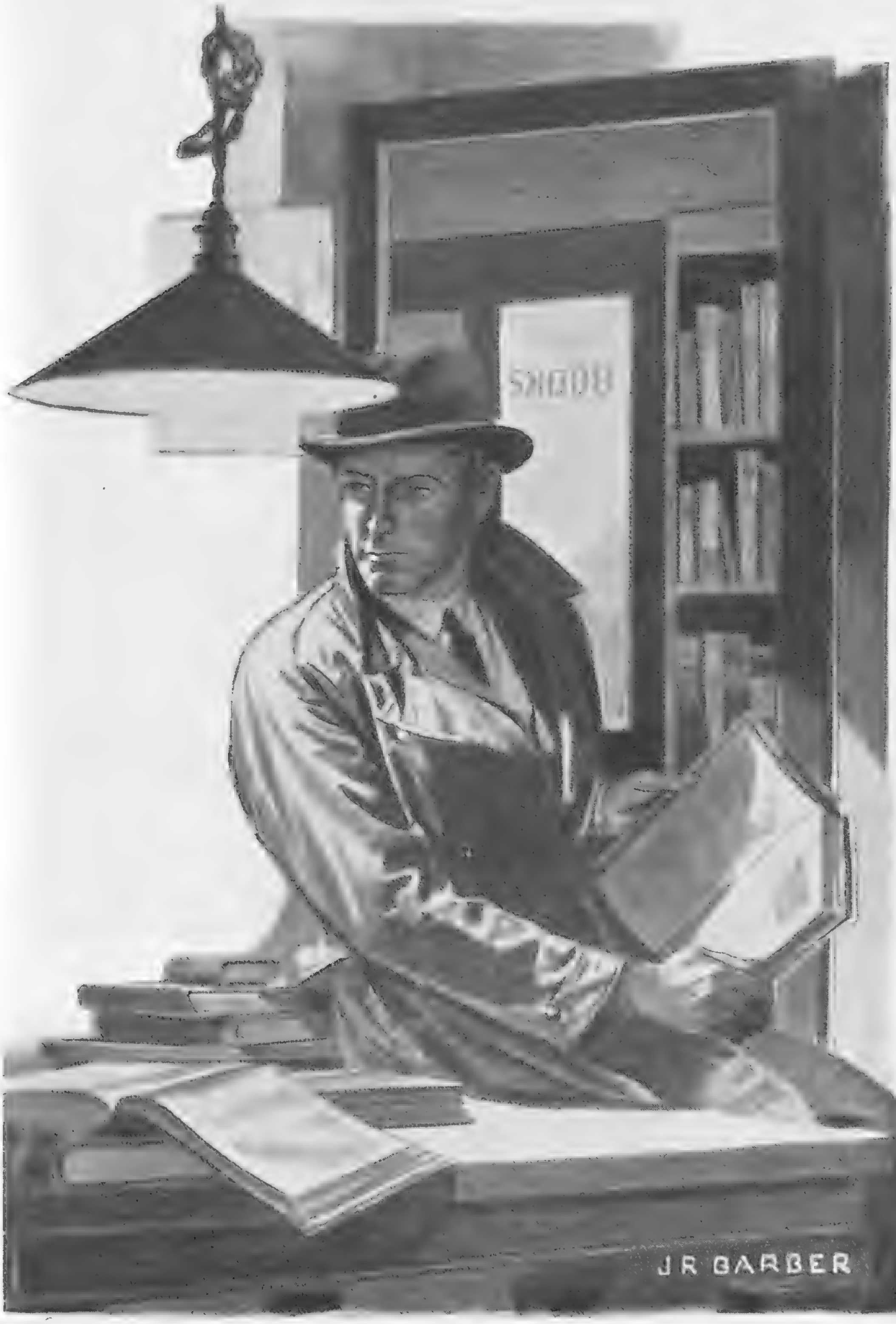
"Don't mind about me," said the young man, changing his position on the counter to one more comfortable. "I can wait." His eyes were half closed, and he seemed about to drop asleep. "And, anyhow," he added, "one ought to have a receipt and all that sort of thing."

Bark regarded him dubiously for a few seconds. Then "All right," he growled. "Wait here," and, with his arms waving, made his way to the room at the back.

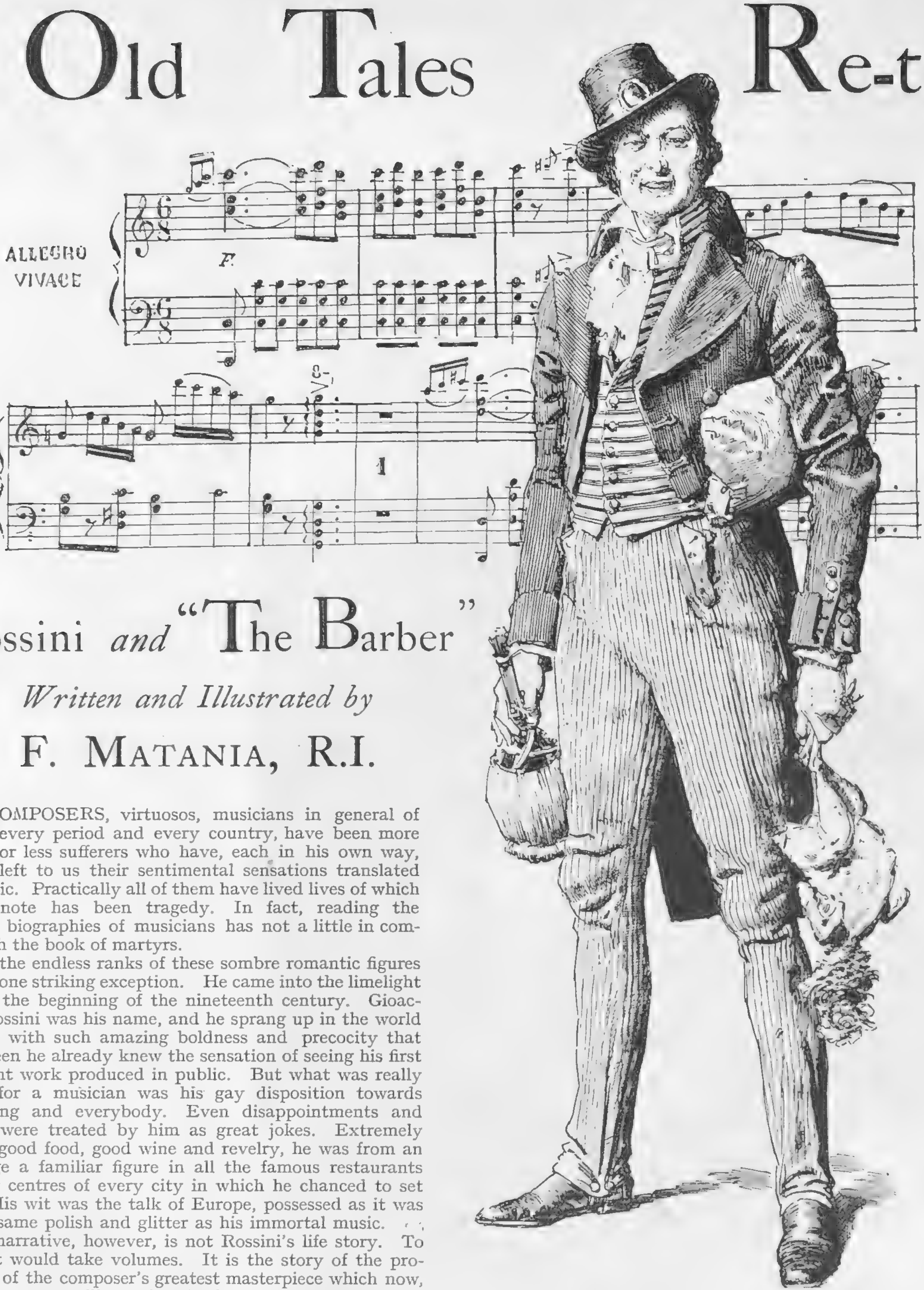
At his writing-table he turned quickly and peered into the mirror which was specially placed so as to give a view of the part of the shop in which the young man remained. His visitor had not moved his position: he drooped on the counter-end with his hands deep in his pockets and his chin resting on his breast. Elias Bark sat down, unlocked a drawer and from it drew a bundle of files. He began to flick them over one by one. From time to time he glanced into the mirror to see the young man's position unchanged. It almost appeared as if he might have dropped off to sleep. The cigarette between his lips was still unlit and motionless.

It took five minutes before the bookseller found the account for which he searched, but when he had returned the others to the drawer, he sat for some time studying it with pursed lips and a frown on his brow. Then he sat back in his chair and tapped his teeth with his thumb-nail, deep in thought. At length it seemed that he had made up his mind, for he pushed back his chair preparatory to struggling to his feet. He had pulled himself half up when, with a growl of annoyance, he saw that the young man, unknown to him, had left his place in the front of the shop and was lolling at the end of the writing-table a yard away.

"I say," said the young man. "These look pretty spicy. (*Continued on page* 144)



Old Tales Re-told



Rossini *and* "The Barber"

Written and Illustrated by

F. MATANIA, R.I.

COMPOSERS, virtuosos, musicians in general of every period and every country, have been more or less sufferers who have, each in his own way, left to us their sentimental sensations translated into music. Practically all of them have lived lives of which the keynote has been tragedy. In fact, reading the intimate biographies of musicians has not a little in common with the book of martyrs.

From the endless ranks of these sombre romantic figures emerges one striking exception. He came into the limelight towards the beginning of the nineteenth century. Gioacchino Rossini was his name, and he sprang up in the world of opera with such amazing boldness and precocity that at eighteen he already knew the sensation of seeing his first important work produced in public. But what was really unique for a musician was his gay disposition towards everything and everybody. Even disappointments and failures were treated by him as great jokes. Extremely fond of good food, good wine and revelry, he was from an early age a familiar figure in all the famous restaurants and gay centres of every city in which he chanced to set foot. His wit was the talk of Europe, possessed as it was of that same polish and glitter as his immortal music.

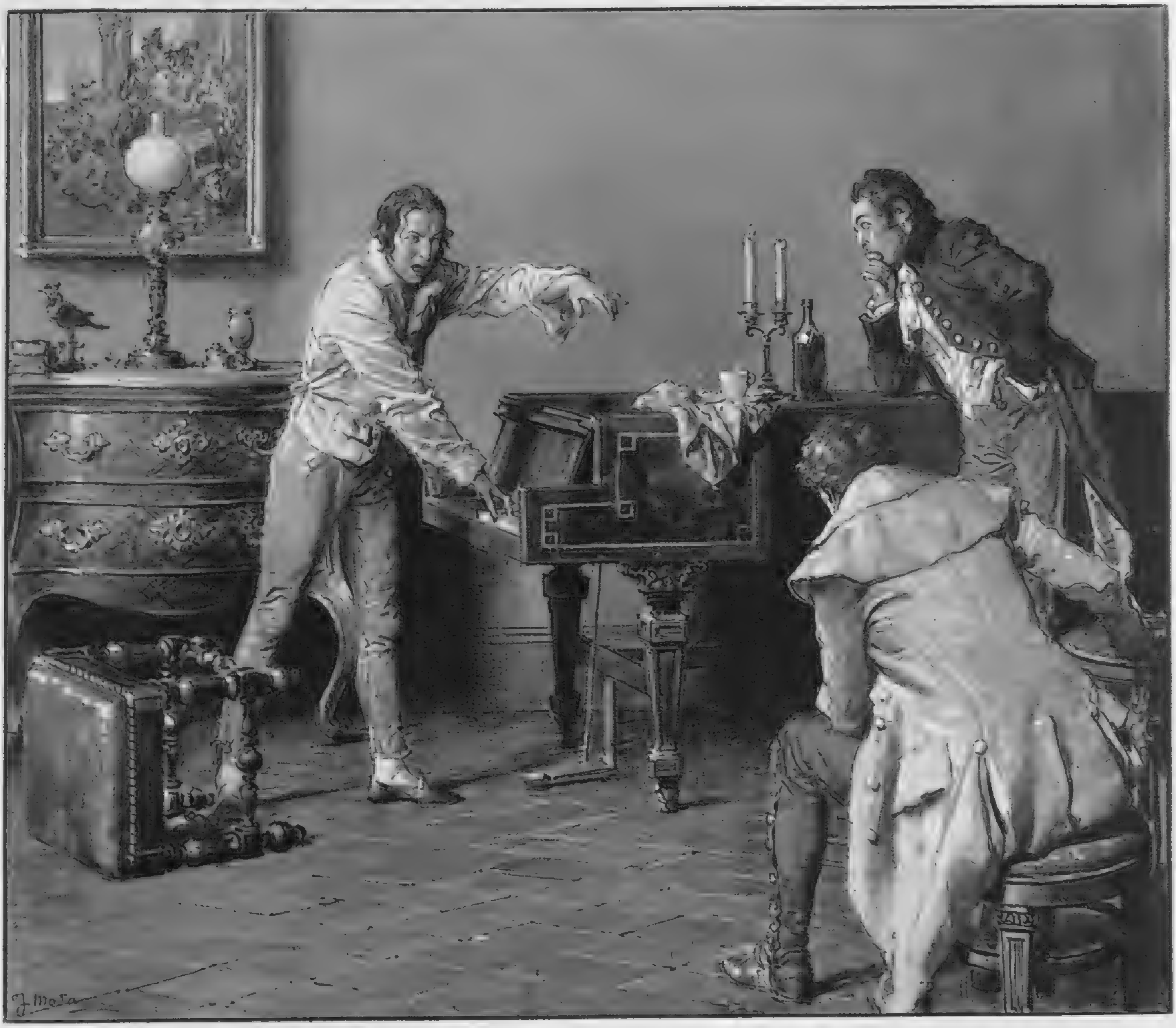
This narrative, however, is not Rossini's life story. To tell that would take volumes. It is the story of the production of the composer's greatest masterpiece which now, after 120 years, still remains the favourite opera of all the music-lovers in the world—" The Barber of Seville."

The scene is set in the early part of 1816, three months after Napoleon had been confined to St. Helena, leaving behind in Europe a state of chaos that was the direct consequence of the ill-starred attempt to stage a come-back. Once the lion had been caged, the claws of the Austrian double eagle had plunged more firmly than ever into Italian territory, and, as always happens whenever and wherever there is political oppression, even art felt the pinch. Poets and writers were well-nigh paralysed by the censorship, and it was extremely difficult to find subjects for librettos that had a chance of being permitted by the authorities. The latter, of course, had enough imagination to see opposing ideologies in anything intended for publication.

On one occasion, at Bologna, Rossini had had the temerity to set the words of a patriotic hymn to music. Just that had been sufficient to make him a marked man to the tyrannical invader. In reality, the pleasure-loving composer was far from politically-minded.

In the world of music, however, Rossini could be considered a revolutionary element. In fact, he had brought down on himself the bitter criticism of the academic Neapolitan school. From the San Carlo of Naples, the great rival of the Scala at Milan, Maestro Zingarelli, who had been the teacher of Bellini, launched attack after attack against the young reformer. He could not forgive him for treating with contempt those traditional rules which had formed the glory of people like Scarlatti and constituted the guide for such men of genius as Pergolesi, Cimarosa, Paisiello, etc. In reality Rossini wanted to attract the public by maintaining the note of excitement in his music, and he wanted to vary the rhythm not according to rule, but according to the subject that he was treating and the human feeling that he was trying to express.

That spirit of modernity and unorthodoxy was considered such a sin by some musicians of the day that they never forgave him, even when he had thirty or more operas to his credit.



Rossini interrupted them. "So you think I have done nothing! I am going to show you." In two hours he had sung almost the complete opera as though he had read it. The entire work was in his head

An idea of the chilly atmosphere with which Rossini was received in the South of Italy may be gathered from this extract from an article published by the *Giornale delle due Sicillie,* printed in Naples, in its issue of the 25th December, 1815: "Everything is excitement in this theatrical world of ours. From everywhere are arriving 'Maestri di Capella' [directors of music in a chapel], singers, dancers, artistes of every nationality. Within the past few days have arrived Signor Viganó, famous ballet-composer; Signora Pallerini and Signor Le Gros, primi ballerini; Dupont and his young wife, both so successful on our stage; Signor Rubini, who is going to sing at the 'Teatro Fiorentino'; and also a certain Signor Rossini, who says that he is coming here with the object of producing an opera of his own composition called 'Elisabeth, Queen of England'; and this in that very same theatre of San Carlo which is still echoing with wonderful melodies of 'Medea' and 'Cora' of the famous Signor Mayr."

That "certain Signor Rossini" had already successfully produced fourteen operas, and the writer of the article evidently knew nothing about it.

But it happened that in that year the colossal Teatro San Carlo was almost destroyed by fire, so Rossini stayed in Rome.

He was living with two friends. One was the tenor Garcia, and the other the famous basso comico Zamboni. The doors of their rooms all led into a big sitting-room, wherein was a grand piano for their common use.

One day, the manager of the Argentina Theatre came to see Rossini, with the object of persuading him to write an opera for his theatre. Rossini answered: "Very willingly. Have you any good libretto?"

"Any amount, I think I have fifteen of them; but the censor has read into them God knows what illusions, and I am not allowed to use them."

"All of them?"

"All of them."

Rossini was pacing up and down twirling and untwirling round about his finger a chain of keys. Then he suggested: "Can we use any of the old dramas already allowed by the censor?"

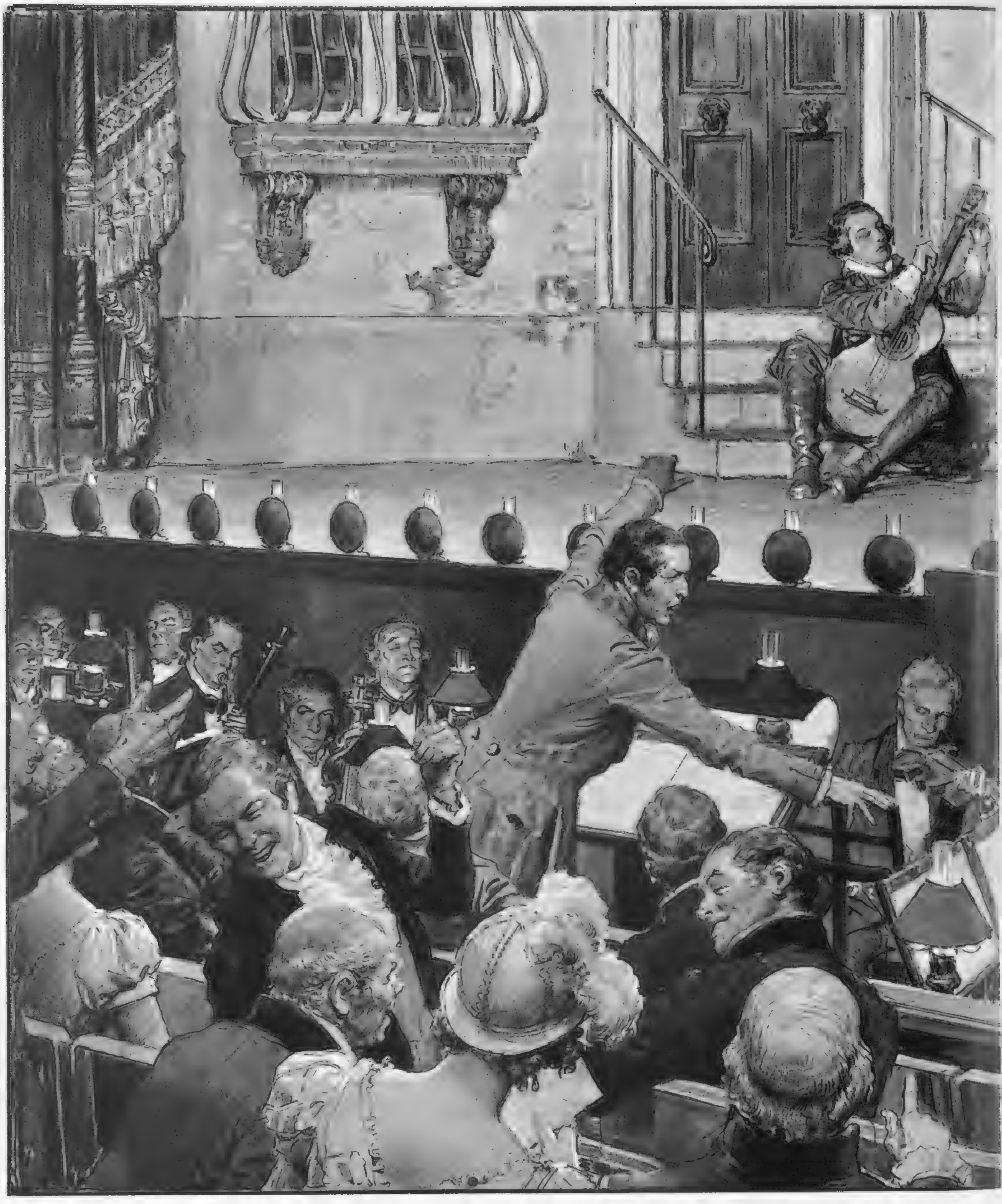
The impresario, who had something up his sleeve, replied significantly: "Of course we can, but I am afraid you may not like it."

"What is it?"

"'The Barber of Seville.'"

Rossini stood aghast. Approaching the impresario, and almost nose against nose, he said: "What are you talking about? Have you forgotten that 'The Barber of Seville' has already been done by Paisiello thirty-five years ago, and that since then this opera has been passing from one theatre to another with growing success?"

"I know all that, and it is for this very reason that I suggest it again. Think of the fame it will create! Think of the delirious curiosity in every town: the comparisons, the polemics, the fights between parties, the noise, the newspaper campaigns, the upheaval in the



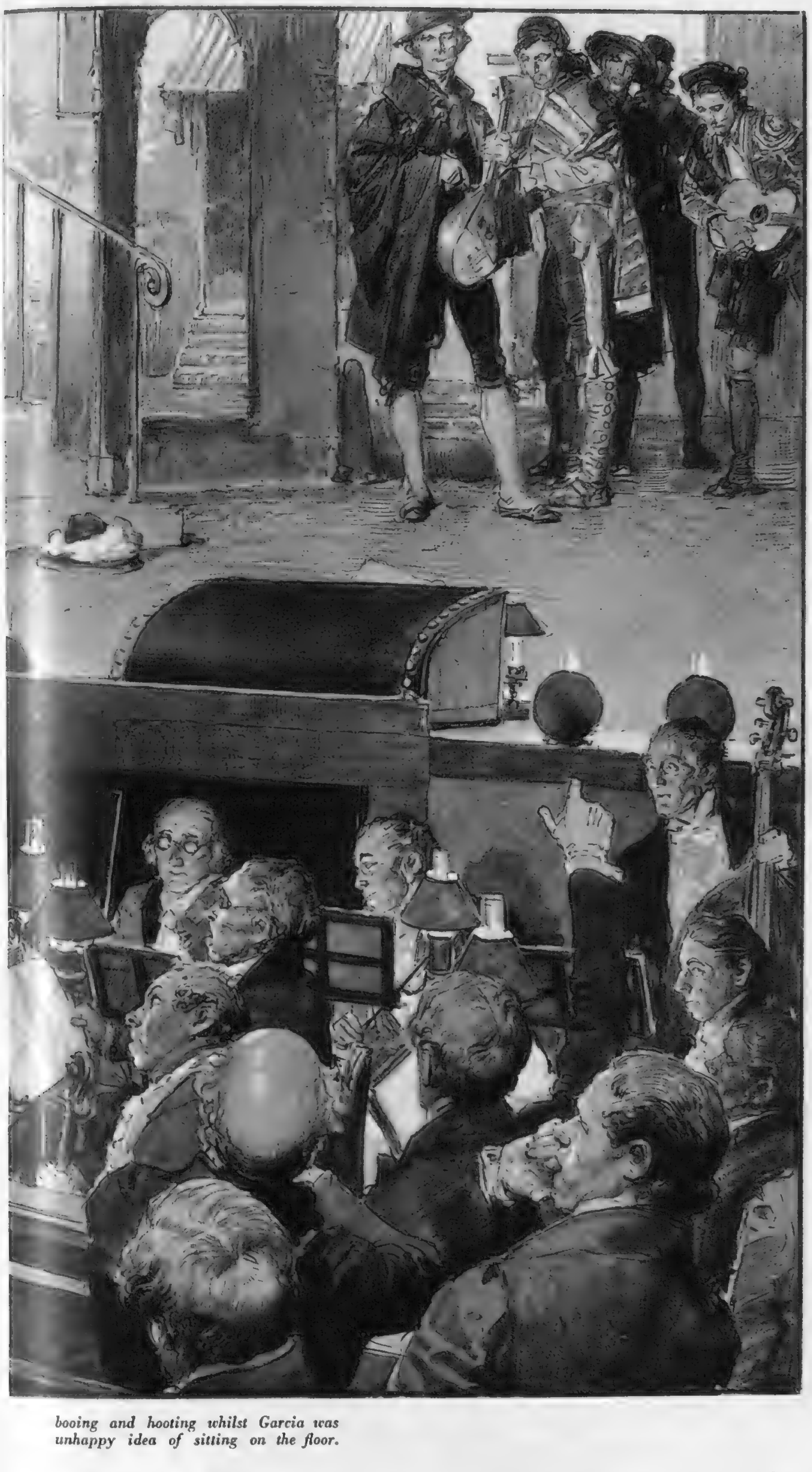
He discovered that the instrument had not been tuned. The audience commenced
tuning the instrument, and in order to do so more comfortably, he had the

musical world, the fury of all the partisans of the Scala! *Magnifico! Grandioso!*

Rossini was overwhelmed. He stood there mesmerised by the aggressive enthusiasm of the impresario, who, without giving him time to answer, went on: "I am sure that you will make a masterpiece, and that in a year's time Paisiello's opera will be forgotten: dead, buried, vanished!" With those words he grasped Rossini's hand, as though keeping him still in his power, and, waiting for an answer, did not loosen his grip until Rossini said: "All right, we shall see in three weeks."

One minute after he had closed the door behind the overjoyed impresario, he wrote a letter to Maestro Paisiello in which he respectfully announced his intention of using the subject of his opera, and setting his own music to a new version of Beaumarchais' comedy.

PAISIELLO, already old, was enjoying his well-deserved laurels as the head of the Conservatorium of Music at Naples. When he read Rossini's letter, he could hardly believe that anyone could be capable of such audacity. But he replied, not only accepting the challenge, but made his letter so diplomatically polite, and so exaggeratedly flattering, that it was, in short, a masterpiece of sarcasm.



booing and hooting whilst Garcia was unhappy idea of sitting on the floor.

Rossini put this famous letter on the music-rack of his piano, and made the most profound bow to it.

It was arranged that Rossini should receive 400 scudi for the first three performances, with the obligation on his part to conduct the orchestra and to play the cembalo.

From the moment the contract was signed, Rossini became quite a different person. His gaiety disappeared. He hardly uttered a word, drank or slept. Garcia and Zamboni, who were staying in the same house, had never seen him refuse the succulent food, of which the appetising odour often pervaded the atmosphere. Thoughtful and silent, he would stroll up and down the large music-room hour after hour unceasingly. Every now and then he would give a glance at the libretto open on the piano. Occasionally he stood before the keyboard, sometimes touching a single note, sometimes striking a chord, sometimes only looking at it.

For the two friends, it was difficult to say whether Rossini in accepting such a responsibility had complete confidence in his genius, or had underestimated the magnitude of the task he had undertaken. He was then only twenty-four years old, and at that age boldness was very seldom free from a certain amount of blindness. At any rate, he had plunged into an attitude of restless silence utterly incomprehensible to his two friends. They hardly dared address him.

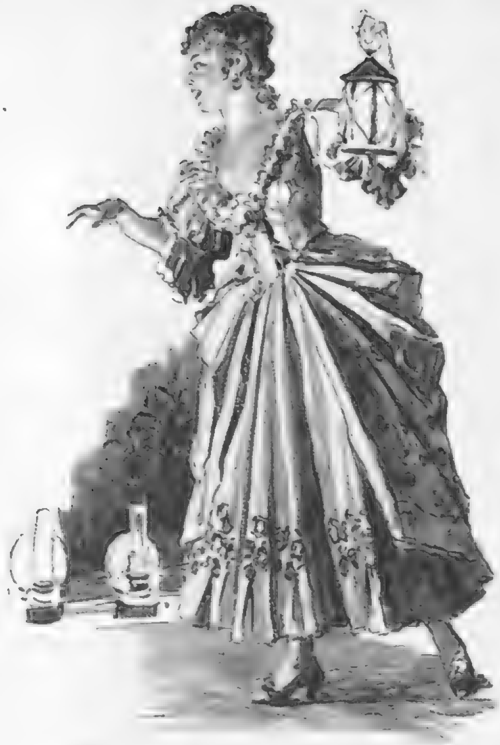
Days were passing without Rossini writing a single note. Sometimes he fell asleep in his chair, and it was an almost impossible task to persuade him to go to bed. In all the twenty-four hours he never took more than three or four of rest. Whenever sheer exhaustion brought on unconsciousness, his friends would search everywhere, hoping to find some written music, some roughs, or some sign that the work had begun. But the paper was always there untouched, and the quills clean. Rossini had all the appearance of having fallen into a state of mental paralysis. It seemed certain that he would have to make an undignified withdrawal from the experiment.

At the end of the fourth day things were just at the same point, and the only sign of life from Rossini was the occasional sound of a note or two struck just as a piano-tuner would do it.

Zamboni and Garcia, who were very fond of Rossini, began to be really disturbed. Without showing their anxiety, they waited three more days. Once or twice they had tried diplomatically to remind him that he had promised to finish the opera in three weeks, but they did not get even the satisfaction of a reply.

As the eighth day dawned, they decided to abandon their reserve and to see what was the matter with the young composer. They entered his room and told him that it was no use going on like that, and that he had been for eight days pacing up and down like a lunatic in a cage without having done anything. Was he going to make a start ?

The speech threatened to be interminable, when Rossini interrupted it with a thundering : " Stop ! So, you think I have done nothing ? I am going to show you. Let us begin with the first song of Almaviva to the rising sun." And, placing his beautiful baritone voice in the head, he sang with a tenor voice, " Ecco Ridente in Cielo " right through. Then, without stopping for breath, he turned to Zamboni and said : " And now, here 's one for you, the ' Cavatina ' of Figaro—' Largo al Factotum della Cittá.' " As he reached the end of that masterpiece, Zamboni and Garcia already felt as though they had been nailed to the ground. But Rossini had only just started. He changed his voice into the most sweet falsetto, and sang the " Cavatina " of the soprano, with all its trying agilities ; and then, coming down to the key of a bass, he sang the air of Don Basilio—" La Calunnia." And then, as though that had not been enough, he tackled the *duettas*, imitating both voices, passing from that to the *quintetto*, and eventually reaching the finale. In two hours he had sung almost the complete opera, as though he had read it. The entire work was in his head. Every part distinctly separated,



The famous soprano, Giorgi Richetti, appeared as Rosina. The tumult quietened down and the delightful song, " Una voce poco fa," was accepted at last with the most encouraging applause

studied, harmonised to perfection, and that without having placed a single note on paper.

Garcia's eyes were tear-filled. Zamboni was inarticulate with emotion. They could not believe that such a colossal amount of musical complication could have been conceived and retained mentally.

Rossini himself was in a state of over-excitement, He had been the first to sing his " Barber of Seville " as he wanted it to be sung.

The manifestation over which he had been brooding and had elaborated in his own mind for eight days, had been to him the most wonderful deliverance. He felt exhausted, satisfied of feeling lifeless. The immortal opera was born. For the first time in eight days Rossini slept soundly, whilst Garcia and Zamboni were fully conscious of the privilege of having witnessed one of the greatest miracles that the brain of a genius could accomplish.

The next morning, six or seven copyists were called from the Argentina Theatre, and in comparatively no time Rossini dictated the parts.

During this work it was discovered that he had forgotten to put in music the serenade that Almaviva had to sing beneath Rosina's window, and that part of Don Bartolo—" Manca un Foglio." When the omission was pointed out to him, he refused to write it for no other reason than that he was tired of writing music. He called Garcia and told him : " You are going to be the first Almaviva, and if you want to sing the serenade to Rosina, write it yourself."

He knew that Garcia, besides being a splendid tenor, was a born musician and a clever composer, and he made him write the song—" Io son Lindoro." Since then that song has remained incorporated in the opera.

The same happened with the part of Don Bartolo. It was Maestro Romani who, after having shown a considerable and respectful reluctance, acceded to Rossini's desire.

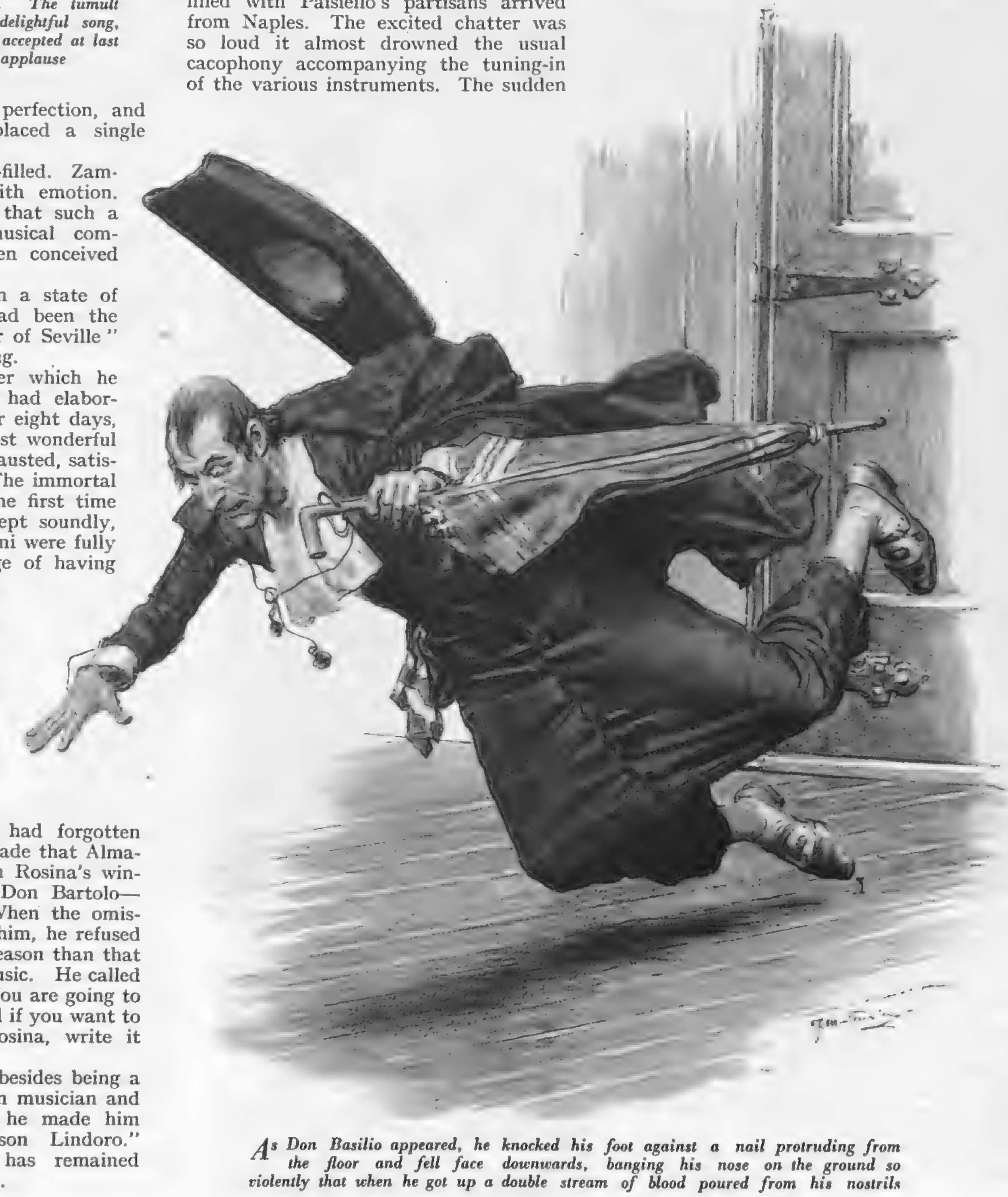
It was with many reverential references to Paisiello that the new " Barber of Seville " was announced to the public ; but that was not enough to calm the general agitation, especially in a country where opera arouses a very deep interest in rich and poor alike. In fact, discussions, speculation, and arguments were going on in the lowest *cantinas* as much as in the highest musical circles of the town.

The 20th of February was the day appointed for the first night. From the opening the Argentina Theatre was filled to capacity, and an uncanny atmosphere brooded over the auditorium. Some had the impression of entering a place where a battle was about to start ; some others of entering a huge court of justice where a death sentence was expected. It was altogether threatening.

Many of Rossini's friends had arrived from places far distant, but far the greater part of the theatre was obviously filled with Paisiello's partisans arrived from Naples. The excited chatter was so loud it almost drowned the usual cacophony accompanying the tuning-in of the various instruments. The sudden silence of the orchestra intimated to the public the arrival of the conductor, and comparative order was instantaneously established, but not for long. A burst of laughter from someone attracted the attention of the rest, and in a few seconds became contagious. Everyone was standing, struggling to get a better view. The mirth had been provoked by the appearance of Rossini attired in a light beige coloured coat, extremely tight, and utterly unsuitable for the occasion. In the face of that humiliating reception he opposed a perfect imperturbability, and so started the symphonic introduction.

Unfortunately, the music did not inspire sufficient respect to quell the laughter or the murmurs. Many unsavoury jests could be distinctly heard, even by the impresario, who was palpitating in the wings. Rossini continued, without showing the least dismay.

There was a slight improvement as the curtain rose on the first scene. Garcia, as Almaviva, stepped forward with his guitar, and commenced his famous song, " Ecco Ridente in Cielo " ; but he did not finish the first bar, for he discovered that the instrument had not been tuned.



As Don Basilio appeared, he knocked his foot against a nail protruding from the floor and fell face downwards, banging his nose on the ground so violently that when he got up a double stream of blood poured from his nostrils

The audience commenced booing and hooting whilst Garcia was tuning the instrument, and in order to do so more comfortably, he had the unhappy idea of sitting on the floor. That gave the final touch of ridicule to the whole affair. The noise was deafening. Rossini was making frantic signs to the tenor to proceed, and to the first 'cello to improvise an accompaniment pizzicato, but it seems that the 'cellist did not catch Rossini's idea, and stood there like an imbecile without moving.

Garcia got up and started the song, but its beauty could not be appreciated by then. He was not yet half-way when the sixth string of his guitar snapped, and Garcia stopped again. There could not have been a worse stroke of luck. The laughter was uproarious and the few protests of the more charitable part of the audience were drowned in the general tumult.

To put a new string to a guitar is not always a simple or quick operation, and it was amongst this pandemonium that poor Garcia had to do it. The song started again, but it was lost, as was also the chorus of the minstrels.

A comparative lull was obtained at the vivacious introductory notes of the Cavatina of Figaro. As will be remembered, he, too, has a guitar hanging from his neck. As a second guitar appeared on the scene the laughter was renewed with double force. Every kind of jocular remark was hurled at Figaro. "Look, another guitar!" "Tune it up at home!" "Try a flute!" "Or a whistle." "What about a drum?" "Why not bring a piano?" And so on.

It was one of those unhappy situations when any actor, quickwitted as he may be, is at a loss.

The Cavatina, which time and public opinion has placed amongst the masterpieces of operatic art, was sung, but was not heard. Rossini was furious. At a certain moment he stood up in his chair and started madly clapping his hands, at the same time shouting at the actors: "Take no notice of them; go on, whatever they say, whatever they do!" And they went on as best they could, keeping an eye on the Maestro, pricking their ears to the prompter, and trying not to see the monster with a thousand heads who was unconsciously committing such an amazing injustice.

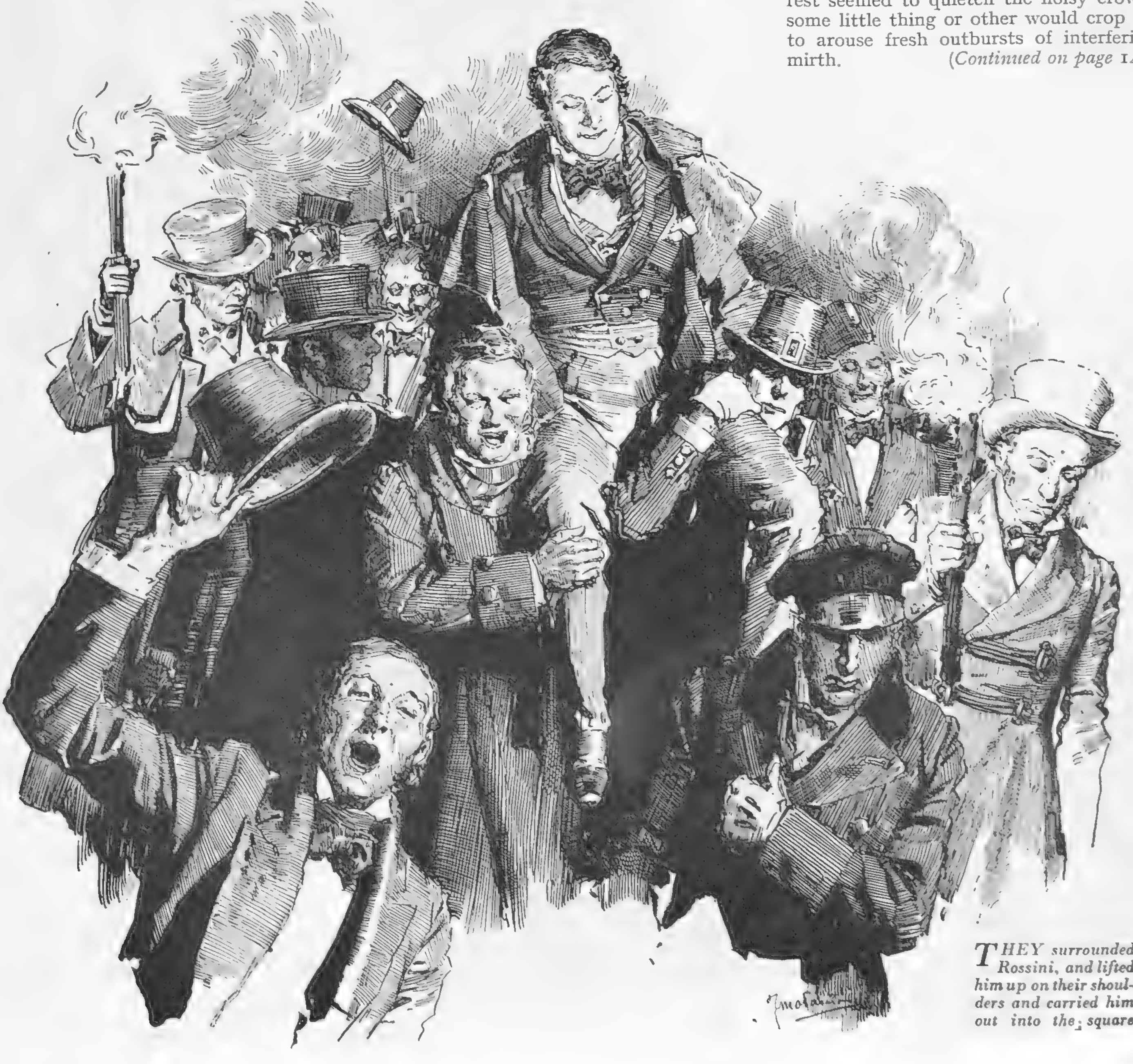
As the scene changed and the famous soprano, Giorgi Righetti, appeared as Rosina, the tumult quietened down and the delightful song, *Una voce poco fa*, was accepted at last with the most encouraging applause.

Evidently the presence of a woman had touched the chivalrous instincts of the audience. It seemed that their luck was changing. A new ray of hope brightened the hearts of the artistes and that of the author so unjustly maltreated, but that, too, was a false alarm. For a fresh and unexpected incident provoked a new hurricane of disorder and mirth.

As Don Basilio appeared with his long hat on the back of his head, he knocked his foot against a nail protruding from the floor and fell face downwards, banging his nose on the ground so violently that when he got up a double stream of blood poured from his nostrils.

In any other case a similar accident would have attracted the sympathy of the audience. Instead, the people only saw the funny side of the mishap, and, with all that cruelty which a crowd often shows, Don Basilio became the target of the most destructive ridicule, which continued even when, in spite of the obstinate hæmorrhage, he sang the great song, *La calunnia é un venticello.*

The mass mind of the audience was already so far beyond any hope of recovery that it paid little or no attention to what was going on on the stage. It was like a competition of jokes, remarks and interruptions, and when a temporary rest seemed to quieten the noisy crowd, some little thing or other would crop up to arouse fresh outbursts of interfering mirth. (*Continued on page* 144)



THEY surrounded Rossini, and lifted him up on their shoulders and carried him out into the square

Sweet Scoundrel

THEY would quarrel, Jenny Vandessa and Tony Lorimer. Over the red-headed widow. It was bound to happen.

Everyone in Suva knew about it, as in Suva everybody knows about most things. It passes the time in Suva to know about things.

If you have not been there, you should go at some time. It is quaint and rare. It has a large Indian population and a large Fijian population, the Indians glossy and lithe, men of the plains, who were shipped over in quantities many years ago as indentured labour to work the sugar plantations, and the Fijians, broad men with muscular calves who make fine massive policemen and play in the town band with gusto if not with very much tune. Add to these a sprinkling of the English race, strolling about in white drill with the air of school prefects, and there you have Suva.

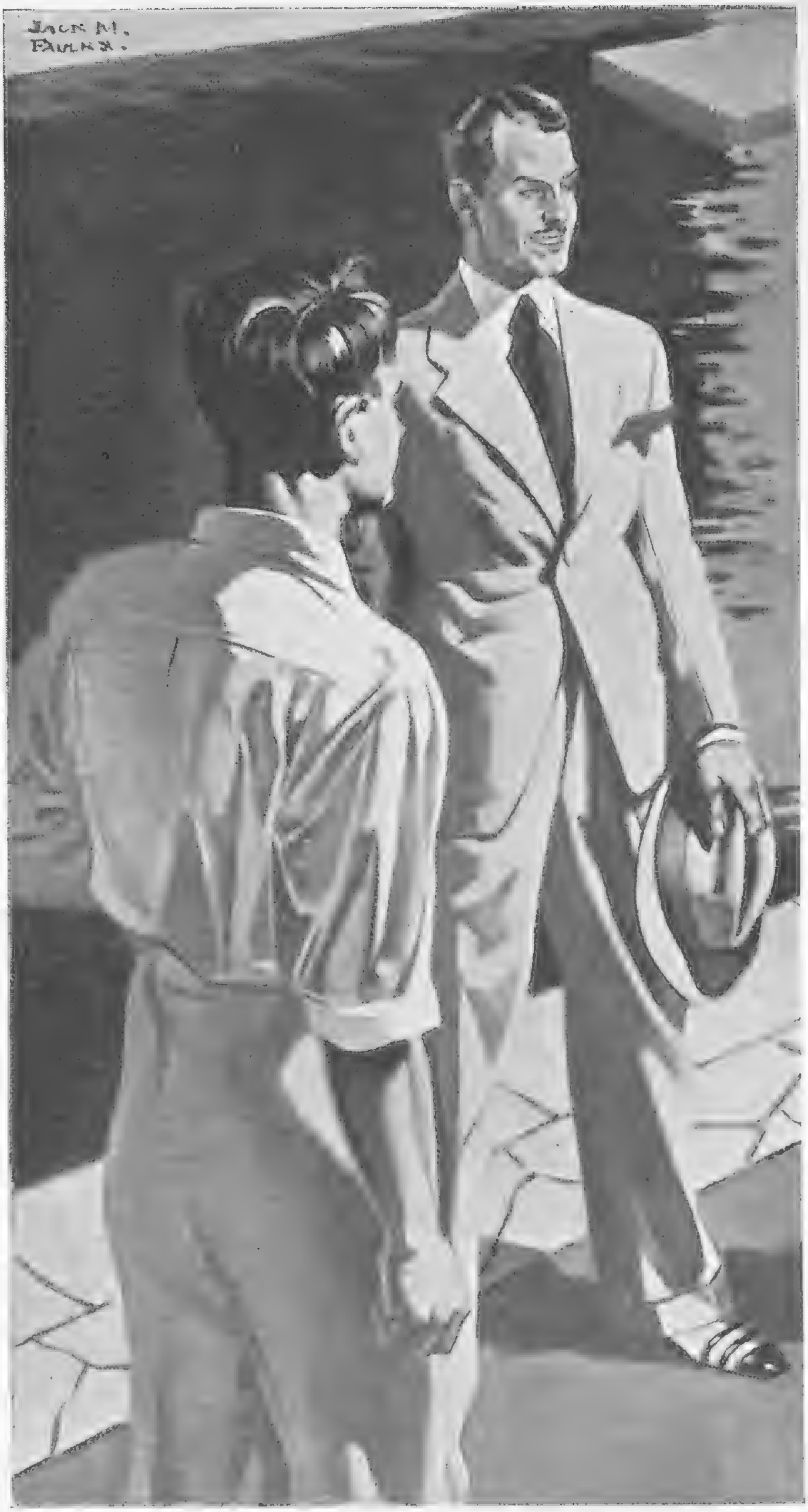
It is a place in which it pays to have a white skin. For Fiji, for white people, is like an army of colonels. There is little hempspun humanity among the European people there; it is all superfine cloth. The baths custodian is a retired hotel-keeper; the man who goes round with the town rubbish lorry looks like a retired army officer; the caretaker of the sports ground has all the refinement of a prince of the blood. For Suva, it appears, is the home for Lost Dogs with Pedigrees. There, if anywhere, the white man is the Lord of Creation.

Into this delectable paradise dropped Adrian Sylvester. He was travelling round the world, and the speed at which he travelled varied in direct ratio to his activities in the places at which he called. What these activities were need not be precisely stated at the moment. It is enough to say that he was accustomed to arrive in each place with fanfares of trumpets and preferred to leave without fuss, regrets or even leave-takings.

He liked Suva the moment he saw it from the decks of the large white steamer that had brought him from Auckland. He liked the shark-toothed hills, eternally wreathed in clouds, that swept round the harbour. He enjoyed the spectacle of brown-skinned Indians and Fijians waiting on the wharf to attend to the wants of the passengers. He looked with pleasure at the languid, lordly white people who waited for the steamer to berth alongside.

He decided to stay there a month, six weeks, two months. Let business wait upon pleasure. Meanwhile he made his farewells to his fellow passengers. His tall, well-clothed figure moved gracefully through the press of people.

"Good-bye, old man. Good-bye, old thing. It has all been so nice."



SHE was decidedly worth looking at. she was introducing him to the dark

Lots of handshaking had to be done. He had been popular on the ship, with his easy ways and his charming smile that had a remarkable effect upon people, making wise elderly ladies think suddenly of their children years ago emerging with mock innocence from the jam cupboard, and making young ladies, not so wise, think of film stars and heroes of old romance and what brand of tooth paste he used. To some people, especially the ones who had more of this world's wealth than was good for them, he made the same remark.

They asked: "Will we meet again, I wonder?"

"Drop me a line at some time," he invariably replied. "Do!"

It was a phrase he had used in London, in Ceylon, in Madras, in Adelaide, in Sydney, and in Auckland. Sometimes when they heard it, say in London, people said:

"Oh, I'll telegraph."

When a Bad, Bad Boy Meets a Good, Good Girl . . .

By James Guthrie

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks

He became aware that young man beside her

"Please don't," he would say. "I've a horror reaction to telegrams. They make me think of fatalities."

"Then shall I telephone?"

"Really," he would say, "I'm so often out. And messages over the 'phone get so mangled. Just drop me a line."

"Oh, very well."

He would thank them profusely. And no wonder.

After the farewells he was wafted up from the wharf in a taxi to his hotel. Sitting in the rear seat with the hood down he felt quite regal, almost bowed to right and left at the dark-skinned people who leapt out of the way of the hooting car. The hotel, perched on the side of a hill, was decidedly comfortable and good. He was pleased with things and in no hurry. For a few days he just rambled about the town.

He visited the cemetery where the Fijian graves lie all together in the grass, and shrubs stand over them instead of ugly tombstones. It was less a cemetery than a brilliant garden of palms and rainbow shrubs and lawns as green as billiard cloths. There were travellers' palms, huge green fans, with the stem as the base of the fan. Scarlet poinsettia ran wild and begonias grew over the graves. Instead of the usual church he found a thatched, airy, rustic building like a summer-house which was used for the service. It was, he thought, a place in which one could lie cheerfully dead.

In the evenings he crossed the river of muddy blue water which runs like a Venetian canal through the business part of the town, and turned into the Street of All Nations. It was crowded with Fijians, Indians and Chinese. Though the hour was late, all the shops were open, and inside he saw Orientals selling fruit and soft drinks and Indians shaving Fijians or cutting their woolly hair, while from the back rooms of the shops came the sounds of laughter and deep Fijian chanting and the mosquito ping of ukeleles.

Later, when the first novelty wore off, he stretched himself out in a deck chair on the broad verandah of the hotel and spent the evenings listening to the gossip of the day. He learned that Jenny Vandessa and Tony Lorimer were bound to quarrel. Over the red-headed widow.

"Jenny Vandessa?" said Sylvester.

"Surely you have heard of old Tom Vandessa," said his companion. "Own swimming baths, two tennis courts, three cars. Retired merchant and rather a pompous old buffer. He's got every luxury that money can buy, and one it can't buy."

"What's that?" asked Sylvester.

"His daughter Jenny."

Now the tropics are places where enthusiasm over anything but long, cool drinks dries up with the utmost rapidity. Consequently Sylvester was not a little struck to hear this thin, yellow bamboo stick of a man in the deck chair alongside him speaking with such warmth about anyone.

"Is she so attractive?" asked Sylvester.

"Attractive!" said his companion. "Ye gods," he continued, addressing the air about him as men do when they wish to signify amazement at a singularly stupid question, "he asks if she is attractive!" In his excitement he almost got up out of his chair, thought better of it and called for another drink instead.

"My dear fellow," he said, "she is virtuous and she is charming; she is handsome and she is healthy; she is serious and full of a lively wit; she is . . ."

He broke off to take a long, cool draught.

"Then I can take it she is attractive," said Sylvester.

His companion spluttered into his glass.

"How did the old chap make his money?" asked Sylvester.

"Partner of Wally Potts, one of the early traders. Haven't you heard of Wally Potts? Quite a character. Now lives at Rose Bay in Sydney. Left his experiences in black and white in a famous diary. You ought to read it. It's kept in the museum."

"Engaged?" asked Sylvester.

"Engaged!" said the man. "He had five wives."

"I mean the girl," said Sylvester.

"No," said his companion. "But almost."

Sylvester looked out over the harbour.

A short way out in the sea was the crest of waves above the coral reef, a white embroidery to all the island. To the right the hills curved in a bay and then swung round to a long, low point. The sun was going down. It left the western sky the colour of old rose and covered the waters of the bay with gold leaf. Two Fijian boys, fishing from a catamaran, bent motionless over their lines. Swiftly the dark closed in and the moon rose at the full. The leaves of the coconut palms glistened in the moonlight as if they were wet with rain. Fiji has the milkiest moonlight in the world.

She was virtuous, thought Sylvester, and she was charming; she was handsome and she was healthy; she was serious and full of a lively wit. When you asked yellow bamboo sticks of men whether she was attractive, they spluttered speechlessly into their glasses of pink gin. He decided to present a letter of introduction to Mr. Tom Vandessa who was very rich. For once he would combine pleasure with business. It was against his principles, it was asking for trouble, it was the height of folly.

And, most of all, it was the moonlight.

JENNY VANDESSA and Tony Lorimer, she in her tennis shorts and he in his flannels, lay side by side on the grass that bordered the Vandessa swimming pool. They were flushed and tousled after their swim.

Tony stole a glance sideways at her. She was perfect; almost too perfect. She had the slim grace of her period, the period of the nineteen-thirties when no woman was dowdy. Yet even in this period, when the grooming of women had reached a higher general level than ever in history, she stood out above the others. She had poise as well; almost too much poise. She loved him; almost too much. If she would only treat him a little harshly at times, show him a little indifference perhaps, he would be at her feet. Grovelling to her, yes, grovelling.

Male-like, he was contrary, wanting things desperately and then caring little for them when he got them. There had been a time not long ago when it almost twisted the heart out of him, the want of her love. Now that he had wakened it and won it for his own, he had begun to be careless. She had made the colossal mistake of so many of her sex. She had been too generous.

For with most men, thought Tony with bitter honesty, it pays a woman better to be niggardly, giving little and withholding much, to lead men on with the carrots of promises and to make those donkeys follow after. It paid women to be a little arrogant and not to let love humble them, as, alas, real love does to women.

It paid women, thought Tony, to be not unlike a certain red-headed widow. Damn the widow! At heart he knew she was no woman of worth, deep inside himself he knew it well. She was faithless, mocking, selfish—but she was, too, queerly exciting. She drew one with a fascination that was almost as grim as the fascination of a great height. And though a man knew that if he took one step too far he would go to his destruction, why, there was a heady delight in dancing on the brink. Craziness? Of course, but so much of life is craziness.

Turning to him with a smile, Jenny spoke.

"Are you coming with me to fish for crabs to-night?"

"I'm afraid not," said Tony slowly. "I've promised to go to that party at the Grand Pacific."

"Oh," said Jenny.

Was she disappointed? He didn't know, couldn't guess from the tone of her voice.

"With Mrs. Ellington," he said.

He said it deliberately, but exactly why he said it he didn't know. Perhaps it was from a dim sense of honesty or perhaps he said it to rouse her from her calm acceptance of whatever existence brought her.

"Mrs. Ellington?" she said.

She no longer smiled, and she turned on her side away from him again. Tony Lorimer felt better now that the name of the red-haired widow had been mentioned between them.

"You see quite a lot of her now, don't you?" said Jenny.

"A fair bit," said Tony. "I don't know whether you could call it a lot."

There was silence for a time. Jenny's mouth, turned away from Tony, set in decision.

"I think," she said slowly, "that you had better stay away from here until you have got over it."

Tony drew in a sharp breath.

"Do you mean I've got my marching orders?" he said, and was surprised at the sinking of his inside as he said it. She was sitting up now and regarding him gravely. But at his words her mouth curved in the quick smile that made so many people think all at once that the world was not a bad place at all really.

"No," she said. "Only leave of absence."

Lord, he thought, she could joke about the matter like that! Leave of absence! He supposed this was being "modern." In effect she had said "Go away and play with your red-haired widow, my little man, until you're tired of her or until she's tired of you, and then you may come back to me." She thought, apparently, that it would do him good. He got up and stood looking down at her with a furious stare.

He was that most dangerous of beings, a romantic. He must forever be dancing among the stars or weeping in the gutter. And now at this moment he had the sensation that she was outraging his sacred feelings. She was treating his love, his deepest and most noble feelings, with irreverence. By George, he was . . . he was insulted!

"I'm pleased," he said bitterly, "that you are so sure I shall come back. Personally, I have my doubts."

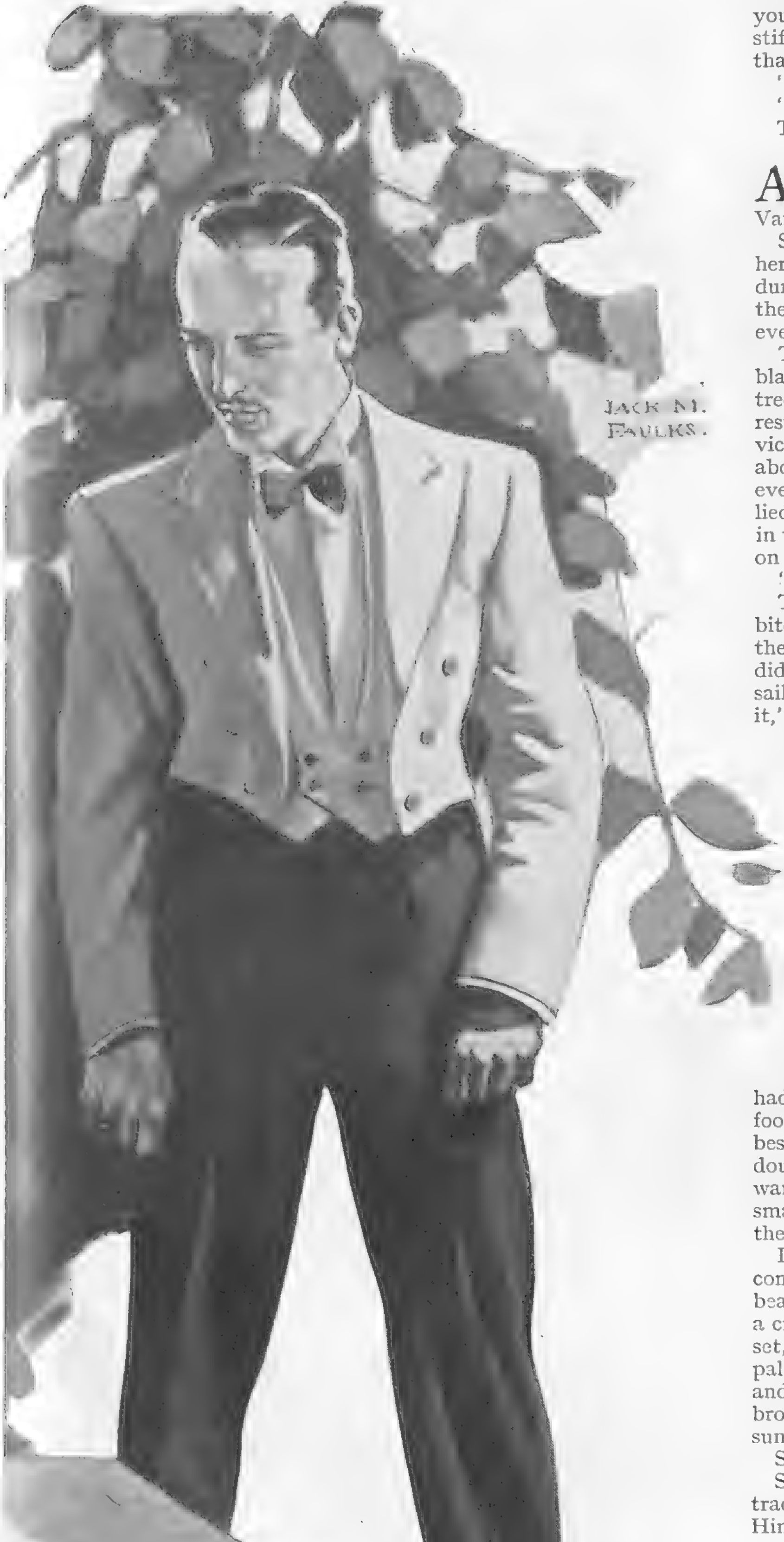
It was at this stage that he had meant to stalk out, leaving her crushed, vanquished and unhappy. In fact, he did turn away and prepare to stride off, but

"FORGIVE me, my dear. Tell me to mind my own business if you like. But doesn't he seem to be a bit neglectful?"

just at that moment old Tom Vandessa strutted into the garden accompanied by a tall man with an engaging and slightly mocking smile. Fuming in silence, Tony had to wait.

"Jenny, my dear," said old Tom Vandessa, "this is Mr. Sylvester. He is visiting Fiji. He has a letter from Wally Potts. You remember? He retired to Sydney. Be kind to him. I'll leave you with these young people, Sylvester. You'll stay for supper, won't you? I'll leave you in Jenny's charge and Tony's. You'll be quite a jolly little party."

Beaming vaguely on all three of them, he strolled off inside again for his afternoon nap. "Quite a jolly little party," he muttered hopefully as he went. Nice chap, Sylvester, but mustn't let him interfere with one's nap. Halfway across the lawn to the house he paused and turned round.


JACK M. FAULKS.

"Don't let me forget to do that note of introduction you wanted, Sylvester," he said. "Remind me of it later."

With a slight start, Adrian Sylvester withdrew his gaze from Jenny Vandessa to murmur his thanks. The yellow bamboo stick of a man had been completely right. She was decidedly worth looking at. He became aware that she was introducing him to the dark young man beside her. Lorimer, was it? The young man they gossiped about. And the young man was being stiff and haughty while Jenny Vandessa was saying, in tones that sounded like music to Sylvester's ears:

"Tony's just going."

"Good," said Sylvester absently.

The young man glared.

ADRIAN SYLVESTER did not quite know the precise moment at which he fell head over heels in love with Jenny Vandessa.

Sometimes he thought it was at that first moment of seeing her beside the swimming pool. Sometimes he thought it was during their first evening when, poled by a laughing Fijian boy, they went up the darkest, dirtiest and most evil stream he had ever seen in his life, fishing for crabs.

There was just enough light, when they started, to see the black mud and the black water and the black twisted slender trees. Flying silver foxes flew overhead from tree to tree, the restless spirits of that foul and loathsome area. Mosquitoes viciously bit him on the face and hands. The crabs, crackling about in the bottom of the boat, gave him uneasy moments every time they moved. When she asked him if he liked it, he lied. He loved it, he said, it was the most fascinating pastime in the world. As he spoke a large mosquito bit him reprovingly on the ear, but Sylvester did not mind, because she had said:

"Oh, good! We must do it again."

They did it again, several times. Almost raw from mosquito bites, Sylvester always turned up smiling for the next jaunt up the noisome stream. That purgatory led to paradise. They did other things together as well, swimming and driving and sailing a yacht inside the harbour. Tony Lorimer was "going it," as people put it, with Jill Ellington, the red-haired widow, all this time. Sylvester had met her more than once at parties in the Island, and soon took a liking to her. She was worldly wise and she carried within her the unquiet flame that makes the blood of men tremble, especially in the tropics. He had met many like her in the cosmopolitan places of the world. She had nothing to do but to amuse herself, and the most pleasant way of amusing herself was to make men fetch and carry for her, jest for her, plead for her. It passed the time beautifully. She amused herself by flirting with Sylvester too, under Tony Lorimer's ferocious stare. Nothing loth, Sylvester enjoyed her company, but they knew, both of them, that it was a game, and a game that both had often played before.

This other business with Jenny Vandessa, Sylvester reflected moodily, had long ceased to be amusing. It had got to the stage where it hurt. He told himself he was a fool to have tried to mix pleasure with business. Perhaps the best thing he could do would be to cut and run. Alas, he doubted now whether he was strong enough to cut, whether he wanted to run. To put the matter to test, he made a tour in a small steamer to the dry side of the Island, where one can find the real Fiji.

In the dirty little forty-foot steamer, with a malodorous complement of Indian coolies and traders, Fiji boys and women, bearded Sikhs and Punjabis, he puffed out of Suva at dawn into a crinkled sea. Out beyond the reef was a schooner, with sails set, as still as a painting on a canvas of cloud. The coconut palms reeled drunkenly down to the water's edge at Suva Point, and farther off the sun rose like a great plate of burnished bronze. Twin flying fish, flipping over the water, caught the sun's colour on their scales.

Sylvester bagged a deck chair.

Squatting on the deck in front of him, a group of Indian traders took nips of whisky and read newspapers printed in Hindustani. One of the bearded melancholy hillmen crooned a miserable song.

The steamer turned up a river of glazed green water, the banks thick with trees and wavy green sedge. The steamer throbbed along, shattering glorious reflections into bits. The river widened, and Sylvester saw a stone church and Fijian villages, with little naked boys trotting to the bank to wave. After a time the steamer, turning down a tributary, came again to the sea.

(*Continued on page* 139)

How To Conduct Yourself

Remember that composure is the first rule of conversational strategy. Keep your head.

When somebody asks you if it is true you told a mutual friend you had no time for her, but her husband was a fount of wealth to your own husband's business, don't panic.

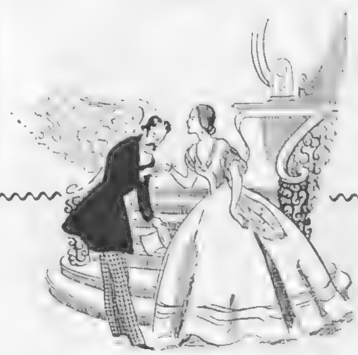
Ask her quietly if it seems likely that you would endanger your husband's interests and your friendship with her by confiding such a thing to one so notoriously indiscreet and so regrettably prone to spiteful embellishment as her informer.

With gentle candour, remind her that the influential status in which her husband stands in relation to yourself leaves you both open to jealous innuendo, but that one of such sound judgment and generous impulses as herself will know how to meet them.

Even if she believes you guilty, your flattery will soothe her. In any case, let it be a lesson to you.

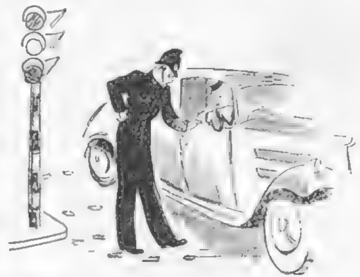
To-day we smile at Victorian books of etiquette and wonder at their simpering näiveté. Etiquette is an outmoded word, yet life is no less fraught with difficult occasions, with moments when the ability to say the right thing, to make the right gesture, is worth more than the features of a Venus, the fortune of a Rockefeller.

Laugh, if you like, but the Victorian book of etiquette supplied a need.



When the butcher sends in an account for two shoulders of lamb and a baron of beef, and you are certain you had only sausages that week, curb your indignation and the impulse to tell him he is a thief. Suggest, politely, that there is some misunderstanding in his accounts department. Return the account to him and imply by your manner that for all your courtesy you are no fool.

First be perfectly sure you are in the right.



Restraint will nearly always turn the tables on the person who has shown a lack of it towards you. When your boss or your best friend or the policeman on traffic duty shows temper and shouts abuse at you, keep quiet. Whatever discourtesy is hurled at you, curb your impulse to hurl some back. Meet him with silent composure. A quiet voice in reply to his fortissimo is as good as a bucket of water down his back.

"When you have recovered your senses and your dignity, I shall be ready to discuss this," you say and, if necessary, walk out.

If it is part of your duties to open your employer's mail, and in doing so you find, among communications of a business nature, one that is so strictly personal that it would embarrass him to know that you had seen it, the best course is to hand it to him, apart from the others, saying: "The opening of this letter seemed personal, so I did not read it."

Be casual about it, and forget it at once.

The lady who returns unexpectedly to her home and finds the maid entertaining her young man on the drawing-room sofa will find that a generous attitude will increase her already considerable advantage. Never make a scene.

Announce your presence in the house and keep in the background, until Romeo has beat a retreat. Then deal with Juliet in private.

Explain to her firmly but kindly that it is not a nice thing to take advantage of your absence in such a way, but you feel sure she was misled and will not repeat the offence.

If you do this she will appreciate your kindness and dignity and become your slave, but if you humiliate her before her young man it will avail you nothing, and you will be blacking the grate in the morning.

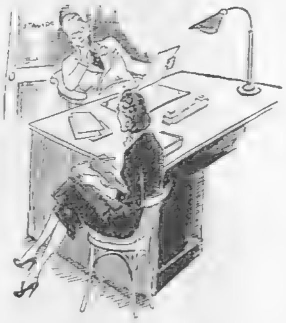
If your beloved breaks off his engagement to you, and it is well known that you dote upon him, do not pretend you are relieved—because nobody will believe you. On the other hand, do not exhibit your broken heart in public, because it makes you look cheap and flatters your ex-fiancé.

Show as much composure as you can muster, and to the morbidly curious who want to discuss it, express your conviction that a marriage avoided between two people not perfectly attuned is something to give thanks for. Having stated it, try to believe it. It is true.

In Difficult Circumstances

For all her training in deportment, grandmother could not always be trusted to meet the unexpected with finesse. So how do her granddaughters stand, when manners and customs, the new freedom and the new frankness, combine to make life a string of embarrassing incidents ?

We cannot offer you a modern book of etiquette, but here is a glimpse of the contents as we imagine it should be.



When your elderly employer breaks off a discussion on Sales Promotion to remark upon the shapeliness of your legs, and you feel that an uncompromising rebuff will damage your chances of advancement, smile and thank him lightly for the pretty compliment. Then, dismissing the subject, immediately return to Sales Promotion.

If he does not take the hint, keep your head and your good humour and tell him with a " we-understand-each-other " smile that you appreciate his mood but that you like him too much as an employer to sacrifice his dignity to an office " affair." If that fails, wrap your head in a towel and consider whether to seek your promotion elsewhere.

At a distinguished gathering when your catty woman friend refers to her school days at Roedean and deliberately enquires where you were at school, knowing full well you were educated by courtesy of the local council, you will enhance your dignity and turn the knife-thrust back in her direction by replying with a smile that you got your elementary education free with a lot of other people, whose social accomplishments are inevitably small, but in whom kindness to their fellow creatures is a natural grace.

Courtesy to a person who is out to harm you gives you an advantage in the field of strategy.

When you find yourself in the company of the woman who is trying to steal your husband from you, unremitting courtesy will enhance your dignity and undoubtedly disarm her.

If she suspects that you are stupid, she will underestimate your strategical advantage, which is desirable. If she suspects that you are clever, she will fear you, which is gratifying. In any case she will respect you, though she hates you.

An easy detachment from money is an endearing quality, both when you have it and when you have not. If you have it, and you find yourself in the company of people who have not, forget you have it unless some opportunity occurs to use your advantage gracefully. Adapt your spending to their standards.

If, however, you are in the opposite camp, and find yourself with people who spend beyond your means, resolve cheerfully to confess your dilemma, or politely to withdraw. Don't embarrass your friends by remaining if you and they are not on such terms that you can abandon false pride and accept their hospitality gracefully.

It is bad practice to indulge in scandal about an acquaintance when you are among strangers, but should you be guilty of this and find yourself taking somebody's character away in the presence of her sister or greatest friend, there is only one course open to you—immediate apology.

Tell her that the temptation to toy with idle gossip is a weakness in us all, but that you are now the most humiliated by your stupidity in repeating what is obviously idle and silly gossip. Humbly apologise for your part in a discreditable incident. Your mortification will delight her.

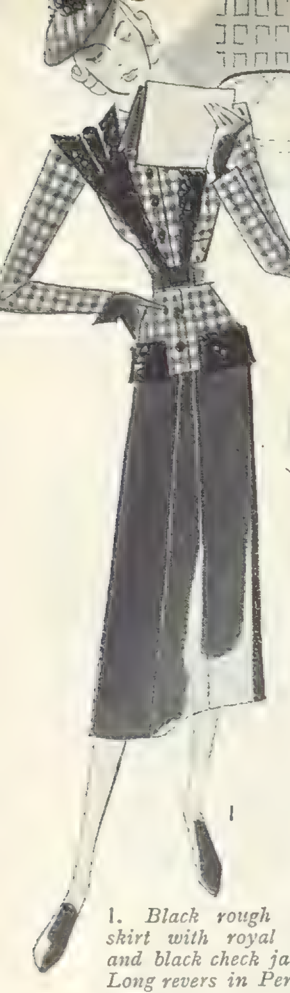
When you are out with a man new to your acquaintance who asks you where you would like to dine, and you are in doubt as to his financial capabilities, suggest somewhere quiet and dignified and reasonably inexpensive.

You can ask him if he approves or prefers something more ambitious, though you are content if he is. His response will help to acquaint you with his wishes.

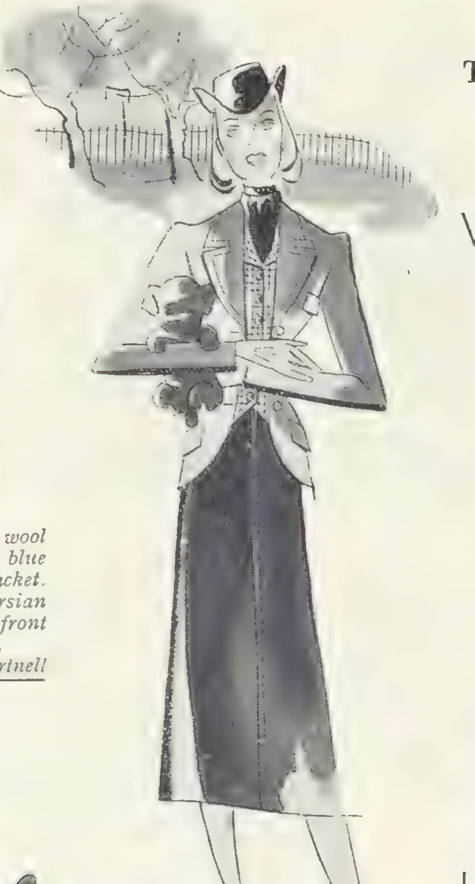
F A S H I O N S

By JEAN BURNUP

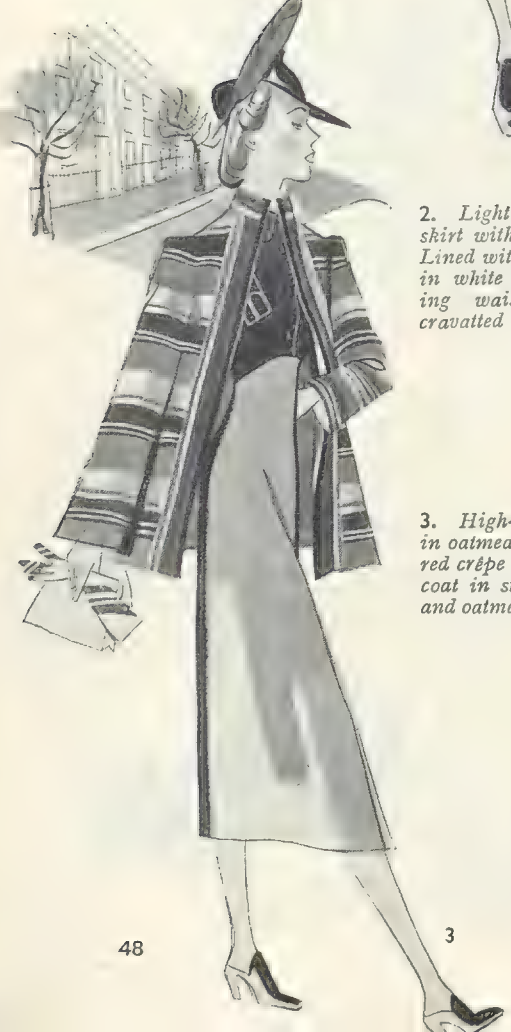
Editor Woman's Department



1. *Black rough wool skirt with royal blue and black check jacket. Long revers in Persian lamb give the belted front a waistcoat effect.* *Hartnell*



2. *Light brown flecked wool skirt with red hopsack jacket. Lined with thick woollen check in white and black. Matching waistcoat. Black silk cravatted blouse.* *Motley*



3. *High-waisted gored skirt in oatmeal woollen, with bright red crêpe blouse and loose box coat in striped off white, red and oatmeal. Matching gloves.* *Stiebel*

THINKING ALOUD AT THE DRESS SHOWS

What's this dark brown shining fur, worked in narrow strands into a square-shouldered bulkie ? Not our old friend skunk ? It is, though, back with a bang, and without a smell. But if you are still prejudiced, there are squirrel, shorn, shaded beaver, bronze seal, hair seal, red, black and blue fox, all new as new. And mink, lamb, nutria and silver fox going on.

I'll say silver fox goes on. It is everywhere. " I'm bored with it," says a woollen-scarved colleague. Sour grapes ? I could bear to have that cape of Isobel's which is just enough of a cape, with the skins worked narrow and straight back and front, and two fat silvered beauties on either squared shoulder.

I like all this flamboyant silver fox making extravagant looped collars on wand-slim black cloth coats. I like the figure eight silver fox trimming on the neck and hem of tight hip-length coats, over matching skirts, dresses or contrasts.

I can't remember a year when there were so many dressy, fur-trimmed suits. They're elegant. You could go happily through the winter with one, with perhaps a bulkie tweed, and last year's full-length coat to eke out.

That's good, Heim's long, bulky hair seal, lined with tweed, that makes the model look like a trapper. Its eskimo hood, designed to keep hair tidy, untidies it, of course. Another good idea, his black sealskin with collar, revers, and all edges made of corded silk. After all, edges wear first, though perhaps Heim's customers don't have to think of that. Mrs. Lionel Rothschild, for instance, sitting over there.

It is hard, in a season of perfectly lovely afternoon gowns, to say " That's my favourite." But I am almost sure that I must pick Peter Russell's violet woollen, tightened at diaphragm and waist, not, as most dresses are, with draping or high corselet belts, but with the most cunning horizontal and diagonal tucking. Beautiful work, as the compering designer points out. (Second thoughts : Do I honestly prefer it to the black jersey asymmetrically draped dress at Heim's that stands out in my memory among dozens of beautiful black draped dresses ?)

P.R. calls his reds, blues and violets husky, meaning blurred, I suppose. The words " mobile panel " keep cropping up in his talk. This is just a panel ending in a little swing, which goes into lots of his skirts. An ice blue evening dress, trimmed with horizontal tucking, yet still miraculously slender, has, he says, already gone to America and Malta. " That," whispers a would-be wag behind me, " will make the Maltese cross." Not funny enough.

An evening dress in lime-drenched yellow (his words, not mine) clinkety-clanks on. It moulds the figure like a dream, and is entirely made of large sequins. " Each one," says he dramatically, " sewn on by hand."

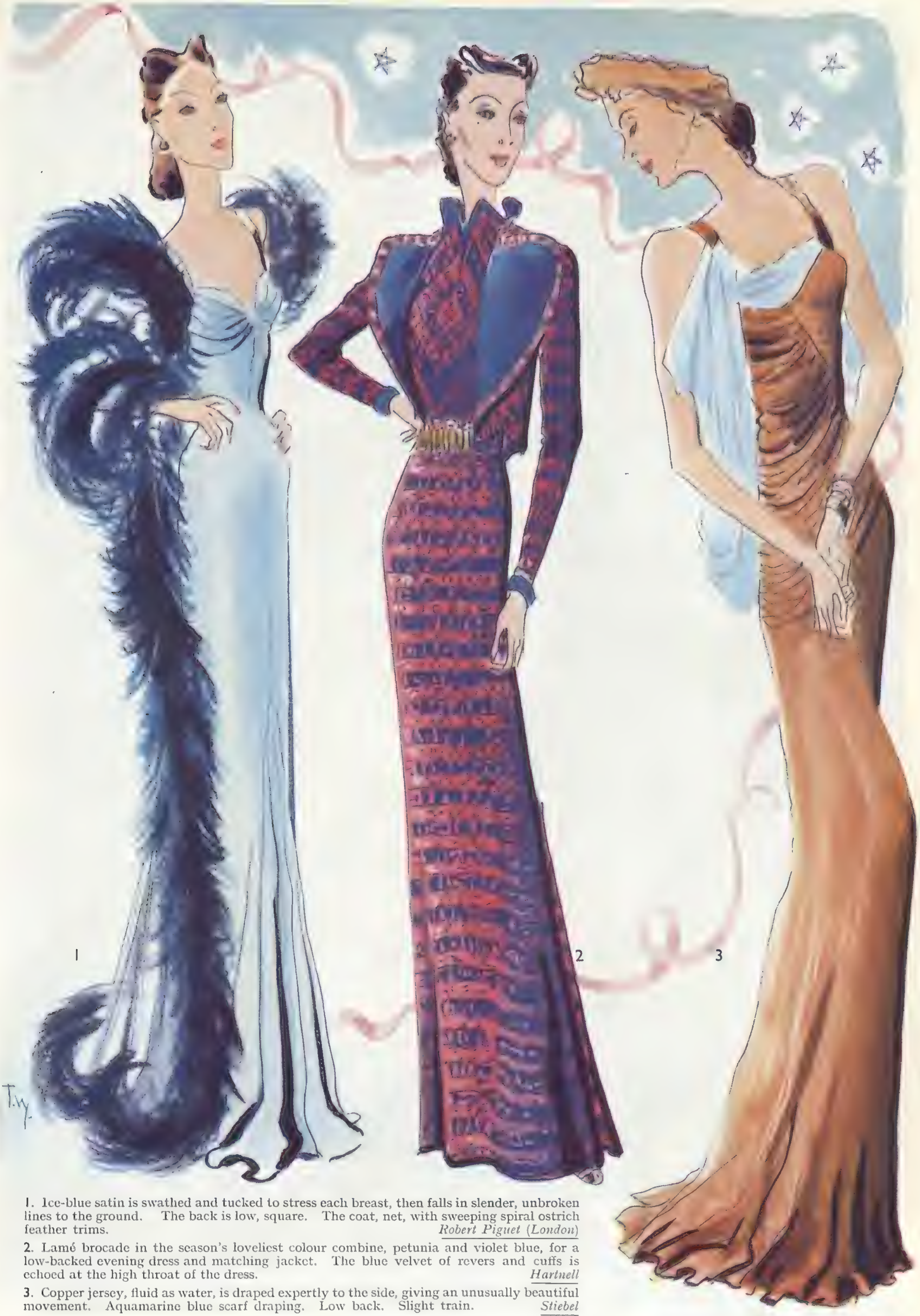
" What about that one ? " asks the wag, pointing vaguely. No one hears her, for the dress talks louder than she does. If it were not so noisy it would look luscious under its yellow moiré coat, trimmed with yellow fox right down each outer sleeve.

In comes a model with a softness of tulle round her neck. " Men," says Mr. R. " find that tulle round the neck and shoulders gives allure." I must go and buy a couple of yards of cheap allure for my new azure. Top marks for that low-cut grey sheath dress, seamed down centre front and back, into half shiny, half dull satin, with a corselet belt of gunmetal sequins.

Every other woman at Maggy Rouff's opening (mixing clients with press) seems to be swathed in silver fox. The photographers are flashlighting the Pouletts, mother and daughter, also Lady Lathom, Mrs. Sweeney.

The models here seem to have less diaphragm than anywhere else. Dress after dress goes by, in silk jersey, deep reds, blues, ochres, burgundies, wrapped round the body with subtle

(*Continued on page* 131)

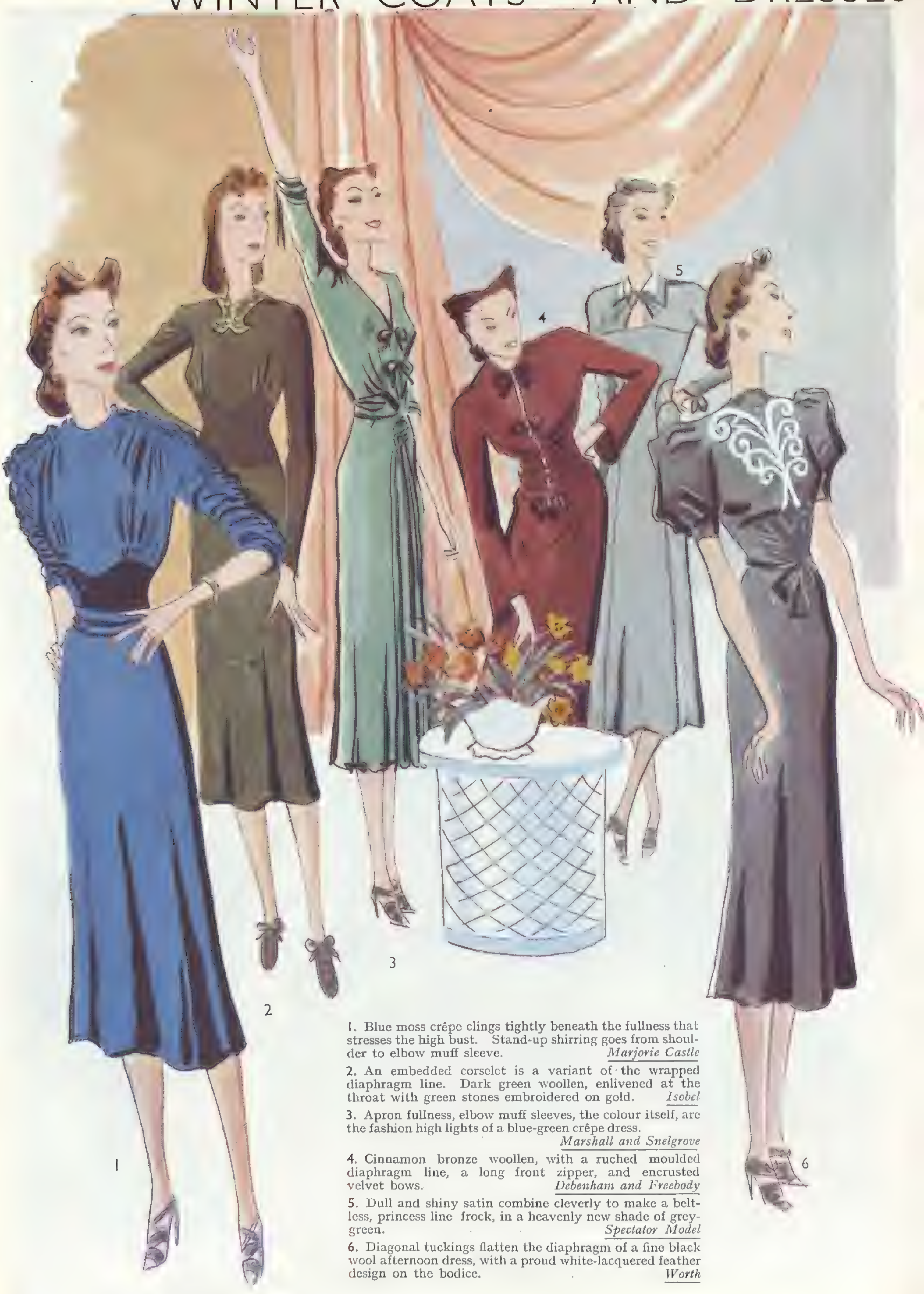


1. Ice-blue satin is swathed and tucked to stress each breast, then falls in slender, unbroken lines to the ground. The back is low, square. The coat, net, with sweeping spiral ostrich feather trims. *Robert Piguet (London)*

2. Lamé brocade in the season's loveliest colour combine, petunia and violet blue, for a low-backed evening dress and matching jacket. The blue velvet of revers and cuffs is echoed at the high throat of the dress. *Hartnell*

3. Copper jersey, fluid as water, is draped expertly to the side, giving an unusually beautiful movement. Aquamarine blue scarf draping. Low back. Slight train. *Stiebel*

WINTER COATS — AND DRESSES



1. Blue moss crêpe clings tightly beneath the fullness that stresses the high bust. Stand-up shirring goes from shoulder to elbow muff sleeve. *Marjorie Castle*

2. An embedded corselet is a variant of the wrapped diaphragm line. Dark green woollen, enlivened at the throat with green stones embroidered on gold. *Isobel*

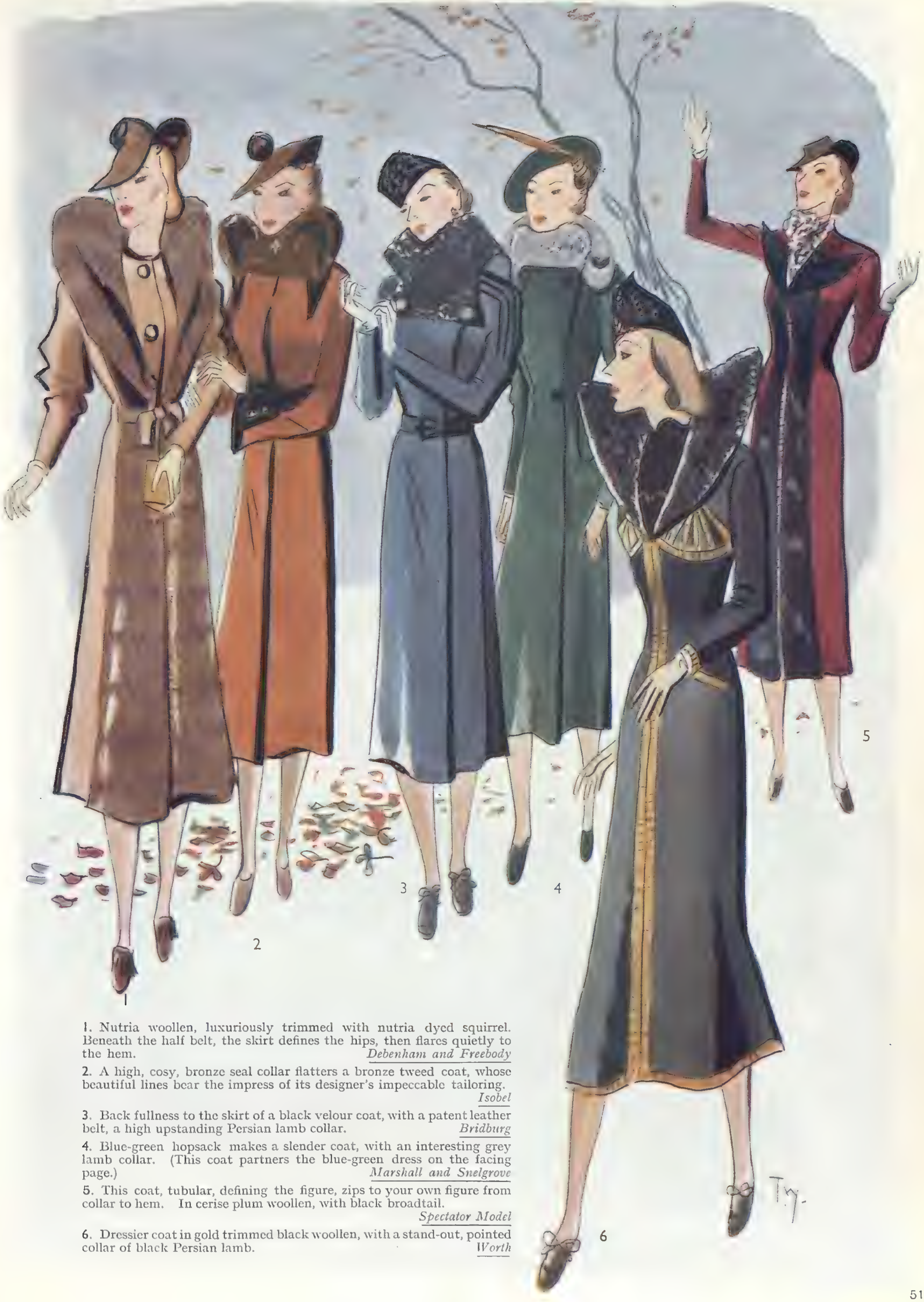
3. Apron fullness, elbow muff sleeves, the colour itself, are the fashion high lights of a blue-green crêpe dress. *Marshall and Snelgrove*

4. Cinnamon bronze woollen, with a ruched moulded diaphragm line, a long front zipper, and encrusted velvet bows. *Debenham and Freebody*

5. Dull and shiny satin combine cleverly to make a beltless, princess line frock, in a heavenly new shade of grey-green. *Spectator Model*

6. Diagonal tuckings flatten the diaphragm of a fine black wool afternoon dress, with a proud white-lacquered feather design on the bodice. *Worth*

TO WEAR BENEATH THEM



1. Nutria woollen, luxuriously trimmed with nutria dyed squirrel. Beneath the half belt, the skirt defines the hips, then flares quietly to the hem. *Debenham and Freebody*

2. A high, cosy, bronze seal collar flatters a bronze tweed coat, whose beautiful lines bear the impress of its designer's impeccable tailoring. *Isobel*

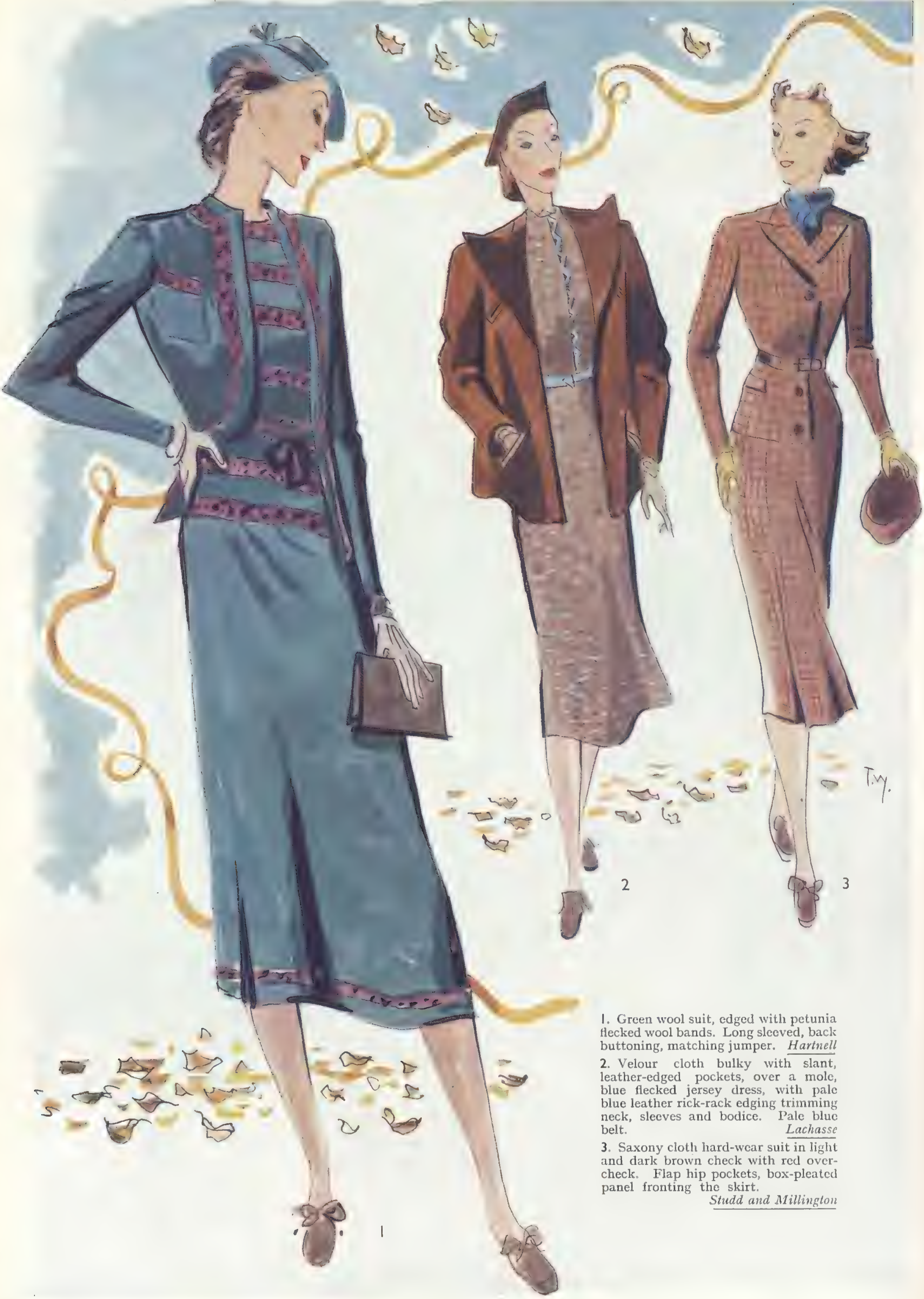
3. Back fullness to the skirt of a black velour coat, with a patent leather belt, a high upstanding Persian lamb collar. *Bridburg*

4. Blue-green hopsack makes a slender coat, with an interesting grey lamb collar. (This coat partners the blue-green dress on the facing page.) *Marshall and Snelgrove*

5. This coat, tubular, defining the figure, zips to your own figure from collar to hem. In cerise plum woollen, with black broadtail. *Spectator Model*

6. Dressier coat in gold trimmed black woollen, with a stand-out, pointed collar of black Persian lamb. *Worth*

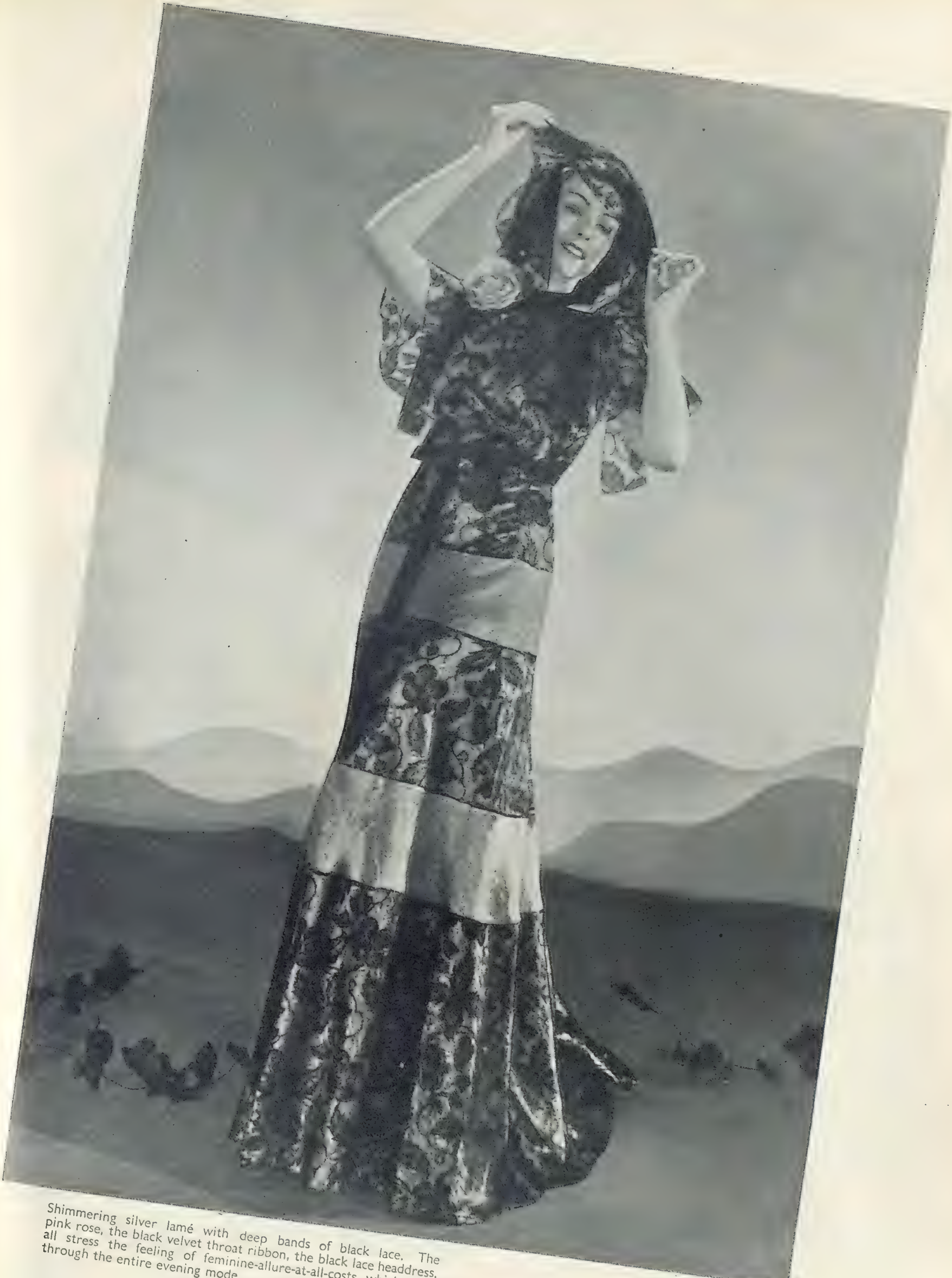
FOR WINTER'S MILDER DAYS



1. Green wool suit, edged with petunia flecked wool bands. Long sleeved, back buttoning, matching jumper. *Hartnell*

2. Velour cloth bulky with slant, leather-edged pockets, over a mole, blue flecked jersey dress, with pale blue leather rick-rack edging trimming neck, sleeves and bodice. Pale blue belt. *Lachasse*

3. Saxony cloth hard-wear suit in light and dark brown check with red over-check. Flap hip pockets, box-pleated panel fronting the skirt. *Studd and Millington*



Shimmering silver lamé with deep bands of black lace. The pink rose, the black velvet throat ribbon, the black lace headdress, all stress the feeling of feminine-allure-at-all-costs which runs through the entire evening mode.

Debenham and Freebody, Model Gowns

Miles, Carlton

If there is one sport more than another about which alarming things are written, it is ski-ing.

You gather that Victoria Station at the end of the winter sports season resembles a casualty clearing station during the war, with rows of ambulances in attendance instead of taxis, and would-be skiers being borne away with broken legs, ribs, arms and collar-bones.

Outfits for this sport, according to some writers—who have probably never been outside the Palace bar at St. Moritz—are on the scale of a wedding trousseau. Cheerfully you are warned that at the end of a long journey there may, after all, be no snow for weeks to come.

Having just emerged from the rabbit stage, I believe that the danger in ski-ing is very much what you make it. The average rabbit is as safe on the nursery slopes of any Swiss or Austrian resort as in her own English hutch.

The rabbit must be prepared to go back to school, join a class (teaching is now standardised throughout the winter sport countries) and meekly spend her first few mornings bending into the most unbecoming positions, learning how to put on her skis by herself—*not* so easy as it sounds—and doing exactly as she is told by a good-looking but earnest instructor.

Teachers all say that accidents mainly happen to foreigners because they are so foolhardy. After a week's ski-ing they attempt runs that a local light would not dream of attacking until thoroughly in practice.

Even the experts are stiff, even the experts fall at the beginning of the season, though, knowing how to fall, they do not usually hurt themselves. But the mad English expect to leap out of the train and skim down the mountain side with muscles as stiff as pokers.

Instructors implore their pupils to exercise at home before they come out of England. Elizabeth Arden has a splendid series that would-be skiers can learn in her Bond Street salon, and then go on doing at home, for at least a month before going out to Switzerland or Austria.

There are three exercises—one for loosening, one for balance and one for strengthening. The first consists in bending down and touching the floor with the hands while the knees are kept stiff. The trunk is then slowly raised, with the arms loose and slack.

The second exercise consists in shifting the weight from one bent leg to the other, with feet apart, toes turned in and arms outstretched.

Bust and hips are turned with the weight shifting, as this is the motion used with the first simple turns in ski-ing.

Leg muscles need tremendous strengthening. This is achieved by a long gliding step taken by one leg in the rear, which is then brought forward stiffly as the other leg bends.

A fall need have no worse result than a loss of dignity. Triplex glasses are safer than ordinary glasses, though I have seen spectacled rabbits collapse all over the snow in perfect safety. Getting up by yourself is to be wrestled with in the privacy of the bedroom. There are a hundred and one methods. I seem to have tried and failed with all of them. Suddenly, however, it comes, like swimming.

An English fallacy is that January and February are the only months for a winter sports holiday, whereas March and early April at any reasonable height are much more popular with the locals, who know that there is often much more snow and most heartening sunshine.

Another fallacy is that quantities of heavy sweaters and scarves and woollen underclothes are essential, whereas the rabbit spends most of her time stripping off clothes in the agitation of trying to climb a gentle slope without going backwards. Lillywhites have a windcheater sweater that is grand, because checked flannel or cellular cotton shirts can be worn beneath it.

Windjackets of white double texture Egyptian cotton, plus-four suits, long white knitted stockings and coloured gaiters are worn by second-year students.

Rabbits who spend most of their time in a recumbent position are well advised to acquire a suit with trousers that tuck inside the boots and socks and fasten with an elastic loop over the instep. Their gloves should be of lined horsehide, and their ear-flap caps of proofed material. Wool is quickly soaked through by snow.

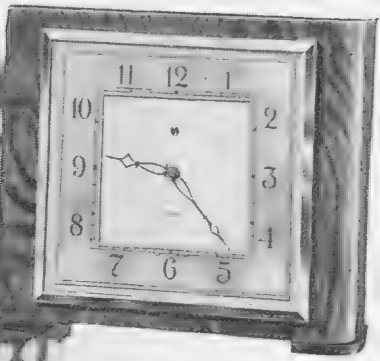
Lillywhites, full of excellent advice—they have just published a most comprehensive winter sports catalogue, which they will send you free—give a minimum cost ski-ing outfit to anyone who wants it, and one can build up on that. Essentials are: One ski suit; one pair of boots; one pair of mitts; three pairs of socks; one cap; one windcheater sweater; three shirts, flannel or cotton; one scarf; one pair of sun glasses; one pair of skis; one pair of sticks; one small rucksack.

Gouties or snow boots are necessary over dance shoes or whenever you are not in ski-ing boots, and a "Teddy Bear" coat, fur coat or fur-lined tweed coat for standing about watching ski-running, or evening expeditions. In Austria and Germany evening dress looks a little ridiculous for dancing in the local pub.

By AUDREY WRANGHAM

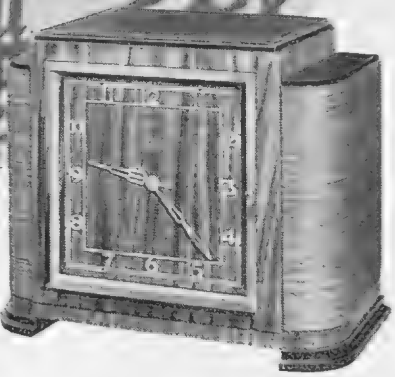
IT WAITS FOR NO MAN

Burr walnut, with Westminster chiming movement. Another period reproduction (after Tompion) from Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.



Simple, exquisitely figured walnut case. Cream dial, clear, bold, with raised silvered zone.
A Smith Sectric Clock

A perfect reproduction of a period timepiece, with modern electrical movement. A Smith Sectric Clock



Modern streamline, electrical movement. Walnut case. Square silver fret zone. A Smith Sectric Clock

Reproduced from a model by the famous seventeenth-century maker Knibb. This model is in walnut and measures 8½ ins. high. Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co.; Ltd.

In ancient Egypt they measured time by putting a basin with a hole in it in water and waiting till the weight of the water as it seeped through the hole sank the basin. It was a bit clumsy, but it served in the days before man had forgotten the meaning of the word leisure.

King Alfred burned a marked candle for the purpose of measuring time, a notoriously unsatisfactory method in view of the mistake about the cakes. Later somebody invented the hour-glass, which was delightful to look at and probably one of the very first attempts to combine beauty with practicability.

Probably no practical object has been so continuously moulded in beautiful shapes as the clock.

From the simple beauty of the hour-glass and the sundial down to the almost classic quality of those masterpieces created by Tompion and Knibb in the seventeenth century we find interest and romance.

Tompion, the most famous maker of all, was the son of a blacksmith, and so painstaking in the work he adored that he forged his own tools to make the clocks that are, to this day, so highly prized and so faithfully reproduced.

Clocks driven by springs and pendulums seemed at one time to be the very pinnacle of perfection, but the proudest achievements of to-day are only the promise of better things to-morrow, and it became obvious that a piece of mechanism which required constant attention in checking, regulating and winding was still imperfect. Thus came the synchronous electric clock to eliminate these disadvantages.

Unlike weight or spring-driven clocks, the synchronous model does not depend upon elaborate self-contained mechanism. It contains only a small geared electric motor which is driven by pulsations of the alternating current supplied through the mains.

Once the synchronous electric clock has been set right and started, it indicates time as measured by the alternations of the current. These alternations are standardised and checked by master clocks at various power stations. All synchronous clocks plugged in to this current must then automatically keep in step with standard time.

Every pattern, from the illuminated alarm to the grandfather clock, can be had now with synchronous electric movement. Modern streamline designs, glass and chromium, and reproductions from the models of the great makers, clocks for the kitchen and for the bathroom, in all sizes and at practically all prices, can be had for the modern home.

In the United States and Canada the electrically controlled clock has been in general use for some considerable time. Their introduction was delayed in this country by that lack of essential uniformity in electric current which has led to the development of the " grid " system of distribution.

With the improvement in this direction the making of the new synchronous clock was begun by Smith's English Clocks, Ltd., who already had a reputation for pioneer work in the industry. Their Sectric clocks have now reached such a standard of perfection and are offered in such a variety of designs and prices that everybody who values efficiency " plugs in to Greenwich Time."

SLEEPING BADLY?

This article will help you

Nothing is so totally incapacitating as sleeplessness. It makes wrinkles, too, into the bargain.

We shall not dwell on the horrors of it, but on their prevention.

Sleeplessness is mainly due to one of three causes: worry, overwork, or anæmia.

Worry keeps sleep at bay, because the nerves are on the alert. A condition of overwork or over-exhaustion means that the nerves have been stretched to a pitch for so long that they have lost elasticity and the power to shrink away from that pitch and go to sleep; a condition of anæmia means that the nerves are underfed and consequently poisoned into a state of wakefulness.

These states can be quite easily rectified as long as the sufferer does not fret himself or herself into a condition of prolonged *nerve-consciousness*, or insomnia.

Let us deal with sleeplessness that is due to worry first.

As there is nothing like anxiety or fright to upset the digestion, take *juice of wormwood* just before meals, and especially before dinner, to ensure perfect digestion.

The name wormwood is unpleasant—actually the plant is so called because of the shape of its fibres—but the taste is not bad, and anyway wormwood does the work so well that it might almost be called a pre-digestive.

Perfect digestion has an immediately settling effect on the nerves: it calms. This is because the meal is supplying food to the nerves, instead of acid, which it would have supplied had the meal been undigested. Everything to do with the body moves in a vicious circle: overstrung nerves produce bad digestion, bad digestion reacts unfavourably on the nerves.

Once calmed by juice of wormwood, banish worry. Or if you feel that by working at your problem you can solve it, do so. But you are far more likely to find a solution by waiting until you have had a good night's rest than by working on until your mind is weary and your nerves again in a frazzle.

Mind-control has to take a hand now. You will have to banish worry if you mean to sleep. Take juice of St. John's wort, one dessertspoonful. Sleep will ensue if you do not keep awake deliberately by worrying.

Worrying never got anyone anywhere; *good reasoning* might. Knowing this, give the St. John's wort a chance to act, and tackle the great vexation in the morning with your mind refreshed.

St. John's wort has such a sure and steadying influence on the nerves, and through them is such a stimulant for the heart and hence the brain, that, reinforced, you will be able to approach your worry in the morning.

You will certainly not feel that the world is either against you or on top of you, but that you, instead, can tackle the world.

People who are in the habit of frowning and of feeling slightly or greatly overburdened should take St. John's wort; they will be able to handle their affairs with added confidence and far less nerve-strain.

A great number of minor ills will have to be set right if you are suffering from overwork.

To counteract irritability and jumpiness during the day, or any careworn sensation of despair, take a pill of valerian and other herbs directly after meals. This will act as a sedative, *not a soporific*, during the day.

A cup of Horlick's Malted Milk can be taken with great advantage, because of its magnificent body-building and energy-restoring properties.

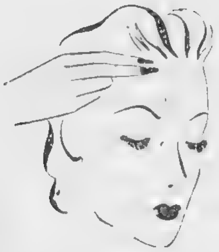
A lime-blossom bath last thing at night helps to induce sleep. These baths enable the overstrung system to relax, and miraculously break down and take away that unbearable condition of over-fatigue or taut *wakefulness*.

Sleep with the window wide open. Fresh air is essential.

As overwork invariably leads to anæmia, and you are probably suffering from that as well, read on; the remedies will help you.

(Continued on page 148)

PUT YOUR FINGER ON THE SPOT



Frown Wrinkle. Muscle contraction—the act of frowning—eats away the tissues under the skin and brings about a wrinkle. Replace these tissues and it will disappear.

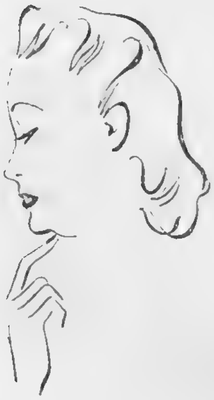
At night clean the face. Fold and wring out a small soft towel in hot water and use it as a bandeau across the forehead for a minute. Then dry the forehead.

Now speedily pat in a light skin-food up and down the frown-streak, and work it away in lightning pats over the forehead and out to the temples. Finish, after four minutes, by a layer of heavy skin-food on an orange stick, flashed up the frown and left on. Wipe the remaining forehead with a pad of cotton-wool soaked in a light astringent.

There are several good creams which create a " film " and help to conceal by day. Use these under powder.

Use two shades of powder, the first nearest the tone of your complexion, the second definitely lighter. Powder upwards with the first, fairly thickly; powder down with the second and lighter powder, a mere dusting. This up and down with two shade powders will obliterate all but the deepest frown, as in this way the powders knit, to mask.

Try thinking out your problem in front of the mirror without a frown. You will soon lose the habit.



Double Chin. Each night slip three fingers of either hand into light skin-food and start an upward-stroking movement from the base of the throat to the opposite ear; left base to right ear—right base to left ear—alternately.

Once the skin is so oiled, let the forefinger and thumb of either hand pinch away simultaneously from under the chin to the ears.

Do this four times. Repeat upward throat movement. Then dab lavishly under the chin and jaw with a mild almond astringent, and rap smartly with the back of the fingers from under the chin to the ears. Rap until the astringent is dry, and finish by dabbing on and rapping in a stronger astringent, which will affirm all the good work you have done.

A drooping head carriage when sitting brings a double chin in double quick time. Be proud. Tilt your chin. Don't drink with meals. Sleep on one flat pillow.

What to Use

A cleansing cream that liquefies and penetrates instantly. A good complementary soap.

Two skin-foods, one heavy and one thin. The thin one quickly enters the pores and pulls the heavy one in. Heavy skin-food is always used last.

Two astringents, one mild to start the tightening, the other stronger to increase it.

A good cream make-up foundation for starting the day.

A milk for cleaning the face during the day, whenever make-up is beginning to fade or you need freshening. This milk acts as a deep pore cleanser, and an astringent, so that all the day impurities are removed (very necessary during the fogs of November) and your skin left smooth and ready to take make-up of powder and rouge.

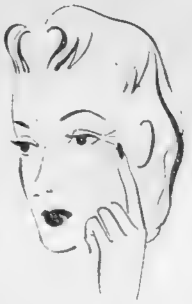
If you wish to give your face a change this November, and follow the courses described, treat yourself to an outfit from Coty's. Their preparations are good, and do rather more than they say they will, for the degree of loveliness and sense of luxury they bestow are such that victory follows as well.

Crow's-Feet. After a warm and rather lavish soap-and-water wash, finger-print in a light skin-food, and on top of this a wrinkle-cream. Now cut some double gauze into crescents, to fit the shape of your cheek under the eyes; soak these in a mild herbal astringent and place them under the eyes, keeping them there as long as you can. This smooths out the eye-sockets in readiness for repairs during sleep.

For make-up, use a cream powder foundation that will replace the lack of oils in the skin-cells under the eyes. This will fill out the crow's-feet. Place your rouge definitely but faintly just under the outer corner of the eye and work it round and down. The presence of colour here lifts the cheek, takes away hollows, helps wrinkles.

When powdering, press first powder coating outwards, bring second powder coating inwards—use two shades of powder, the first to be the colour of your natural skin, the second definitely lighter—this two-way powdering will cause two-shade powders to knit and *mask*.

Eye-puckering is a mannerism which often leads to premature crow's-feet. If you pucker your eyes frequently, you are either short-sighted or you need a tonic.

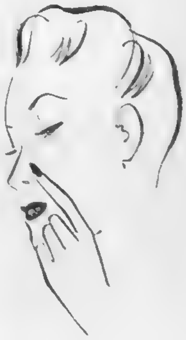


Enlarged Nostril Pores. After a soap and warm water night wash, dab nostril curves with a deep pore-cleansing milk. Leave this on for a minute, wipe off. Dab on again, using a fresh part of the pad. Repeat three or four times. Last, rub a pad of cotton-wool that has been coated with soap complementary to the milk round the nostril curves. Wash off, dry, and pat in a mild astringent, followed by a stronger and special astringent. Leave.

On two nights of the week use a light skin-food instead of the astringent, to stimulate the skin-cells, restore elasticity, and help them to close.

In the day time use the two-way, two-shade powdering. Powder up and outwards with your own skin-shade powder, down and inwards with the light powder on top. This will stop that greasy line of open pores transpiring at the nostril curve after you have come in to a heated room, during a party, or at the end of the evening.

Try to avoid mixing fats, such as frys and roasts, with raw and citrous fruit juices during your meals. This will produce acid, and any excess of acid rushes to the pores round the nose. Take a meal of fruit alone: at breakfast is good. Or have your orange between meals, at eleven o'clock.



By Chrysis

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems, write to me at " Britannia and Eve," 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

RIGHT FOR WRITING

No matter if letter-writing is your *bête noire* or your pleasantest form of recreation, the need for an agreeable setting when you start is the same. A quiet corner, comfortable and beautiful to contemplate, good notepaper, the proper materials, will stimulate the mood for writing if it needs stimulating and give a new zest even if it doesn't.

This antique walnut escritoire is a gracious ornament to the room and practical in every sense as a business affair

And George and I want you to come for a long week-end.

Pretty desk-set in coloured bubble glass. Ink-pot 17/6. Pen-holder 4/6. Paper-weight 7/6. Very distinctive and practical. You can count the bubbles while you think

out here letters from home are our one great excitement

Utility stationery box for the desk. Everything for fastening and addressing. From Two Shillings (Centre) Personality notepaper expresses you and makes writing a pleasure

Take good care of yourself, darling.

The practical little desk on the extreme right is painted antique cream and picked out with gold. If you prefer a streamline effect here it is on the near right. The wood is silky oak

for mother. So pleased to hear you good.

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

November may be a dingy month, but why let that fact dinge your beauty enthusiasm? Face it, and you will find it a grand time in which to do some beauty prospecting.

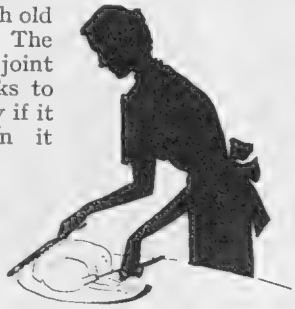
Now, if ever, is the moment to try out new cosmetics, a new lipstick; a different powder blend; or, if you are really clever, a cosmetic that is going to make all the difference to your basic beauty.

I award myself the prize in the beauty treasure hunt this month for finding a cream that not only puts paid to Novemberish skins, but which, it is claimed, achieves permanent rejuvenating results.

The famous skin specialist who has prepared this cream revealed that the introduction of hormone content does the trick.

It seems that those lines and wrinkles (and I don't mean only the kind that crop up in the forties) are the direct result of insufficiency of hormone secretion. By a process of continuous absorption, the lazy cells are induced to do the job of work for which Nature intended them. Feed the brutes, and they react miraculously. Starve them of their hormones, and premature lines are inevitable.

The absorption business is perfectly simple. Massage the skin generously with the cream at night and wash off with tepid water in the morning. Then rub a little more cream in and use it as your powder base. *C'est tout.*



When a woman is a good carver she can beat a man at his own game, even if the game is a tough old pheasant. But when she's bad, she's awful. The pheasant rockets off the plate. The Sunday joint that was destined to do until Wednesday breaks to pieces under her hand. This may be very funny if it happens once, but is not so rib-tickling when it becomes a habit.

However, it is not always the carver's fault. The average carving knife, as often as not, is a family joke. Now a new type of knife has come along to bury that joke. It is so efficient it almost carves the joint itself; even the most ham-handed can cut a roast in slices of perfect symmetry by means of its patent fluted blade. Incidentally, despite its cutting edge, the steel is stainless. If you have carver trouble at home, male or female, I suggest that you try this knife without delay.

I don't know about you, but I find that even the traditional baize-lined silver basket fails to keep my table silver tidily segregated. Forks *will* lie down in illegitimate confusion with the dessert spoons, and the pickle server is always to be found in the compartment reserved for the forks—or gets lost altogether.

So I was as pleased as you will be to find a new silver rack which holds every piece firmly between slots and has a handle at each end for carrying.

The rack is kept in a drawer, and when the table is set it is carried complete into the dining-room—every piece necessary to hand.

Scratching or damage to valuable silver is over now. The pieces can be counted at a glance. The stand comes in attractive colours in clear cellulose finish. Price 4s. 6d.

Have you ever thought of *brushing* the day's grime off your face in the same way that you brush the dust off your clothes? I never had until lately. Now I shall never attempt to clean my face in any other way, because, I admit, my skin can never have been really clean before.

It is not so easy, especially if you live in a town, to get deep-seated grime out of the pores. This is where the brushing comes in. It is part of a new pore-deep cleansing campaign.

With every jar of cream comes a cute little glove that slips over the two first fingers. It has hundreds of tiny rubber tips that pick up just the right amount of cream from the jar. You work the cream into the pores with a circular movement. Being blended with pure olive oil (the world's most penetrating cleanser), it melts instantly at contact with the skin.

The cream is wiped off in the usual way; and you clean the rubber brush with a soft cloth. If the result of your brushing surprises and pains you, you are well on the way towards becoming that woman in a thousand who goes to bed at night with her skin thoroughly cleansed.

After the above paragraph, you may think that soap and water for the face are superfluous. Well, personally, I find my skin likes a cocktail occasionally as much as I do. And a good wash with warm water and soap, finishing with an ice-cold splash, is just that.

Like any other cocktail, however, the ingredients must be right or a nasty hangover may result. The water must be tepid and softened; the soap bland, soothing, and not artificially perfumed in any way. There is a soap blended with turtle oil which is perfect for sensitive skins. The oil in it nourishes the skin and is excellent for relaxed contours. You can get it from most stores and chemists at the low price of ninepence a tablet.

Of course you have forgotten all about your summer holidays by now, but here's a discovery that will help you recapture something of that grand feeling when you came out of the sea after a swim.

It is a new curative tonic salt for the bath, and really is what it claims to be, a tonic and beauty bath in one. There is nothing secret about the formula. It is simply a salt compound that contains iodine and wintergreen and is irradiated with Ultra Violet Rays.

Both iodine and wintergreen are proven remedies for rheumatism and allied complaints. I recommend these salts as a winter pick-me-up and an excellent preventative for anybody with rheumatic tendency or who suffers from chilblains and colds.

By Mary Young

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4

WOMAN'S TALK BY JEAN BURNUP

On a windy day, when nobody loves you and your hands are cold, when there isn't even an old wife about to comfort you with the old wives' tale, "Never mind, dearie, the Lord loves you, and you can sit on your hands," go and put yourself in the care of the blonde masseuse who gives Dorothy Gray treatments at Maison Francis, in Hanover Square.

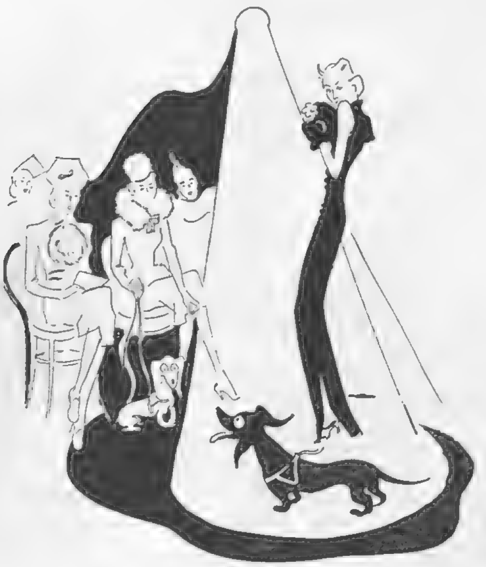
Dorothy Gray's suave, exquisite preparations are sold at a few exclusive shops, but this is the only place in England where you can get an original Dorothy Gray facial.

High lights of a particularly glorifying treatment are the back massage and the moment when your face, cleaned and lubricated with sweet-smelling creams, braced with a long pattering, is firmly enwrapped in cotton with a movement that lifts up the chin and the whole contour, and orange-flower skin lotion is poured over it.

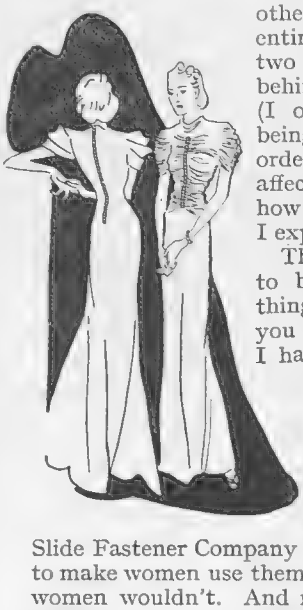
After a rest and a make-up—unquestionably their entire range of make-up is the top—you emerge, feeling something like a Follies girl crossed with Helen of Troy. And who can say fairer than that?

At a very swell dress show, a woman arrived with a couple of dogs. They were pretty quiet at first, regarding the clothes and models with speculative and appreciative eyes. Then, because dogs will be dogs, one of them bit through the lead of the other who, released, immediately took the centre of the floor. No one could look at anything else. I mean if you were at a dog show, and a model appeared in a lovely dress, you wouldn't look at the dogs.

So the dog was brought to heel, the lead taken up to the workroom and sewn, and all the fashion reporters present felt that, for a few moments, at least, life had been worth while.



Plenty of women who were looking forward to having zippers ornamenting and fastening their new clothes had to have hooks and eyes instead. Or wait. There was, as everyone expected, a gigantic zipper shortage.



Zippers have been such a rage that the Lightning Fastener Company, who make the plastic coloured ones which you now see on every other dress, spent the entire autumn being two and three weeks behind with orders. (I often wonder if being behind with orders is not business affectation to show how busy you are, but I expect I'm wrong).

The zipper seems to be one of those things which make you think, "If only I had thought of it first." Actually, somebody thought of it in 1893. Nothing much happened until about 1907, when the Talon Slide Fastener Company of America tried to make women use them on clothes. But women wouldn't. And now look at the situation, which proves, once again, that one of the fundamental laws of life is correct timing.

AN INVITATION

In the August issue, under this heading, a list was published of the beauty troubles which, according to the mail, seemed to be the most vital and general. They covered such pressing and irritating problems as superfluous hair, crepy necks, corns, scanty eyelashes, breaking nails, dandruff, perspiration, clammy hands, acne, rough elbows. Readers were invited to write for fuller details of how to deal with these things, too long to be published in full.

The response to this invitation was so astonishing, the interest it aroused so overwhelming, that we now refer to it again, in case there are readers who either missed the August issue or did not at the time take the opportunity to write. If you are among them, address your letter to Chrysis, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, marking your envelope "Invitation."

The Celanese people, whose principal preoccupation in life is making jersey fabrics, must be feeling pretty uppish this season. Each year silk jersey has crept up higher and higher as an important fashion fabric, but this year it is definitely at the top, and, as far as I can see, looks like staying there.

There have never been so many afternoon and evening dresses of jersey, for the good reason that it is a luscious fabric with limitless possibilities for exquisite handling.

Celanese gave a show a little while ago, in which day dresses, suits, afternoon dresses, housecoats, evening dresses, exploited the beauties of the new jerseys.

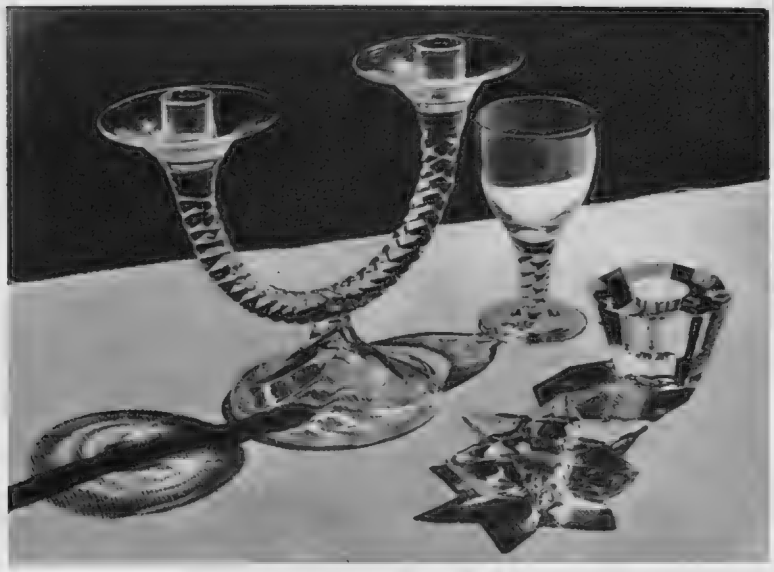
If it is not too early to start thinking about next spring—and, after all, this thought buoys most of us throughout the winter—remember the names Duco Jersey and Jersey Jacquard, which they will be starring then. They are really beautiful.

You know about dry, rough hands, of course. I am sorry, but there is practically nothing to be done about it but sleeping in gloves. After-washing lotions and creams help, but they don't do the job properly. It is a bore, of course, because sleeping gloves are usually so hideous. And what with exercises, face and hair work, there seems to be enough night chores. But after all, hands are important.

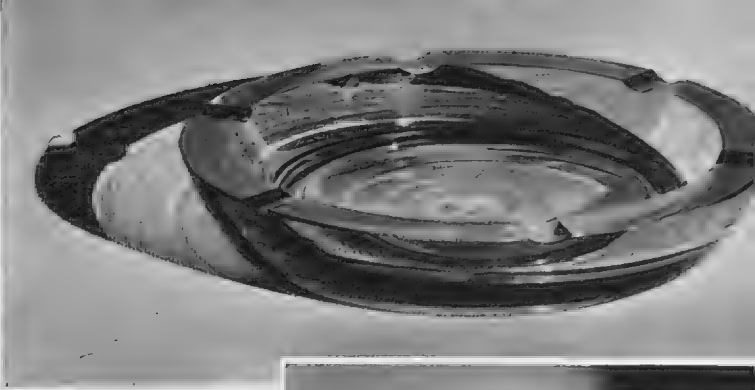
If it helps at all, Elizabeth Arden's new night gloves are very comfortable and quite pretty to look at, being delicately pink, and of a soft, light fabric. You wear them over an application of her new hand cream, which does a perfect job of softening, whitening and nourishing.

When *marvellous* was a featured and worked-to-death word, I could never imagine another taking its place, capable of meaning so many things, apart from its ordinary meaning. Then *grand* came along, and has been, in its turn, overworked. What's next? *Wizard* and *super* were two short livers, and *divine, heavenly,* have not the same finality of utterance. Well, you tell me a word. But don't sit up all night worrying over it.

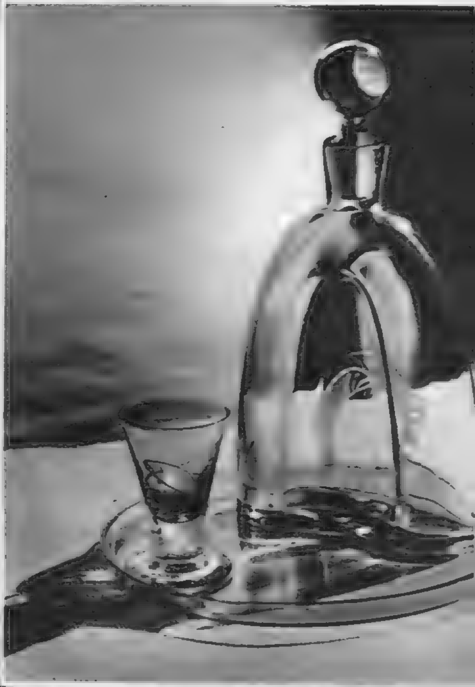
At random .... The best thing I know to stop a skirt from seating is to wear a tight slip of imitation taffeta beneath it. Until you have worn a taffeta slip, you don't know how well a dress can hang .... Marshall and Snelgrove have some very delectable stockings for evening sandals with red, blue and gold bands just where the toes show through .... Beatrice Dawson, who creates handbags, belts, clips, and buttons, has designed a clever little open fitment to hold all make-up, which you just slip in and out when you are changing bags, and which does away with tiresome groping .... Stolen from an American funny magazine: "I'm so pleased to meet you. I've heard so *little* about you."



Blue glass candelabra, 10/-; matching goblet, 2/6; solid glass candlestick, 4/6; star candlestick, 2/3



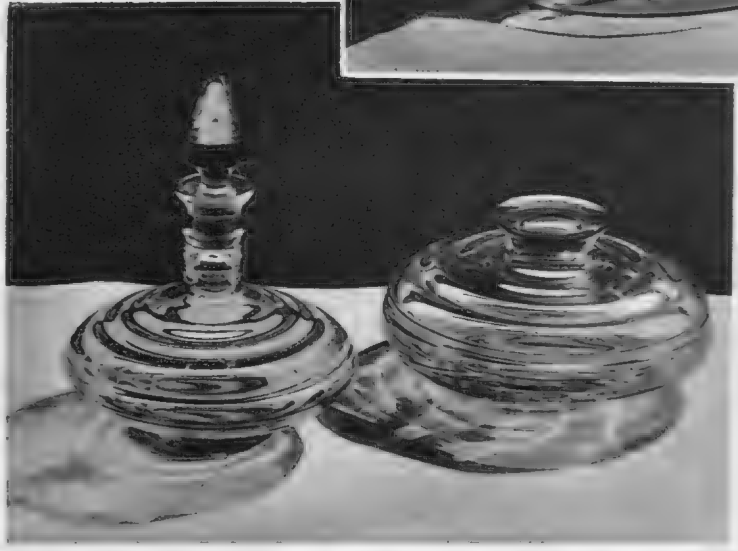
Heavy green glass ashtray, 7/9



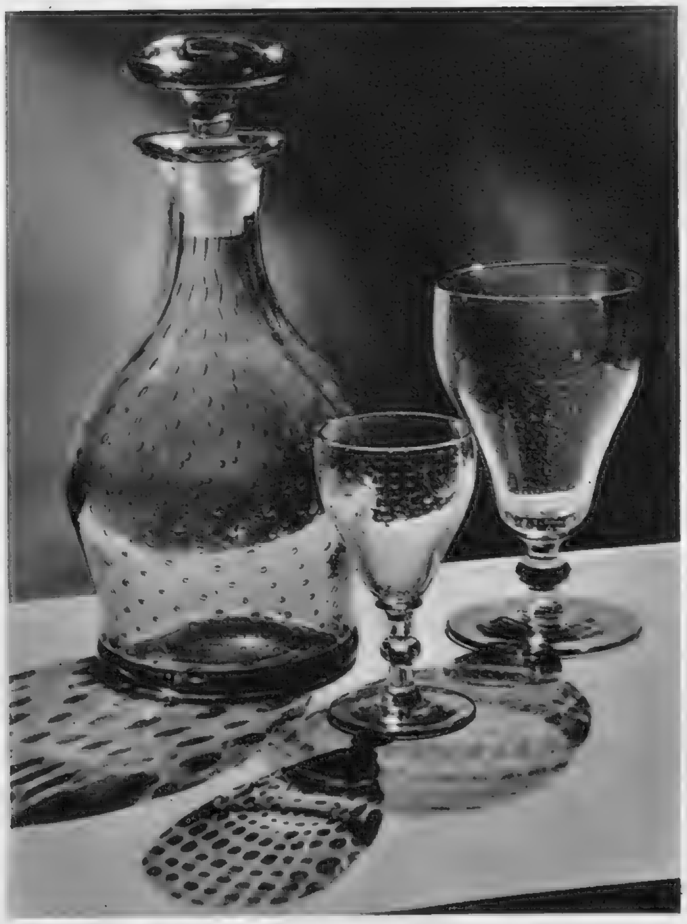
Small sherry or liqueur decanter in a faintly green glass with a fish motive, 6/9; matching glass, 1/9; tray, 3/9

GLASS ABOUT THE HOUSE

A little well-chosen glass in the home gives it an air of right living, adds distinction. Here are some modern pieces, designed for use as well as decoration. They are inexpensive, too. If you want further particulars, write to the Editor, Women's Department, *Britannia and Eve*, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.

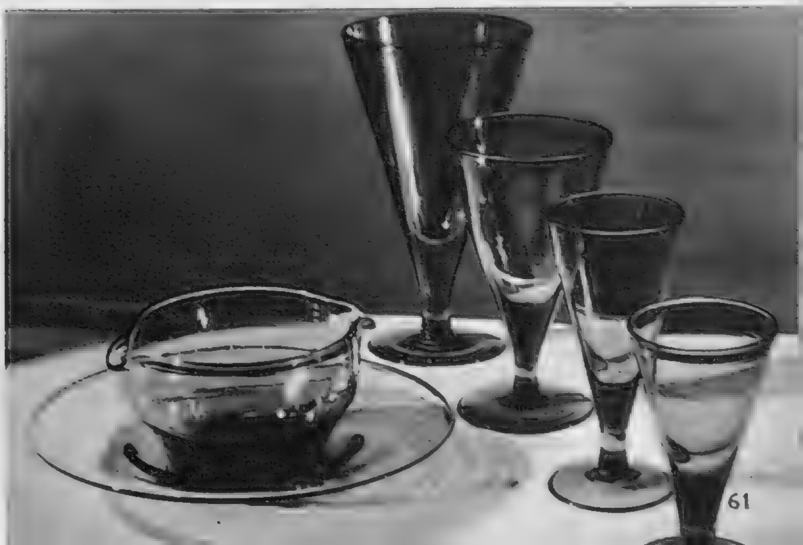


Large powder bowl in lime yellow glass, 4/6; matching bottle, 6/-. Also obtainable in pink and green



Green bubble glass decanter, 7/11; matching goblet, 2/9½; port glass, 1/6½

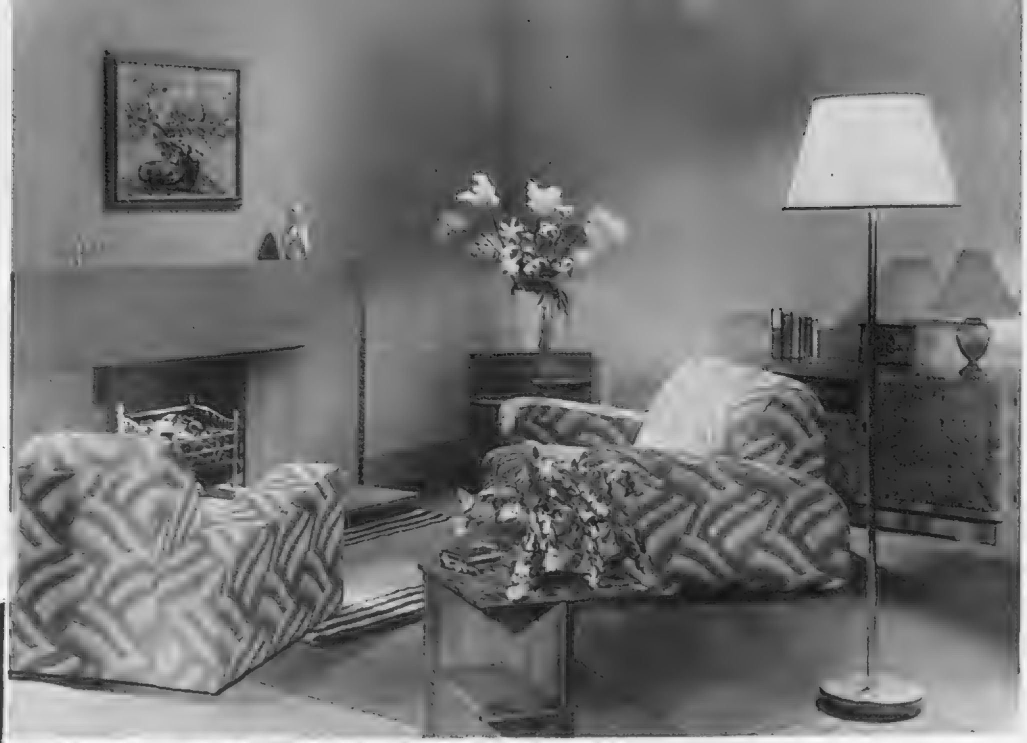
Dark green wine suite. Goblet, 3/3, claret glass, 2/1½, port and sherry glasses, 1/9½, finger bowl, 3/9, ice plate, 3/11

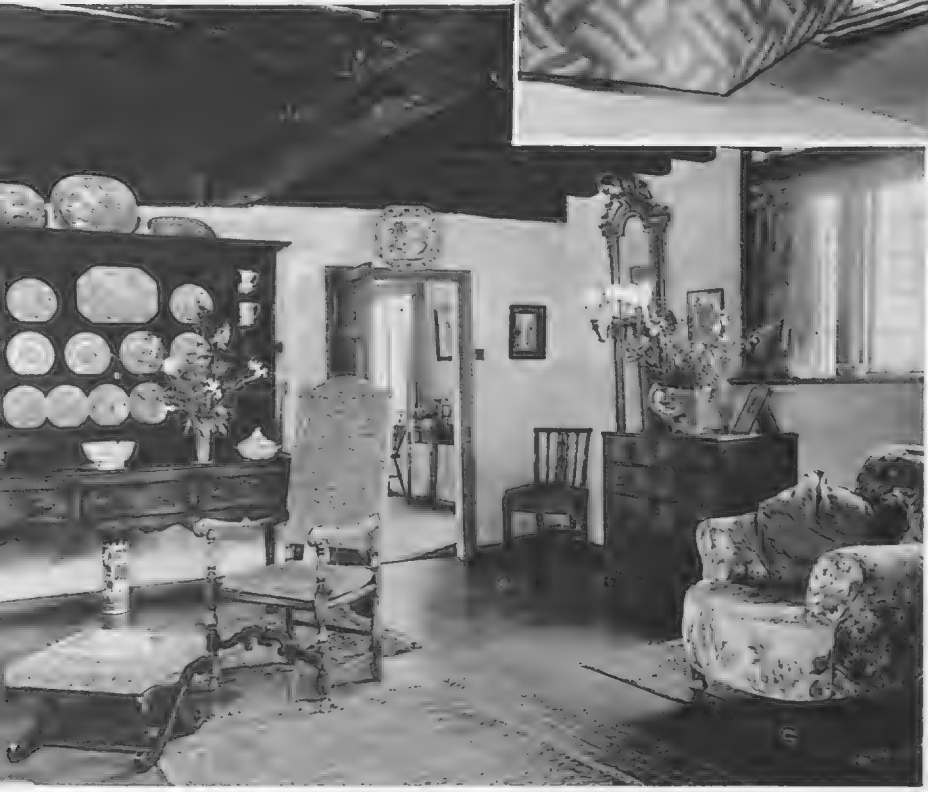


"Modern—and no compromise" were the terms under which this room was created. Scientific comfort, clear, stimulating colour-effects, and clean-cut contours are the essence of its character.

Off-white walls give the background to a typically striking modern colour-scheme of white, rich brown, and dusky peach.

The double-sprung easy chairs are upholstered in tweed figured with deep brown on an off-white ground. Figured walnut furniture picks up the dark, rich tone of brown which is still more enriched by contrast with the deep peach colouring of the curtains. Sheer white flowers and ornaments finish the scheme which was designed and completely carried through by Drages.





SIX ROOMS of CHARACTER

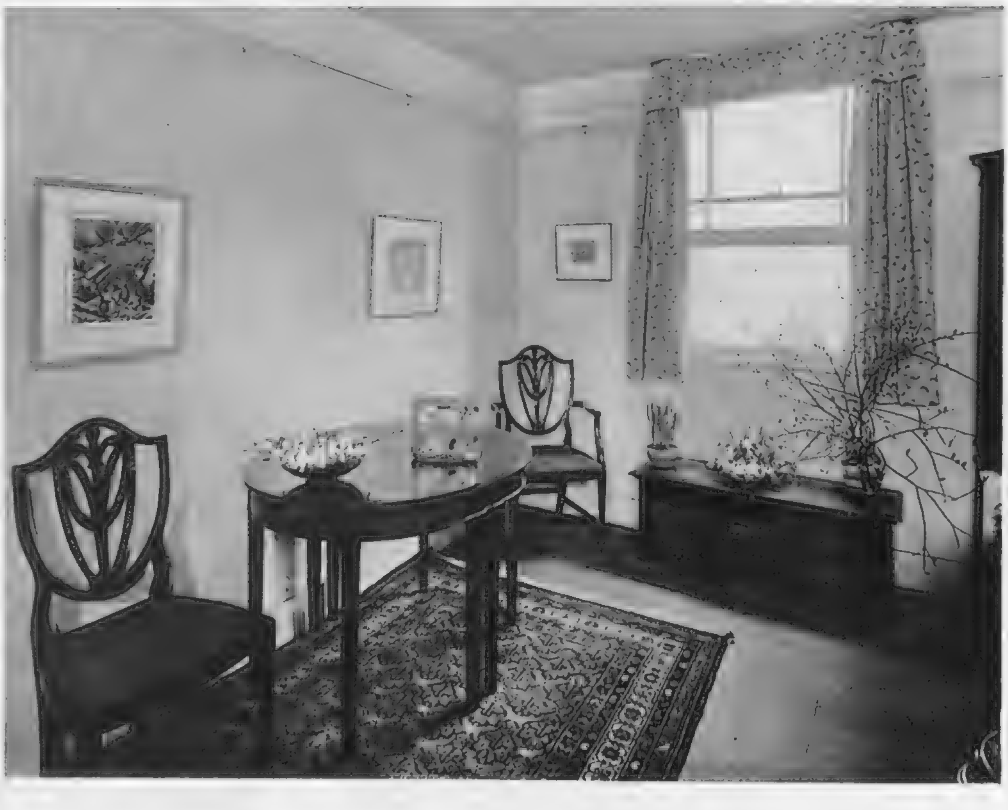
By Winifred Lewis

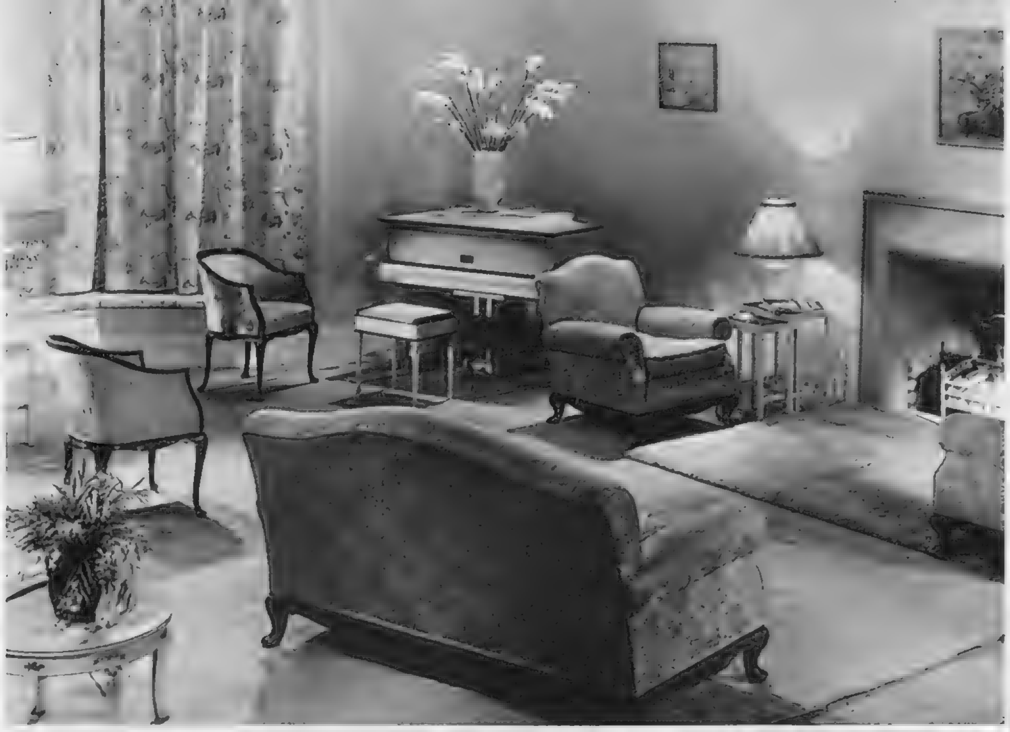
A gracious example of the most familiar and the most beloved of character styles in decoration. A timbered ceiling and lattice windows obviously called for a picturesque treatment, yet there is nothing "obvious" about the appeal of this enchanting room.

The perfection of each piece of furniture, the mellow blend of colouring, and an exquisite sensitiveness to detail, make up the charming ensemble.

The Queen Anne dresser holds fine china of rich colouring, which is blended with the warm tones of the chintz covers and curtains. The polished floorboards and glistening surfaces of the furniture reflect colour and light and give a warm sheen to the picture.

Some Hepplewhite chairs, a fine oak chest, and a period corner-cupboard (just out of the picture) were the "heirlooms" upon which the build-up of this gracious sitting-room began. These were set upon a modern background of eggshell-blue walls. A new oval mahogany table which conveniently halves itself into two semi-circular ones is properly in character, and very practical for a small room. Glazed curtains with a gold crescent motif were chosen for the windows and some reproduction rugs for the floor. Modern water-colours uphold the modern motif and give the staccato note of colour required.





Another fine character room, carried out in a modernised Victorian house. The old steel-fronted grate, decorative in itself, is simply set in a modern surround with only the fine convex mirror to complete its effect.

A delicate leaf-pattern paper, gold and cream, covers the walls with an authentic touch of Victorianism, and still provides a simple, delicate background for a few pieces of Victorian furniture. Folding doors open upon the dining-room, which is similarly treated, and which, in the picture, shows a glimpse of a fine corner cupboard.

Modern decoration is in its softest and, many think, its most appealing mood, is characterised in this scheme for a lounge by Drages.

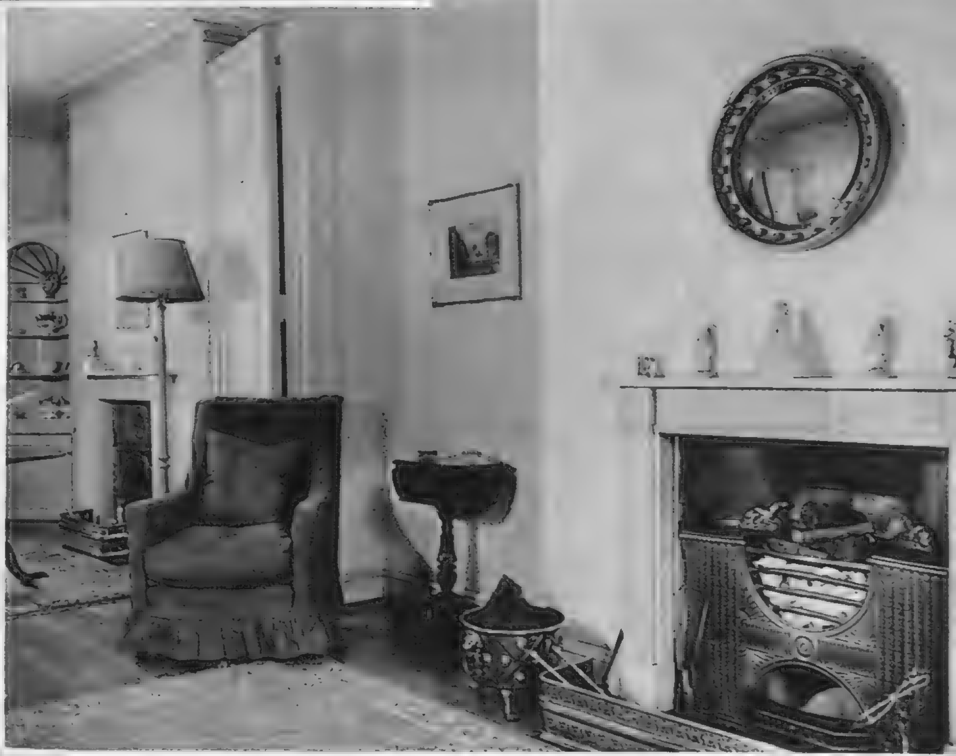
Delicacy is inherent in the colouring of the walls, fabrics and furniture, yet the ensemble has a character of sound practicability.

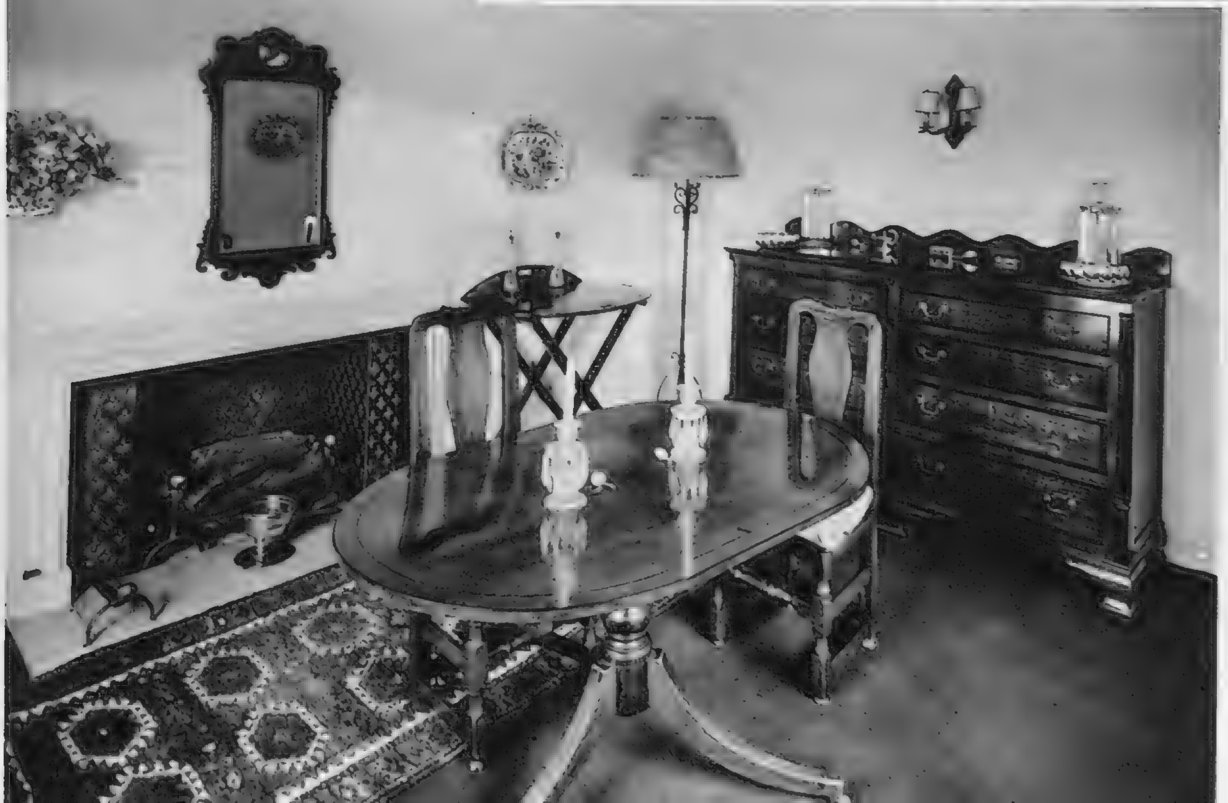
The piano is in sycamore with walnut banding, and English black walnut, polished a natural colour, is used for the furniture.

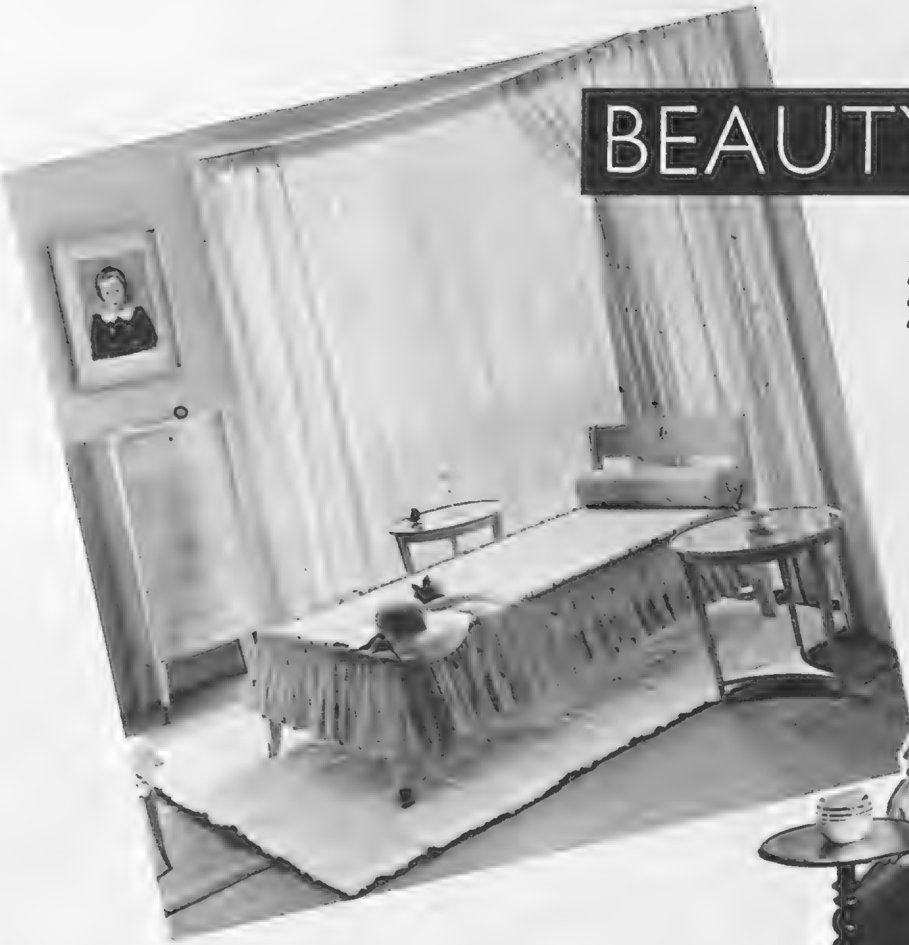
Quilted damask chair covers in ivory have a brilliant colour foil in the lacquer table, and again in the quilted curtains which blend red, green and blue upon an ivory ground.

Small dining-room in an "attic-flat." The modern fireplace was removed and the opening fitted with tiles and fire-dogs to conform with the picturesque character of the furniture. A fine period mirror gives height and grace to the mantel and is balanced on each side by china which is shown at its best against the plain walls.

Furnishing is deliberately sparse, but infinite thought has gone to the selection of each detail.

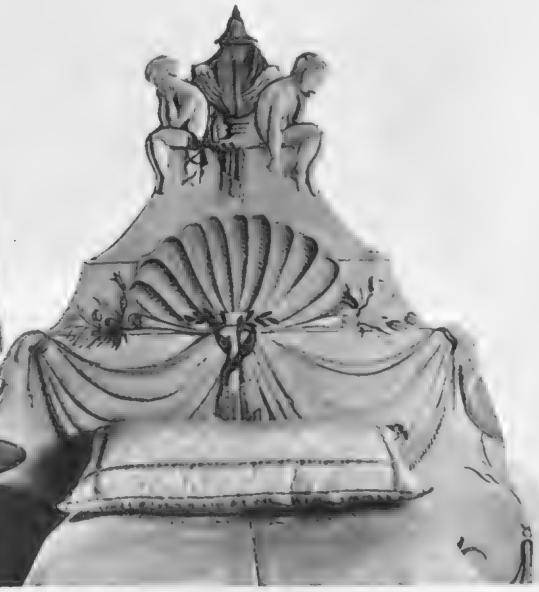






BEAUTY AND THE

Bedroom for a young girl. Peach walls, curtains of peach ninon over white, cream-painted furniture. Rose-beige carpet and white skin rug



Painted wood bedhead. An amusing and original decorative note. The colours are shaded green and old rose. The moiré bedspread is green with gold galom trimming

PERHAPS nowhere so much as in the bedroom does contemporary taste in decoration find such subtle expression. Here is the one place in the home where repose and quiet and the more feminine expressions of taste find an outlet.

So personal is the atmosphere that harmony of line and colour must provide a background at once soothing in the sense of beauty and homeliness.

The bedroom is not the easiest room to decorate. The average modern bedroom is small in comparison with the large bed and the other essential furnishings it contains. In fact, the bedroom in which every step you take is a dodge to avoid some jutting piece of furniture is too familiar.

The treatment of the bed itself is a vital factor in the finished appearance of the room.

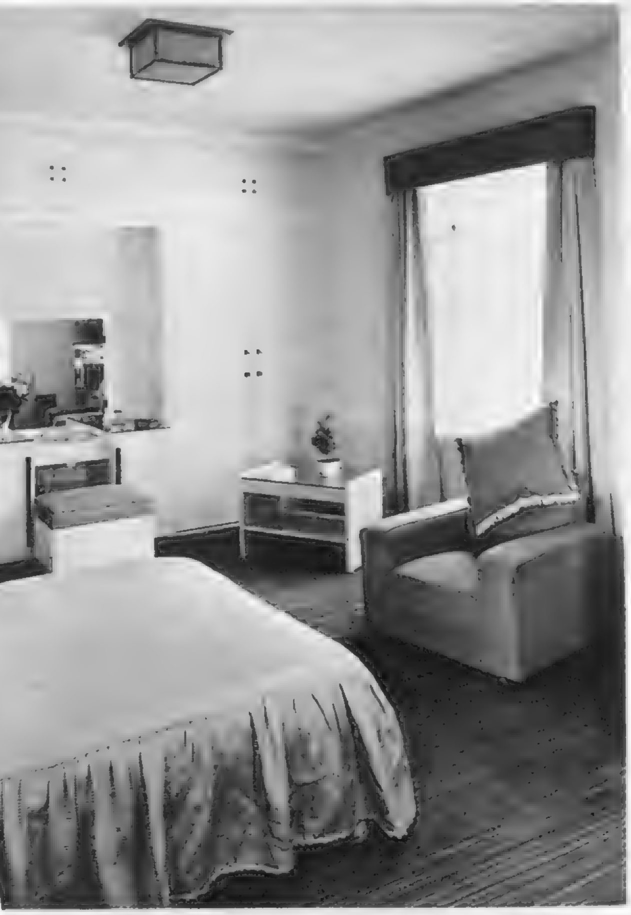
Only when the room is large enough should the bed be allowed to dominate the scheme. In the case of a small room it should be treated so that it appears to become one with the background, thus leaving a feeling of spaciousness elsewhere.

Only the most spacious bedroom can successfully carry the weight of a really big bed, such as an old-fashioned four-poster, though nothing is more lovely if the furnishing of the room is united.

The low bed will appear to occupy less space in the small room than a high one, and by disposing of bed ends the impression of space can be still more enhanced.

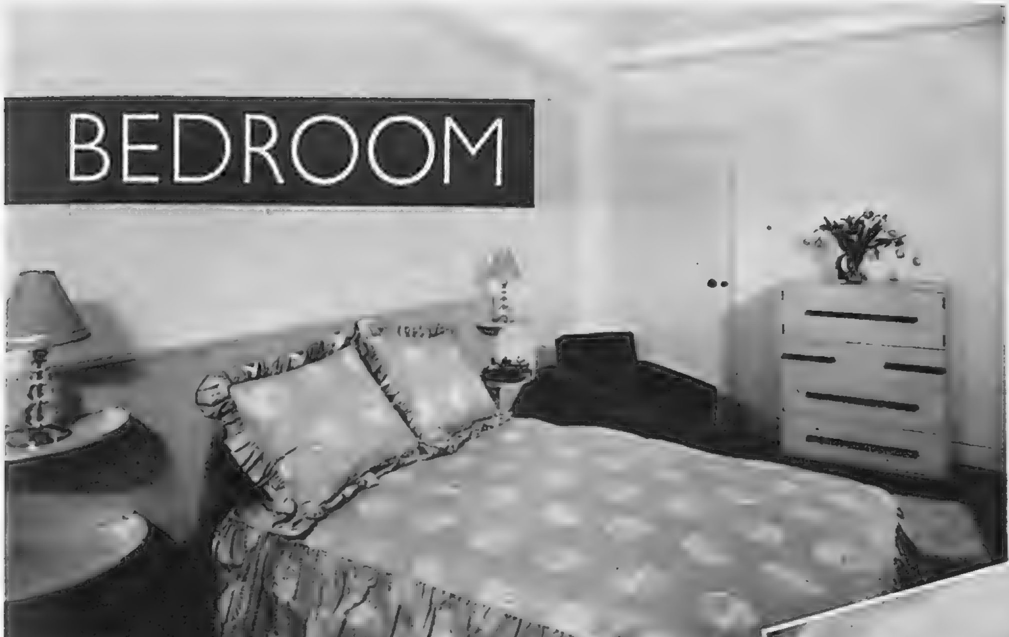
The footboard has almost entirely disappeared from the bedstead of modern design, and bed heads are high or low, decorative or plain as circumstances demand.

Breakfast-in-bed set in white china, with blue and yellow polka dots. A 6" plate, an 8" plate, hot-water plate and lid, cup and saucer, condiment set, toast-rack, jam and butter dish, teapot, water jug and sugar basin



A dramatic colour-scheme gives interest to the severely modern scheme. The walls and built-in furniture are ice-blue, the corded silk bedcover is delphinium-blue to match the curtains, which have a pelmet of rich dark blue which also covers the floor

BEDROOM



A double divan bed placed against a flat birch wall head-board with shelves at either end. For daytime, the pillows are stowed away in the frilled chintz covers. The colouring is lacquered with a design of white shells

Feather-light blankets. Warm, light, and flattering to beauty in bed. In glistening white or any one of many muted pastel shades. Earlywarm blankets cost from one guinea a pair upwards

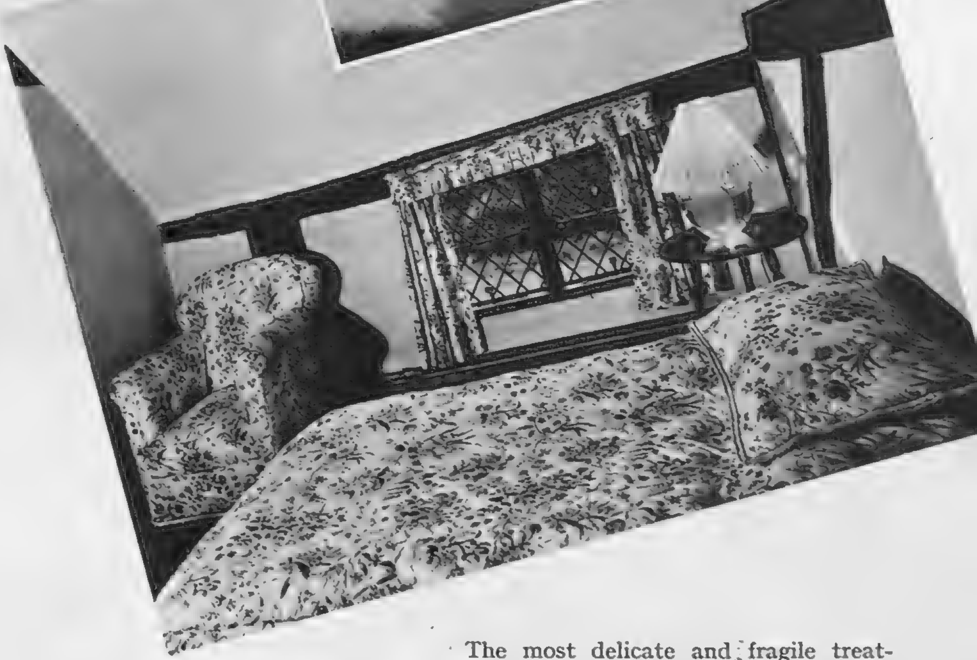
Quilted bedheads are feminine and lovely when a flowery chintz is used, and when the room is big enough a bedspread to match is a happy choice, but *only* when the room is large.

Flowery coverlets and eiderdown quilts of contrasting tone are seldom a good choice for the room of average proportions. Pale, plain colours are more often correct and give a restful air of spaciousness to the ensemble.

Probably the ideal scheme for a bedroom is a combination of pastel tones with one or two staccato notes of colour to emphasise essential points.

A lovely scheme for a small bedroom is one with peach walls and woodwork, a bedhead of quilted satin in a light chestnut brown and a bed covering of dusky peach only slightly deeper in tone than the walls. Curtains of peach satin with a braiding of rich brown and draped screening curtains of white ninon complete the ensemble.

Lighting is a potent factor in introducing intimacy and glamour to the bedroom scheme. Lighting should be concentrated on the bed itself, the dressing-table, an easy chair or on any feature of special architectural or decorative interest.



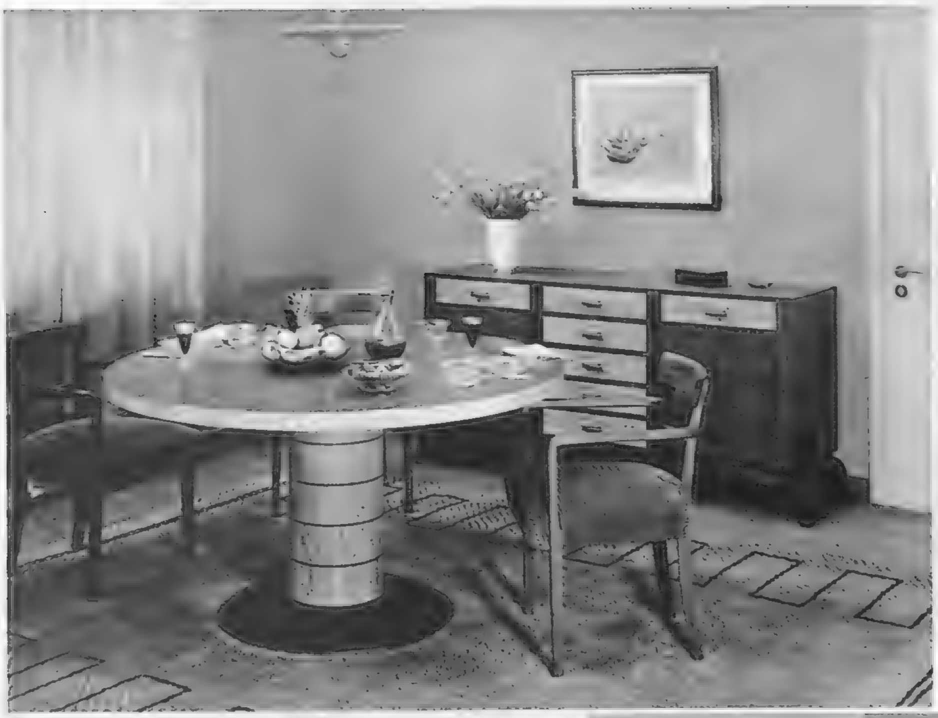
A lovely cottage bedroom scheme, with glowing chintz against the warm cream of plaster walls and oak beams. The lovely quilted bedcover matches the curtains and covers, and has a cream ground with a design of gay pinks, blue and green

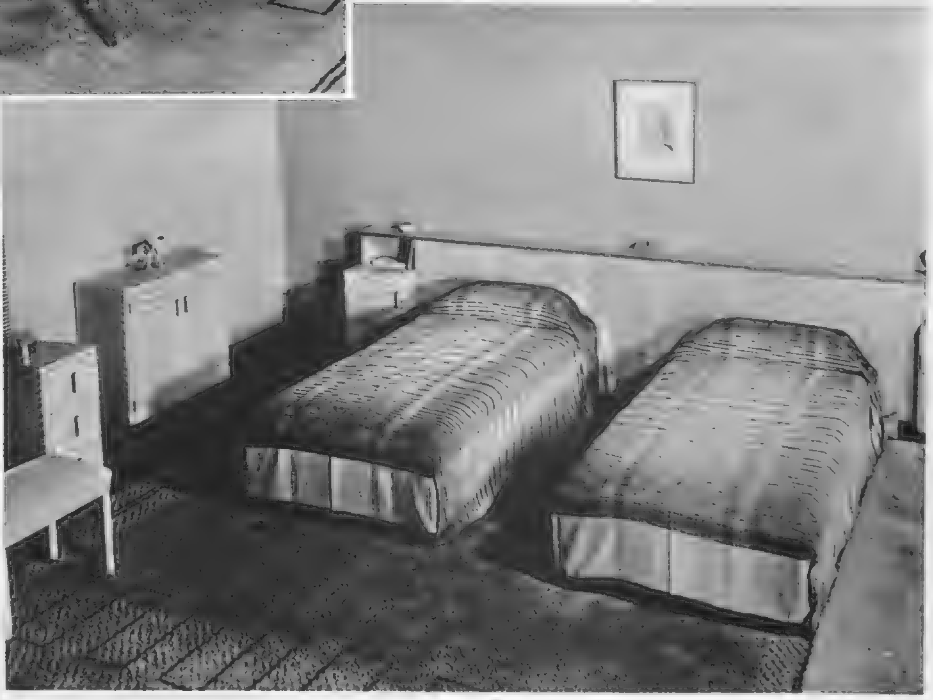
A glass water-set for the bedside. Amber glass with yellow, white and green spring flowers in a painted design. Other colours. Price 5/11

The most delicate and fragile treatments for small bedrooms are possible in these days of practical, washable fabrics and coverings. The small pieces of glass and painted wood furniture which are so fashionable now are admirably suited to a scheme of pastel rose, blue or white, and cost very little.

Wide curtains of white washable ninon, heavily frilled, make the most ordinary window glamorous. A rose-beige carpet and a few white skin rugs give a rich-seeming background to a simple bed, and beneath softly tinted light the ensemble thus formed is almost fairylike.

LIGHT-HUED WOODS





A dining-room in walnut and Japanese chestnut, a beautiful cream-coloured wood with a delicate figure specially selected for its dark-brown marking. (Right) Bedroom furniture in beautifully figured yellow birch, a little-known wood, used in conjunction with walnut and pearwood. (Below) A Mayfair sitting-room furnished in light oak and cream lacquer. (Leighton Pearce.)

By Baseden Butt

Changes in furnishing fashion are of two kinds. One kind is a to-and-fro movement, as when taste goes from period to modern, or from severity to frilliness.

The other kind is a steady and sustained progress, a logical development, one thing leading to another, and the current vogue is a logical offspring of its predecessor.

There is no better illustration of this tendency than the present fashion for furniture in light-hued, very delicately figured woods. For this idea is almost certainly a development of the vogue for off-white interior decoration which has now more or less run its course. We no longer decorate our rooms entirely in the subtle tones of broken white, but off-white continues with us as an element in many of the most beautiful and richly varied colour schemes of the day. This appreciation of light and delicate shades is doubtless a sufficient explanation of the present interest in furniture constructed with off-white and other light-toned woods.

Sycamore is a beautiful example of a modern light wood, yet it is less of a novelty, and in other ways, too, may seem less interesting, than figured birch. This has the most exquisitely delicate figuring and a great variety of lustrous markings. Birch is also slightly warmer and richer in tone than most examples of sycamore. It is the timber of modern bentwood, and the veneer for many handsome examples of recent cabinet work.

English chestnut, elm and ash are other light-hued woods with the most alluring decorative possibilities. The merits of the latter are well shown by a beautiful bedroom suite in wavy-cut ash in the British Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition.

Japanese chestnut, too, is a wood which, in addition to a pale cream tone and interesting figure, is enriched with pencillings of the utmost delicacy in a warmer tone of fawn.

Another wood which is a little darker and warmer, though still definitely on the lighter side if left with a natural finish, is cherry. This wood sometimes has a very attractive tinge of pink.

Light-hued timbers are occasionally made up into furniture with contrasting bands of darker wood, such as walnut or macassar ebony. This can be

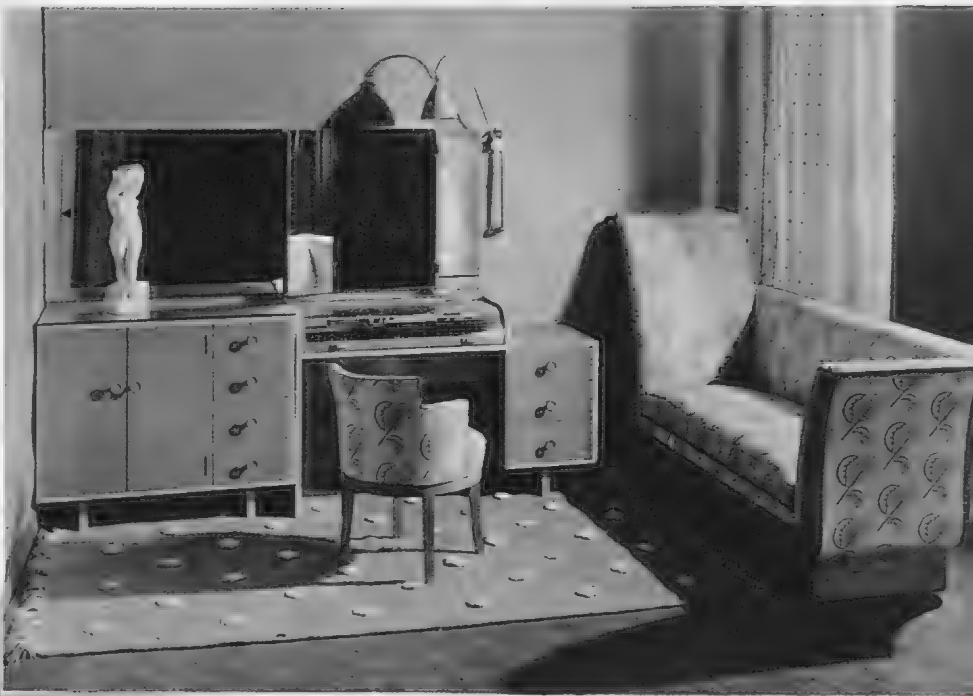
ARE NOW THE VOGUE

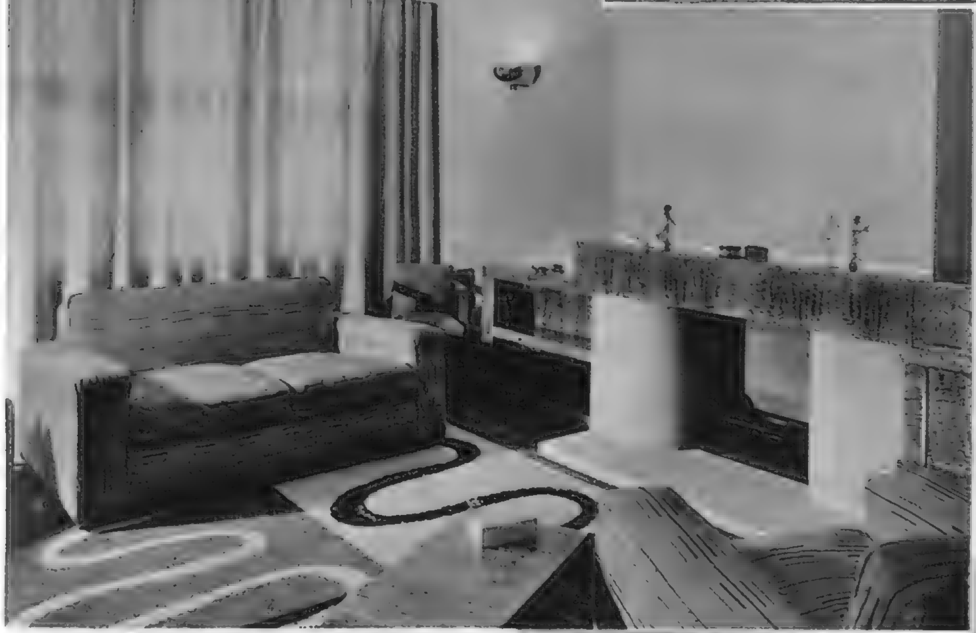
effective if the bandings are used with restraint, and if the contrast is not too heavy. A rather better suggestion is seen in a wavy-ash bedroom suite, in which the margins, which are just the right size to give a pleasing effect, have been painted a delicate shade of blue.

Another treatment which gives interesting variation of tone and texture is for furniture in figured birch to have borders and cross-bandings of cream sycamore. The sycamore will be just a shade paler and milkier than the birch. The walls themselves, and the structural woodwork of the room, should be painted off-white to tone with the sycamore. The figured birch will then show up as being slightly warmer than its cool, reposeful background. Keep all pictures in sycamore frames.

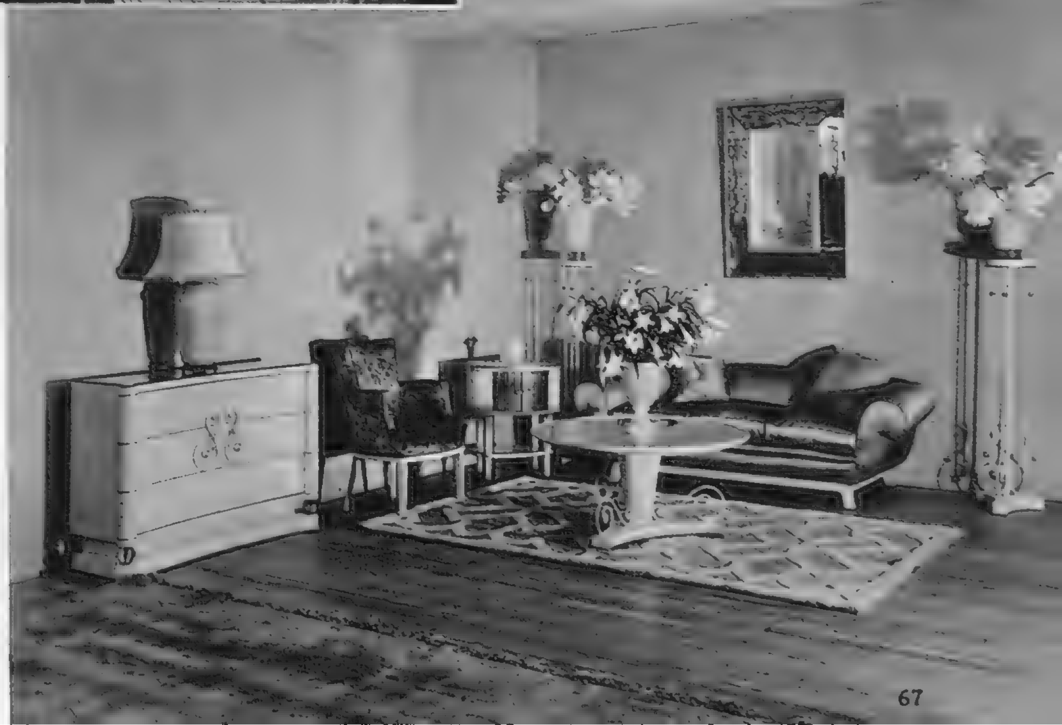
This scheme leaves you free to choose whatever colours you prefer in the curtains, upholsteries and floor coverings. Richly patterned fabrics, and those of the tufted kind which show the design, or part of it, in relief, would be a good choice. Brick red, beige, apple green and blue, for example, would make a delightful theme if used with birch and sycamore furniture.

Almost all these light timbers leave you free to include whatever elements of colour and pattern you desire. These woods are also an ideal background for personality. They are unlikely ever to clash with clothes. Above all, in a small home they make the room seem larger.





Bedroom furniture for the "week-end house" carried out in light-toned wavy-cut ash with margins painted in blue. Designed by Christopher Heal and exhibited in the British Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition by Messrs. Heal & Son. (Left) The furniture and structure woodwork in this sitting-room are in Japanese chestnut in cream and pale shimmering fawn. (Duncan Miller.) (Below) This drawing-room has a colour scheme in pink, grey and white. The commode and other occasional furniture are in ivory lacquer. (Fortnum & Mason.)



SEVEN POINTS FOR PARENTS

Her drawings are funny, but they're serious, too. Even if she's not a child prodigy, they represent the unfolding of her creative ability. Don't laugh. Encourage them.

She likes doing things for herself. Let her, even if it fidgets you. Qualities of self-reliance, and efficiency are simply stifled when you wait on her.

Teach him to play by himself. The ability to amuse himself will save him much discontent and stimulate his inventive resources. Restlessness is the inevitable lot of the child who has not discovered wealth in his own company.

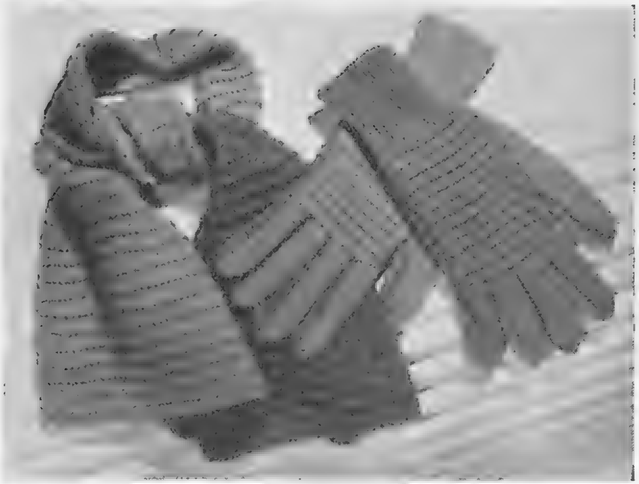
Curiosity may be trying to cope with, but it shows a mental alertness and a creditable thirsting for knowledge. It's the only way to learn, so help her and let your answers be satisfying.

Eating and drinking are the main interests of his day at this stage, but he's not too young to commence the habit of moderation. Indiscriminate eating and drinking are a doubtful pleasure now and a certain legacy of ill-health for the future.

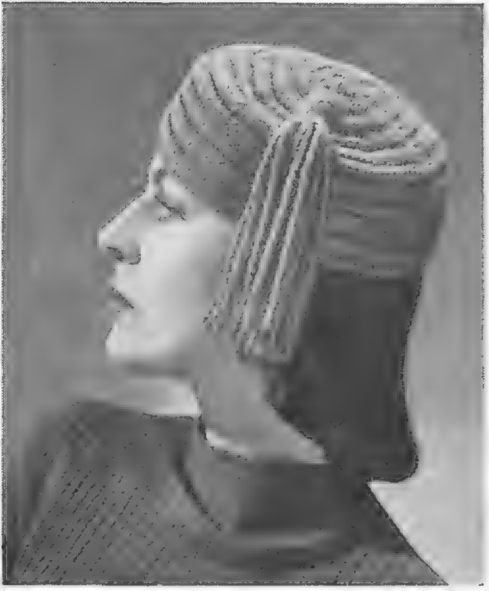
(Left). You can't begin too soon to encourage their love and appreciation of the arts. Musical accomplishment will bring them popularity and an inexpressible joy in after life.

(Right). Teach her not merely to love but to understand animals. The ability to find companionship with the things of nature is a rich source of happiness.

Free Instructions for These Smart Accessories

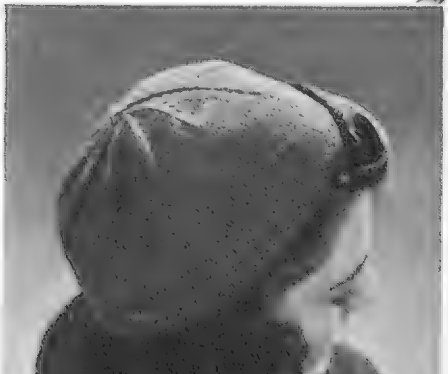


Scarf and gloves in hydrangea and bright pink. A simple stitch, an elegant combination



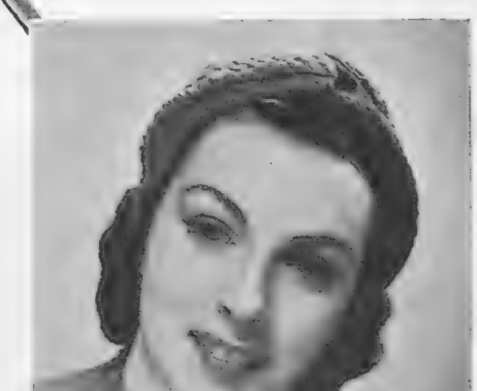
This square, tasselled cap was knitted in London tan wool and would give dash to any country outfit

Pale blue Juliet cap, to be worn alone or with the mock turban of the photograph on the right



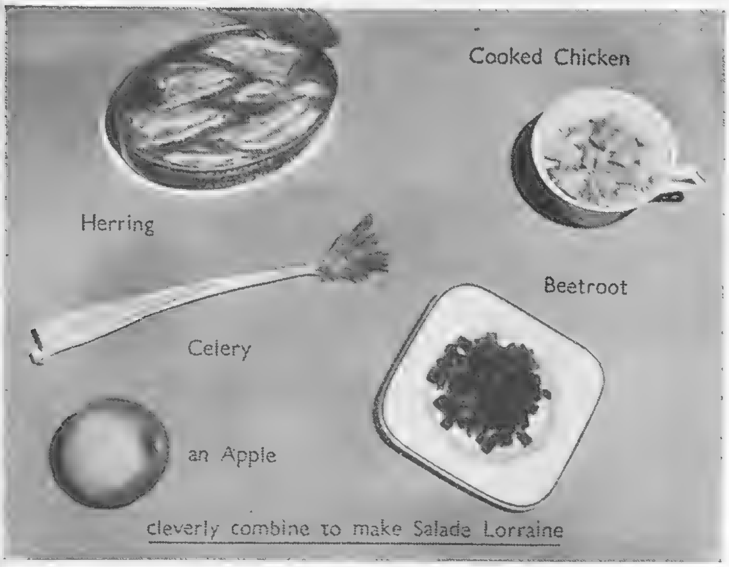
Three-ply Poly Knit Golden Eagle wool was used for all these things. They have a marvellous range of colours. If you want the instructions, write to the Editor, Women's Department, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

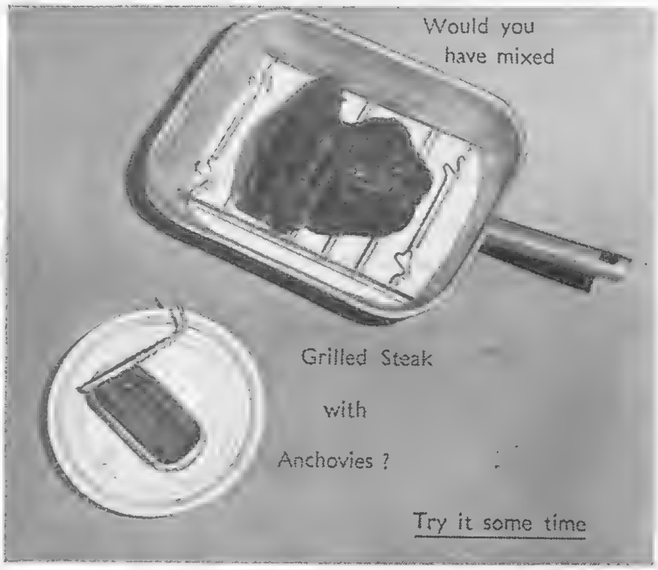
This can be worn alone if preferred. It is simply two straight knitted strands, looped and joined at the back

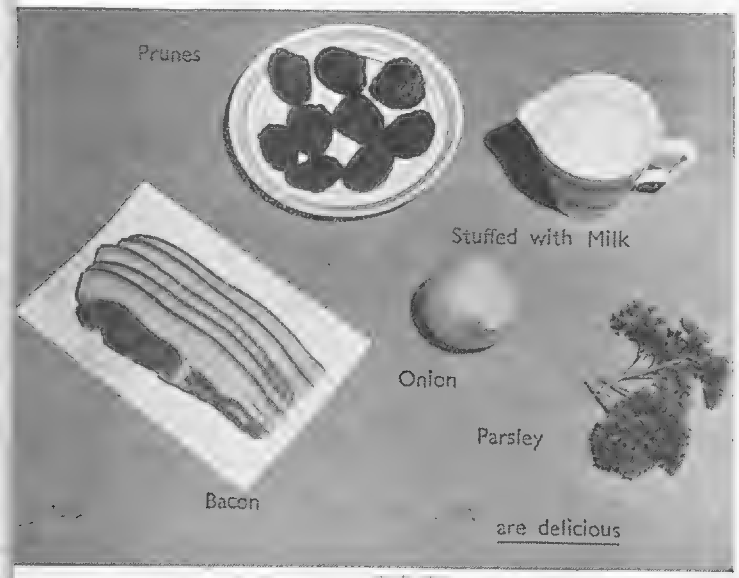


MIXTURES, NOT AS BEFORE

Better Cooking : By A. H. ADAIR







Although I am the last person in the world to advise eccentricity in the kitchen—by which I mean mixing any odd thing just for the sake of being "amusing" and original—there can be no doubt that many unlikely combinations of sweet and savoury, fish and meat, can be extremely good.

In all countries, even in England, we come across odd mixtures, such as the North Country habit of serving cheese with sweet things, the South Western Squab-pie. In Germany, game and sometimes chicken are served with sweet compotes. The Spanish Paella is another example, being a rice dish in which, among other things, there are chicken and shellfish.

Salade Lorraine

One cupful of diced cooked chicken.
One fillet of herring in oil.
One small apple.
Half a small beetroot.
Half a head of celery.
Oil, vinegar, salt and pepper, mustard.

Trim the chicken well and cut into small cubes; put it in a salad bowl and add the beetroot, the apple peeled and cored, the herring, celery, all of these cut into small pieces. Mix thoroughly and dress as follows: Put a little prepared mustard in a bowl and add salt and pepper, also one tablespoonful of vinegar and two of oil; mix very thoroughly and pour over the salad, after which you stir again. This salad, unlike most, should be dressed at least half an hour in advance, and makes a very good luncheon, *hors d'œuvre* or a supper dish.

Beurre d'Anchois

One small tin of filleted anchovies.
Four ounces of butter.
Pepper.

Put the filleted anchovies on a board, without their oil. Chop them and mash them and then work in with the butter, adding a little pepper, until you have a smooth paste. Spread this at the very last minute before serving on a grilled beefsteak.

Truite Caprice

One trout.
One banana.
Lemon juice.
Salt, pepper, butter.

Fry in butter, but separately, the trout and the bananas, having both nicely browned. Put the trout in a hot serving-dish with a banana on top, and just before serving pour over a *meunière* butter prepared very quickly as follows:

Put, for each person, a piece of butter the size of a walnut in the pan, over a quick fire. When it reaches the foaming stage add salt, pepper and lemon juice and pour it quickly over the fish. Do not let the butter pass the foaming stage, as you will then have melted butter, which is not what you want.

Faisan aux Pommes

One pheasant.
One pound of sweet eating apples.
A coffee cupful of cream.
Salt, pepper, butter.

Have the pheasant trussed and prepared as for roasting, and salt and pepper it inside and out. Put in a baking-dish a tiny piece of butter, melt it, and on top of the fire brown the pheasant, just a little, on all sides. Finish cooking the pheasant in the oven in the ordinary way, allowing about twenty-five to thirty-five minutes, according to size, and basting occasionally.

While this is being done peel and cut up the apples and put them in a saucepan with a tiny piece of butter and partly cook them, stirring all the time.

Take a large fireproof casserole and on the bottom make a layer with half the apples. Put on the pheasant and dispose the remainder of the apples around. Pour over the cream, cover the casserole and put it in a moderate oven for a quarter of an hour.

The bird must appear at the table in the same dish in which the last part of the cooking has been done, so the best to use is a handleless *cocotte* of earthenware or glass.

(*Continued on page* 148)

WHAT to do WITH WHAT'S LEFT OVER

Every housekeeper is perpetually faced with the problem of "left-overs." Whether the household is large or small, there is bound to come a moment when a certain amount of cold cooked food must be either used up or thrown away. I am afraid that in many households the latter course is adopted, for English people as a rule have a curious distrust of made-up dishes, saying that there is no good in them, that the meat has been cooked twice, and so on.

As a matter of fact—and quite apart from the very necessary and excellent reasons of economy—a good "left-over" dish should appear at least twice a week, for some of them are quite delicious and provide just that little stimulating touch of novelty so essential in a well-balanced diet. To those whose objection is based on the grounds of a dislike for twice-cooked food, I would say, that is the point; the meat should not be cooked twice, simply warmed up and mixed with the other ingredients, which, when necessary, must be cooked separately.

Chicken Soufflé

One cup of diced roast chicken.
One cup of cooked spaghetti.
One cup of cooked chopped onion.
Chopped parsley, salt, pepper.
Two rashers of fried streaky bacon, chopped.
One egg.

Cook the rashers of bacon, remove them and chop them. In the fat of the bacon cook one onion finely chopped, letting it brown slightly. Meanwhile cook the spaghetti in boiling salted water and drain it well.

Put in a large bowl the chicken, spaghetti, onion, bacon, salt, pepper, a little chopped parsley. Mix well together, add the egg and beat the mixture thoroughly.

Have ready a soufflé dish well greased with butter or bacon fat, put in the mixture and bake in a moderate oven for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour.

Stuffed Potatoes

One (for each person) large floury potato.
One tablespoonful minced meat.
One shallot chopped.
Parsley, salt, pepper.
A dash of Worcester sauce.

Choose large, round, floury potatoes of even size. Wash them well, scrubbing the skins, but do not peel them. Dry them in a cloth and put them on a baking sheet in a moderate oven until they are cooked, which you can tell by piercing them with a skewer.

When they are ready, remove them, cut a slice off the top of each and scoop out about two tablespoonfuls of the flesh and stuff them as follows:

Any mincemeat will do; it may be that some sausages have been left over, or pork or mutton. If it is the meat of a joint it must be chopped or minced and in any case mixed with chopped parsley, shallot, salt, pepper and a dash of Yorkshire relish.

Put this mixture into the potatoes, a tiny piece of butter on top of each, and place them in the oven for about ten minutes.

Croquettes de Faisan

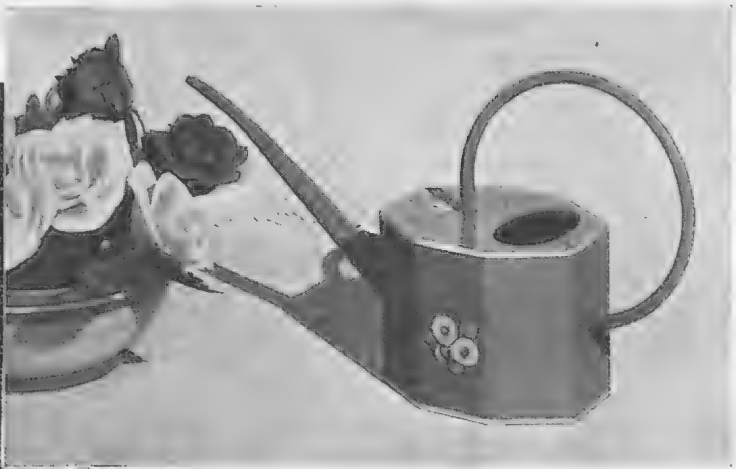
One cupful of chopped pheasant.
One tablespoonful of Béchamel sauce.
One tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms.
Lemon juice, salt, pepper.
One egg.
Breadcrumbs.

Take the remains of a cold roast pheasant (any other bird can be treated in the same way: chicken, turkey, etc.), trim them well and chop roughly. Prepare a Béchamel sauce—flour and butter cooked together to which you add hot milk, salt, pepper and grated nutmeg—keeping the sauce rather thicker than usual. Fry the chopped mushrooms with a little butter and lemon juice, add the pheasant, cooking it only enough to make it hot. Mix in the Béchamel, salt, pepper and stir well.

(*Continued on page* 148)

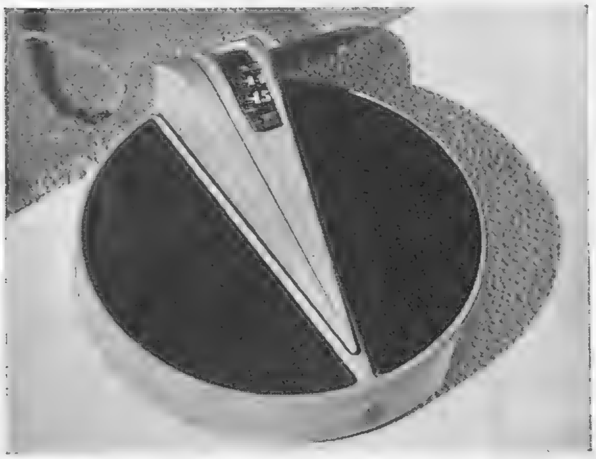
GOOD BUYS OF THE MONTH

Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, for addresses from which these articles may be obtained. If you would like us to buy, send an open postal order (no cheques, please) and we will see that the goods are despatched. Postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.

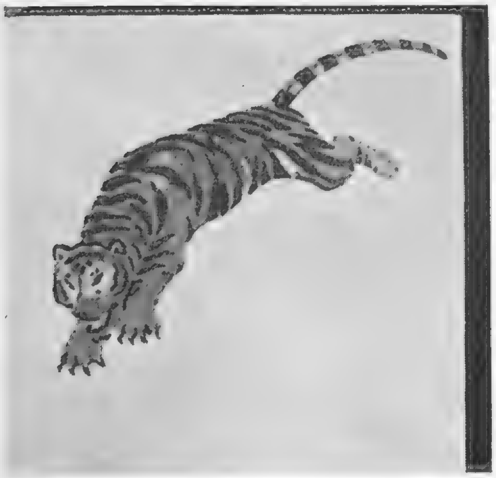


When doing the vases one of these attractive watering cans will save many journeys too and from the tap. Price 4/6 (Postage 9d.)

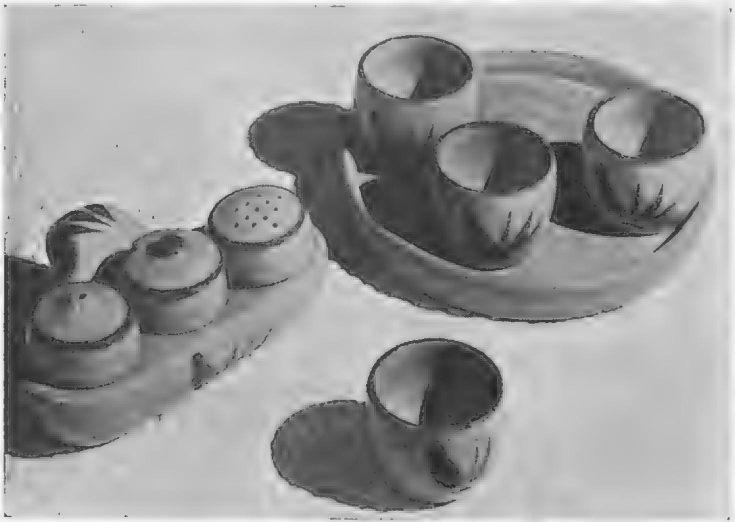
On maidless occasions a vacuum flask filled overnight and placed in a pretty china container obviates the agony of getting out of bed to make the early morning tea. Container 12/6 (postage 9d.), cup and saucer to match 3/9 (postage 6d.)



Watch your weight by installing a Detecto streamline weighing machine in your bathroom. This one is painted in various colours to go with most schemes. Price 29/6 (Carriage 1/6)



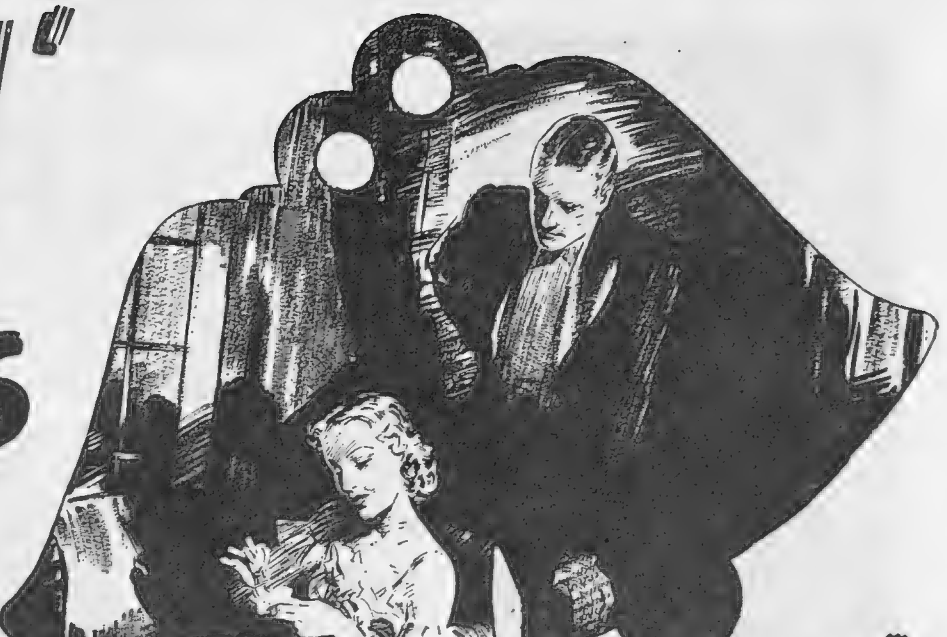
This Dunsmore tile, with arresting tiger design, is backed with cork, and makes a useful teapot rest. Size 6″ × 6″. Price 4/- (Postage 4d.)



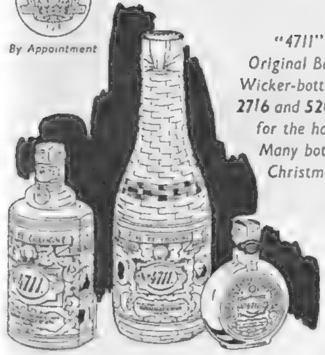
A cruet set (2/6) and egg set (3/6) in grey blue Denby Blue Cone Ovenware, with blue design (Postage in each case 6d.)

Winter evenings herald indoor games. Here is a chip set comprising 200 counters in green, yellow, red and blue, packed in stamped leather volumes. Price 27/6 (Postage 9d.)

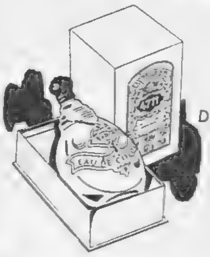
"4711" Gifts



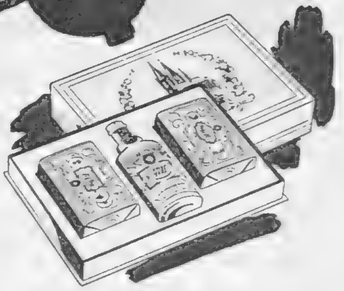
By Appointment



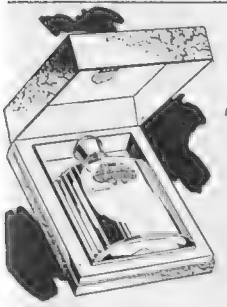
"4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne Original Bottle (left) 8/9, half size 4/9. Wicker-bottle (centre) 14/-, others at 7/6, 27/6 and 52/6. Watch-shaped bottle (right) for the handbag 2/6, double size 4/9. Many bottles are available in special Christmas Coffrets from 5/- to £2.



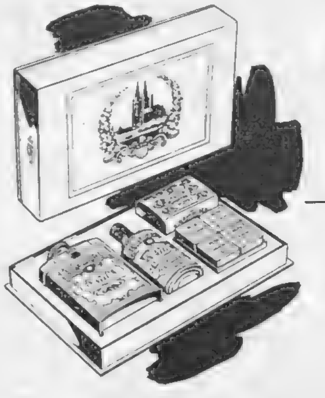
"4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne. Dressing-table flask, **10/6**



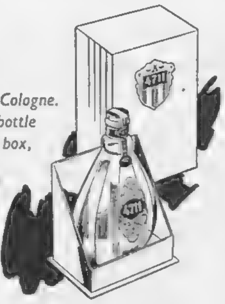
"4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne & Eau de Cologne Cream Toilet Soap in a gorgeous Christmas Box, Other sizes from 3/3 to 10/6. **6/6**



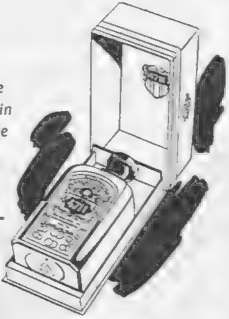
"4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne in a magnificent modern decanter, with a box that does it justice, **£2** Another distinctive decanter at 25/-.



"4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne, Soap, Talcum Powder and Bath Cubes, all in a lovely Gift Box, **15/-** Just one example of the wide choice in Christmas packings from 2/9 to 21/-.



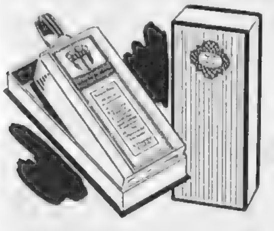
"4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne. Pear-shaped bottle in a boudoir box, **9/6**



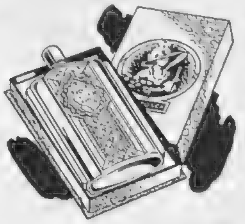
"4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne in the famous large square bottle, **25/-** Larger size 36/-

SUGGESTIONS FOR TWO-IN-ONE CHRISTMAS GIFTS—

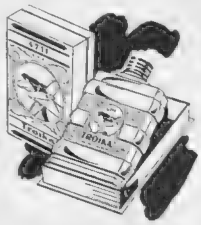
The cooling, heavenly, reviving touch of Eau de Cologne—mingled with three most romantic perfumes—that describes the "4711" perfumed Eau de Colognes. Soft lights and sweet music—that's 'Tosca'. Gay Rhineland is 'Rhinegold'—and as the very breath of the out-of-doors comes 'Troïka'. These "4711" perfumed Eau de Colognes act both as general revivers and perfumes. They're the latest, loveliest discovery.



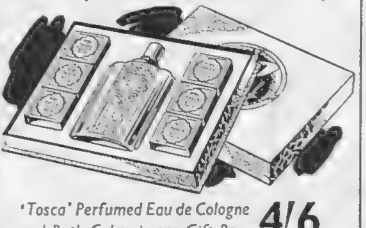
'Rhinegold' Perfumed Eau de Cologne, packed as shown, costs **3/-** Other sizes 5/3, 7/6 and 10/-, larger bottles at £1 and 25/-, all in golden Gift Boxes.



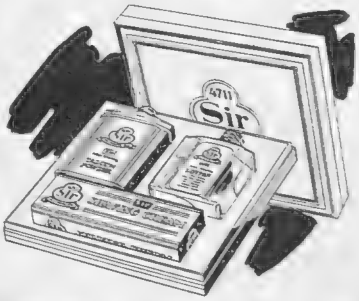
'Tosca' Perfumed Eau de Cologne, in a flat flask. **5/6** Other sizes 3/-, 12/- & 21/-, all in Gift Boxes.



'Troïka' Perfumed Eau de Cologne, in various sizes FROM **2/9**



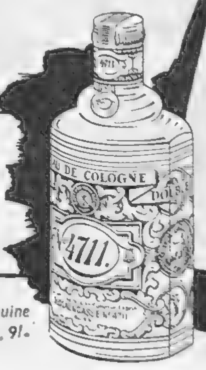
'Tosca' Perfumed Eau de Cologne and Bath Cubes in one Gift Box, **4/6** Larger size 7/-. More boxes containing 'Tosca' and "4711" Beauty Aids 2/- to 12/-.



FOR MEN, a safe, sensible present—'SIR' Shaving Cream, After-Shave Lotion and Talcum Powder in an all-in Gift Box, **6/3**

NOTE—You can buy the perfumes used in these Colognes in concentrated form. 'Tosca' from 2/6 to 12/6 - 'Rhinegold' from 3/- to 15/- - 'Troïka' at 6/6 and 10/6

"4711" is not only a gift—it is the kind of compliment you would wish to pay



Original bottle of "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne in a Gift Box, 9/- (half size 5/-.)

Santa Claus' 'phone number is '4711'

• If you have any difficulty in obtaining the gift you want, write to "4711", Slough, Buckinghamshire, for the name of the nearest dealer stocking it.

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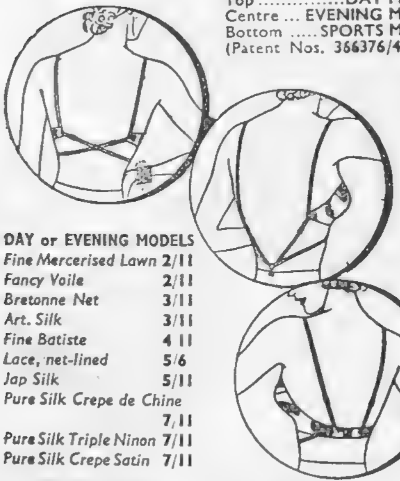

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Japan—Land of Disaster

(*Continued from page* 19)

the catastrophe of 1783 may soon be repeated. At that time forty-eight villages were buried a hundred feet deep by a great river of boiling lava. The river then cooled and hardened, and to-day you may walk a hundred feet above the houses and the bodies of the victims, forever imprisoned below.

I climbed Asama and shall not soon forget the experience. Not that the climb would be difficult to the hardened mountain-climber —but the fact that it must be made at night, and that the trail is easily lost, and that the mountain gives constant promise of annihilating the human midget, lends spice to the adventure.

Being ignorant of the way, I attached myself to a group of Japanese students—but soon found that they were no wiser. We were soon quite off the trail, clambering up through lava boulders, and skidding in cascades of cinders. While escaping the day's heat, we encountered a chill night fog. It drenched us so thoroughly that we could wring the water from our clothes. The darkness was profound, illuminated only by the occasional flash of an electric torch. The fog smothered even this, and the light of a climber fifty feet away could not be seen.

Now and then we would climb out of a cloud. It lay below us against the mountain side like a sea against a shore. Roofing us was another sea, and into it we would climb.

Dawn found us fogbound, lost, and shaking with cold. We huddled in the lee of a big rock, the swift, cold tide of cloud sweeping by us. The rumbling mountain had taken to hurling out red-hot stones which went sizzling through the liquid air above us. This should have been terrifying, but in our chilled condition the thought of being struck by a few hot stones was not altogether unpleasant. From our pockets we collected scraps of paper, made a small fire, and warmed our cramped hands.

Where to go? The obvious answer would seem to be "Up!" But Asama is not a cone, and the top of the mountain consists of miles of hills. Therefore the way to the crater is quite as likely to be down as up.

Suffice it that we found it. We came suddenly to an abrupt brink and looked down into a cloud-filled void. We could see nothing, imagine anything. A deafening roar smote us. Down there a titan was hurling hills, tossing up skyrockets made of incandescent boulders, splashing about in his morning bath of boiling lava. Or was it the sound of a thousand trains going over a thousand bridges? There was also a fluid note in the tumult, reminding one of Niagara Falls—but the fluid in this case was liquid rock. Again, it could be a foundry, Vulcan's workshop, but equipped with all the most ear-splitting modern machinery. What grinding, gritting, bursting, rending! One of the students spoke to me. I could see his lips move but could not hear his voice.

Belches of sulphurous smoke seared our eyes, made us gasp for air. The changing wind would at one moment cook us in hot steam, at the next moment chill us with a bath of cold fog.

We scattered, lost to sight instantly, each bent on some bit of exploration along the rim. There were nine of us . . . when we came together again there were only eight.

One had seen it happen.

"He gave me this letter," he said when we had descended to a spot of comparative quiet, "then went over."

The letter was to the boy's mother. We did not open it, but his fellow-students could guess the message.

"School was pretty hard for him," they said.

EVEN when one knows that there are three volcano-suicides in Japan every day of the year it is a shock to have one come within close range. At least it is a shock to the foreigner—but to the Japanese, suicide is an orderly and recognised procedure, and my companions were only a little quiet as we went down the mountain. We went rapidly, for the titan did not seem to have been appeased by the pathetic human sacrifice, and we did not forget that six descending pilgrims had been hurried into eternity only a few days before by a volley of hot stones. Another had been caught on an island in a stream of lava . . . the island became smaller until the glowing river kindled his clothing.

Many of Japan's most vigorous volcanoes are on islands. Mihara, a few hours' boat ride from Tokyo, is a favourite suicide resort. Sakurajima smokes as a constant reminder of its most brilliant achievement, the burying of a whole town of ten thousand people. Mount Niidake recently trapped on its tiny island a party of scientists who came to investigate it. The flanks of Uracas, a cone which rises abruptly out of the sea, often gleam at night with streaming lava, and ashes strew the decks of passing steamers.

Other volcanic islands rise out of the sea, stay long enough to collect a few inhabitants, then sink. Near San Agostino an island two and a half miles in circumference rose in 1904 and disappeared in 1906. Smaller islands frequently pop up, get themselves on to a chart, then mock the chart by vanishing. South of the Ogasawara Islands there are many submarine volcanoes which at times capsize schooners by their sudden explosions, spewing up great rocks, and leaving nothing at last but a few floating spars and the stench of sulphur.

There is one profitable by-product of Japan's volcanic energy—the hot spring business. Thousands of hotel-keepers have reason to thank the fiery gods responsible for 954 hot springs to which bathers make pilgrimage by the hundreds of thousands. These springs are of many sorts: simple thermal, carbon-dioxide, alkaline, salt, bitter, iron, vitriolic, sulphur, radio-active. Farmers near spas use warm water in their fields, thus hastening growth; others economise on manure by fertilising with water from ammonia springs.

The city of Beppu has steam heat. Live steam is diverted into the stoves for cooking purposes. There are hundreds of *jigoku*, or "hells," where one may enjoy boiling oneself in bubbling mud. Even the sand of the sea-beach is steaming hot, and one witnesses the remarkable spectacle of thousands of human heads projecting from the beach. The bodies are baking below.

Less spectacular, perhaps, than the volcanoes, but more deadly, are the earthquakes. The earthquake of 1923 earned distinction as the greatest natural catastrophe of all history. Half of Tokyo was destroyed by the quake and ensuing fires, and all of Yokohama. Official figures disagree as to the number of lives lost, the estimates ranging between 96,000 and 157,000. There was far too much confusion to make an accurate count possible. It is known that in a single square in Tokyo 33,000 people were turned by the holocaust into 150 cubic feet of ashes. An Earthquake Memorial Temple built upon the spot now enshrines the ashes.

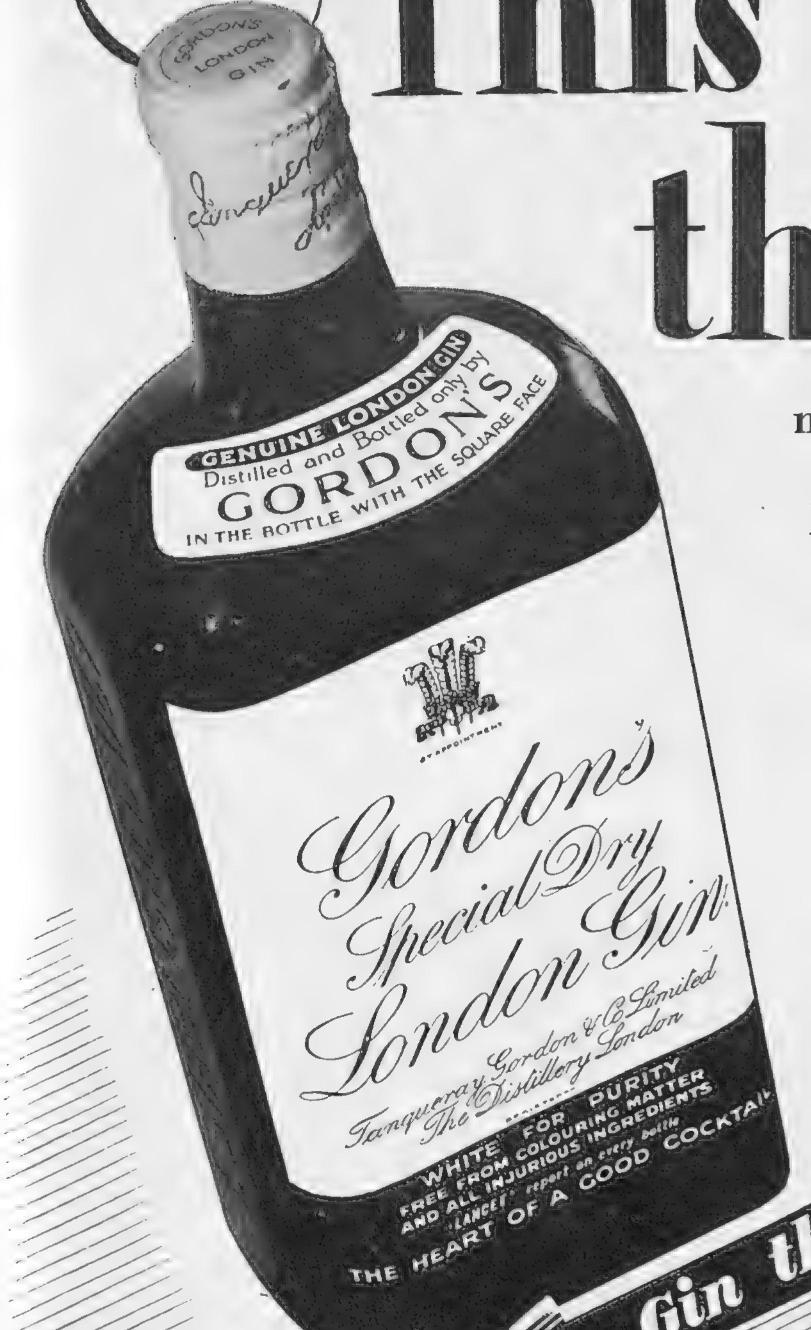
On that fateful day there were 222 shocks between noon and midnight. A Japanese friend tells me, "So much dust was jarred out of the walls into the room that I couldn't breathe. I ran out and climbed a tree. Foolishly, I tried to count the other trees in the yard. But I couldn't tell whether there were four or five—they were moving so fast."

The earth split and burst. People in the country ran to the shelter of bamboo thickets —for the bamboo roots go deep and intertangle in such a way as to hold the earth together. But it was necessary to crouch low, for the trees beat together, sometimes flailing each other into kindling wood. The quake upset kitchen fires—the cities were soon in a blaze. Thousands fled to the shore of the Sumida River. Other thousands came behind them The fire followed, and the struggling mass was pushed over into the river.

Thousands who did not lose their lives lost everything else. There (*Continued on page* 76)

ICH DIEN
BY APPOINTMENT

This is the Gin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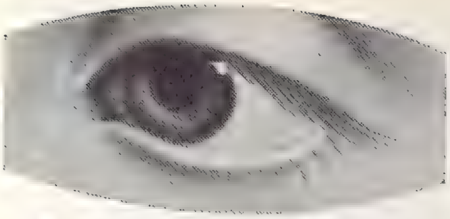

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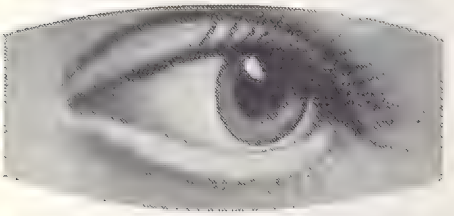

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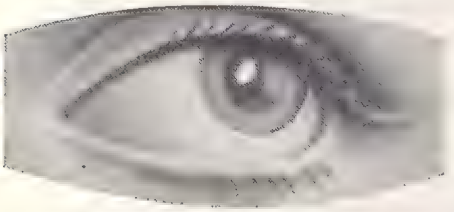

look old

Looking at friends and acquaintances you have often noticed that youth dies *suddenly*. You see a girl every day or every week, and then with a shock of surprise you see she is a young girl no longer. It is as quick as that! Look again, and you will see it is her eyes that give away her age.

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were estimated to be three million sufferers in all. When disaster does not come from below it comes from above. Rain is the angel and devil of Japan. It makes crops grow with unexampled speed, but it annually causes devastating floods. Rain has made "peaked deserts" of many mountains, despite the efforts of reforestation men, and down these bare slopes rush deluges which swell rivers, sweep away bridges, flood the country, make thousands foodless and homeless. Floods, together with tidal waves and typhoons, drown 600 a year. Even Tokyo, one of the driest spots in Japan, has more than twice the rainfall of London. In the western mountains, winter snow forms to a depth of eighteen feet, covering the low houses so that tunnels must be dug down to the doorways. This snow melts in spring with dire results. Flood control is expensive—even the wealth of the United States has not accomplished it—and Japan feels compelled to spend upon her army the money that, in a more peaceful world, might be devoted to controlling the rashness of Nature.

What the malicious gods above cannot do with rain, they accomplish with wind. Wind means fire. The glow of a forgotten coal becomes the holocaust of a city. Japanese cities are built of wood, favourite food of fire. Japan has 18,000 fires a year, destroying 20,000 houses. In certain parts of Tokyo it used to be taken for granted that the average house would survive for only three years. Modern fire-fighting equipment has changed that . . . but still there are city plans drawn up for new thoroughfares, fatalistically awaiting the inevitable fires that will open the way for their execution. The most recent serious fire was that in Hakodate three years ago, taking two thousand lives and leaving 150,000 people homeless. Japan's most haunting fire fear is of the burning of her wood-and-paper cities by incendiary bombs dropped from Soviet aeroplanes which could readily make the short flight from the nearby Soviet stronghold, Vladivostok.

Earthquake and fire affect chiefly the cities; they do little damage to the farms. The typhoon is impartial. It destroys all alike.

Overtaken by the typhoon of September, 1934, I took shelter in a farmhouse. The family consisted only of a young man and his two sisters. Their parents had died of ailments brought on by malnutrition during a severe drought a few years before.

This young man had inherited the farm. It was evident from the way he spoke of it that he took great pride in it and had slaved to make it a success. And now he was to see all his work wiped out in one night.

It was a bad night. We lay in the floor-beds but could not sleep. The house shook as with the ague. A hot wind, straight from the South Seas, and loaded with salt, blew into the rooms in spite of the fact that the shutters were tightly closed. Through unsuspected cracks it brought in dirt, leaves and sticks from the flying confusion without. Trees fell, heavy tiles crashed from the roof, timbers torn from collapsing houses struck the shutters. But the house stood.

The farm, however, was ruined. When at dawn we opened the shutters a crack and looked out, the farm had disappeared. Where it had been, there was now a sea. This had been caused, not by the downpour, but by the backing up of a river under the force of a tidal wave. That is, the wind had carried the ocean up upon the land. In many cases the rivers flowed backward for a distance of two or three miles and deluged thousands of acres with salt water. It would be weeks before the moisture would drain away or evaporate, and then the soil would be left heavily impregnated with salt and sand, spoiling its fertility for years. Certainly there would be no more food from this farm for a long time.

The obvious answer to such a problem is to sell the girls to the agents of licensed quarters. These agents are always early on the scene after a rural disaster. One appeared on the morning in question—but he got no satisfaction. He and his kind did better elsewhere, and an investigator a few weeks later found that in many of the stricken villages no girls of teen age were left. In the Japanese conception, the girl who thus sacrifices herself that her family may eat merits great honour.

Among the pranks of this typhoon were the overturning of trains by the 130-mile-an-hour wind, the sinking of eight thousand ships and boats, the destruction of nearly three hundred schools, flooding of one hundred thousand homes, injury of nine thousand people, death of three thousand, and property loss to the tune of sixty million pounds.

But "*Shikata ga nai*," says Japan, "It can't be helped," and rebuilds. Disaster in one form or another as the daily food of Japan has bred a stoical, bull-headed people who know how to fight because they have had a hard drill-master, Brute Nature. There is also a Mother Nature in Japan, gentle, lovely, artistic to a high degree. The charm of the Japanese environment, together with the rigour of physical forces, must have had much to do in the moulding of that curiously two-sided individual, the Nipponese—æsthetic and indomitable: a man compounded of cherry blossoms and iron.

Books

(*Continued from page 31*)

AN extremely quiet novel, which I have greatly enjoyed, is Miss Rosalind Wade's *Treasure in Heaven* (Collins, 8s. 6d.). The charm of this novel can be easily explained, I think. The author has written about a little world which she knows and understands; and, instead of being deterred by fears that most people will find it a dull world, she has realised that, thanks to its apparent dullness, it is practically virgin soil. Her story deals with a group of voluntary social workers in a drab district of London. Their characters, their motives, their circumstances are set forth with sympathy, fidelity and simplicity, and the result is an unusually real and moving book. Miss Wade never forces a note, and her novel, as a consequence, is not merely easy to read—it is difficult to lay down. In its unassuming way, it is a triumph, though it will surely blush to hear itself so described.

THE first novel written by Miss Mary Fitt was *Three Sisters Flew Home*—a most uncommon book, and nearly, so nearly, a very good one indeed. Her next two novels were also near, though not quite so near, to being completely successful. Now comes *The Three Hunting Horns* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.), and for a long time it seemed that Miss Fitt had written the story expected of her. But, once again, she has allowed herself to be distracted and lured from her true course. She has a very unusually nice sense of the bizarre and the eerie, but she is not content to trust it to carry her through. She is perfectly at home in the mists and the tree-tops, but she cannot resist shinning down the trunks and lighting a nice fire. It is a pity. She has a gift of her own; she has not yet quite realised how lucky she is.

THREE or four humorous novels have appeared during the month, and weary Titans may be glad to know their names. *Daphne's Fishing*, by George A. Birmingham (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), takes us back to the west coast of Ireland, the scene of *The Search Party* and *Spanish Gold*. Miss Robin Hyde, the author of *Wednesday's Children* (Hurst and Blackett, 7s. 6d.), is a New Zealander. Her story has an idea behind it, but the humour is rather arch and elaborate. M. Maurice Dekobra's humour, on the other hand, is of the boulevards. His *Hamydal* (Werner Laurie, 7s. 6d.) is a satirical account of an impoverished *farceur* who, after his death, becomes the object of serious study by a Professor of Philosophy. The joke wears a little thin in time, but the book has some bright moments.

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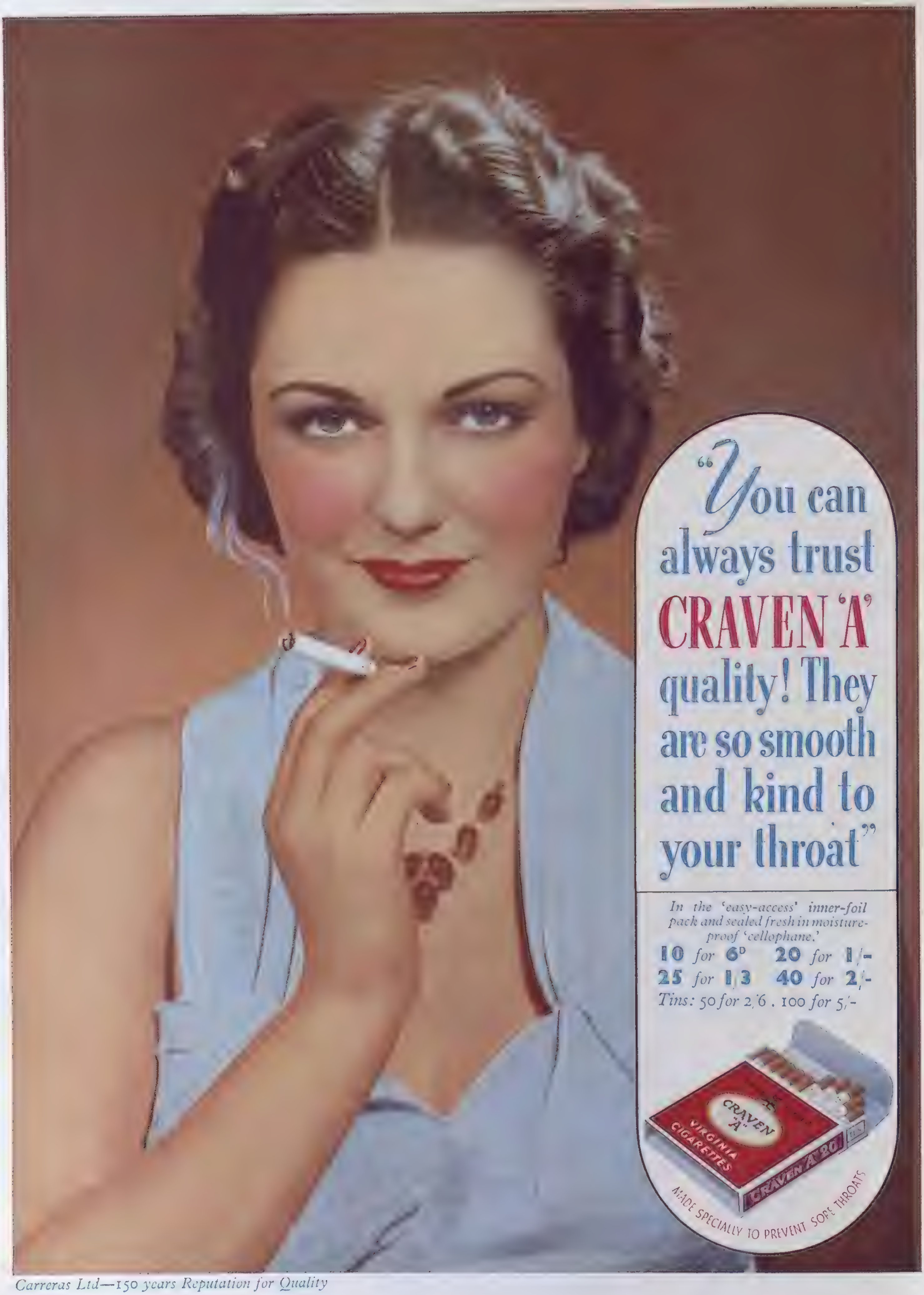
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The Miracle Men from Oxford

(*Continued from page 9*)

little group of followers used to gather at those traditional house-parties where most Britons of the affluent class spend their week-ends. Here, they discussed plans, traded spiritual experiences, and reasoned with interested friends brought there to be "changed." Now, with a following grown to many millions, the believers in any given town once or twice a year hire a country hotel and have a week-end of meetings and of struggle with unconverted guests. And although these gatherings resemble a convention rather than a house-party, they still retain the name. In my observation of the Oxford Group, the movement seems to absorb most of the social life of its followers—intimate little dinners with friends in the group or with interested outsiders, small meetings wherein they seek guidance and plan the work. "We're hunting men," one of them remarked. "It's fun—great fun!" But theirs is not the sappy kind of evangelism; only gentle, reasonable pressure.

By the shrewd advice of Frank Buchman, or by "guidance," the movement has from first to last refused to adopt any kind of formal organisation. When a member is "changed," he faces no ritual and signs no roll. For that reason, it is impossible even to guess at the number of Frank Buchman's followers. It never passes the plate at meetings; it has no treasury whatsoever. Yet, in seeming contradiction of these principles, "teams" of Oxford people—sometimes as many as a thousand—have ranged the world, making converts. Travel, of course, costs money; yet many humble clerks, mechanics and stenographers have gone on these adventures of the spirit. The answer, they say themselves, lies in the principle of perfect self-sacrifice. The poor among them save up for months as for a holiday; perhaps, too, the affluent help out with direct contributions. But ask for funds—never! The money comes somehow—through "guidance." And when the expedition is over, the team drops apart.

Frank Buchman himself holds no office and has over the men and women who adopt his way of life no visible authority. Nevertheless, his suite of rooms in Brown's Hotel, London, is, in default of better, the world headquarters of the Oxford Movement. In the same way, the Rev. Samuel Shoemaker, of Calvary Church, New York, "changed" by Frank Buchman in China, has lent his parish house for a kind of gathering-place in the United States. Perhaps, Dr. Buchman's guidance—or his own shrewd sense for practical affairs—has told him that we live in an over-organised world and that a movement which goes simply on a common, generous impulse has a strength born of refreshing contrast.

THE Oxford Movement has no theology of its own; it runs horizontally through all the Churches. The common sentiment of the group seems to dictate that when a man is changed he will want to go to church. The choice of denominations is his own, or that of his guidance. There were High Churchman, Low Churchman, Roman Catholics and Dissenters in the original group at Oxford. Recently, indeed, the movement, although distinctly Christian in origin and spirit, seems to have spread beyond the confines of Christianity. It has drawn in many professing Jews. The movement really began in China and has of late taken a surprising hold on Japan. And many of its Oriental changelings do not profess Christianity.

It is likely that when Frank Buchman brought his method of evangelism to England he had no political aims in mind. But the group took root at Oxford, seeding-ground for both religious and political ideas, training-ground for British statesmanship. A few years more, and his followers began to see in his principles salvation not only for the individual but for the world. Statesmen who square their lives with the four absolutes and accept guidance directly from God—that, they began to feel, was the formula for accomplishing universal peace, checking national greed, doing justice as between employer and employee. They tried it out nearly a decade ago in South Africa, where by changing leaders on both sides a dozen men of the Oxford Group brought nearer a settlement between the British and Boer elements. If anyone doubts this statement, let him learn that General Jan Smuts, "the greatest citizen of the world," gives them credit for this political miracle. Since then, they have risked a charge of snobbery by playing, especially and particularly, for the governing classes. "But don't forget," they say, "that for one highly-placed follower we have a hundred plain people. Just now we are facing a crisis in world history. Europe is rushing towards war. The industrial conflict grows sharper every day. The governing classes—political, industrial and even religious—are mostly to blame. Therefore, they need us most." Now, a score of Parliaments or Cabinets throughout the world have members who square their lives to the Oxford principle—including two British Lords and the president of the Norwegian Parliament. The group has run like mercury through some of the smaller and more liberal European countries such as Norway, Denmark and Holland. It has rooted itself more slowly in the larger Continental Powers. But it is beginning to break through the surface in France, and working almost underground in Germany, where, if it grows to a factor in national life, it must come into conflict with the National Socialist glorification of war and race. Only Russia, where hatred of religion stands a pillar of the Communist dictatorship, has not yet known the quiet pressure of the Oxford Group. "But that will come in time," say these apostles, "Guidance will tell us when to start."

Guidance seems to have advised them that the hour for America is at hand. The group has been among us, rather inactive, for at least ten years. Less than two years ago they held here their first ambitious house-party as a preliminary to "wiring" the country—approaching leaders in American life, forming an active group in every important centre. They are ready now to go on toward the "God-guided Commonwealth." They have gone far already. With their youth, their new zeal, their purity of motive and their high average intelligence, they are bound to go much further during the next decade.

END.

DR. FRANK BUCHMAN *with Chief Wally Buffalo at Banff, Canada*

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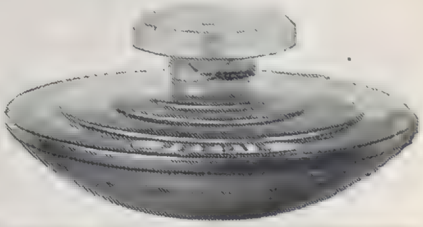
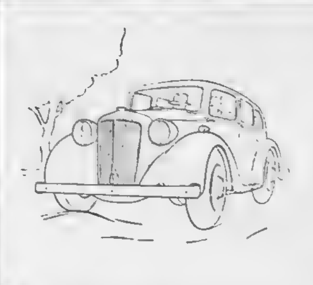
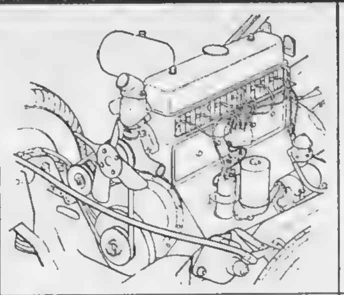
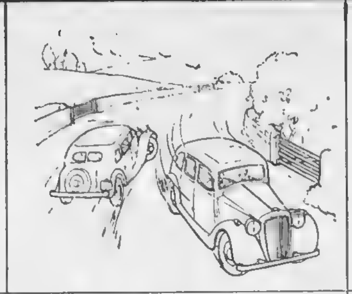




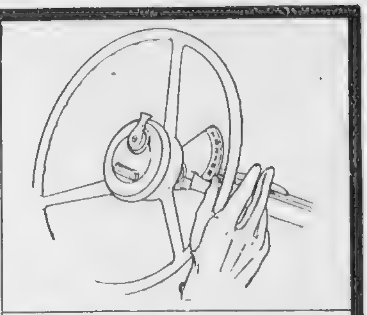
1 INDEPENDENT FRONT WHEEL SPRINGING



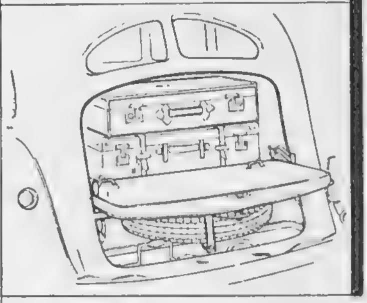
2 HIGH POWER-WEIGHT RATIO



3 LOW CENTRE OF GRAVITY



4 DAIMLER FLUID FLY-WHEEL TRANSMISSION



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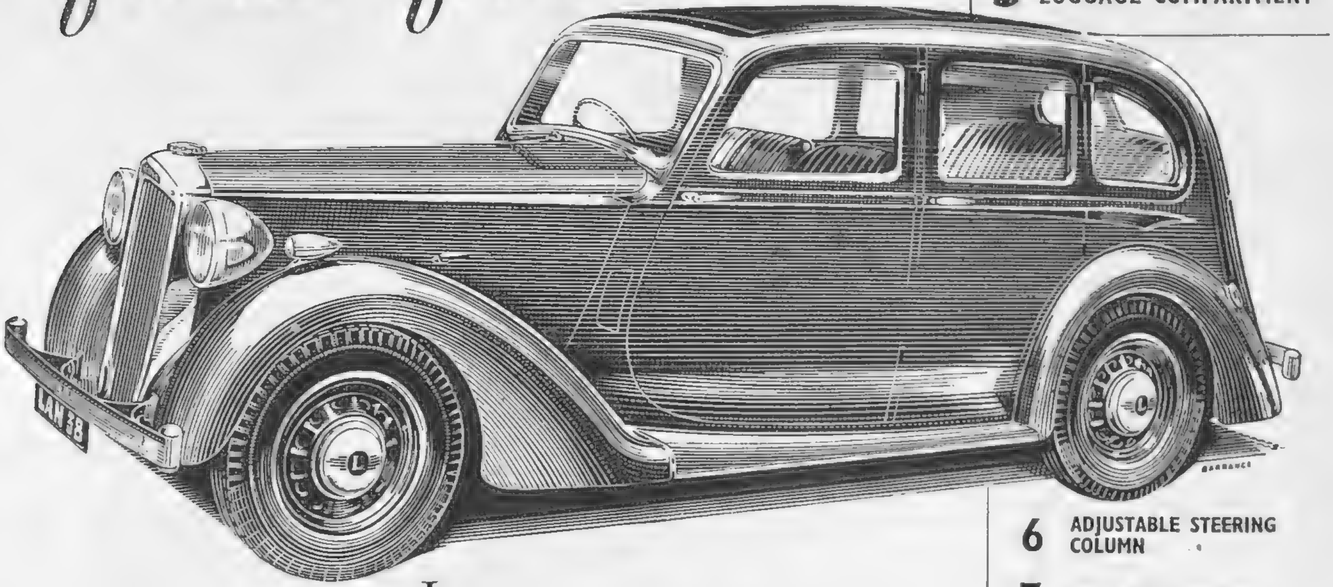

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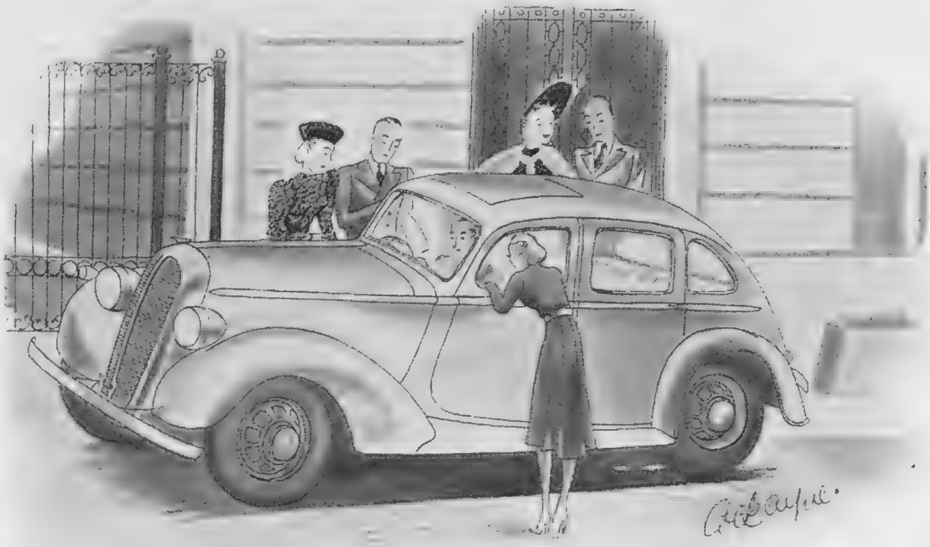


THE POPULAR "FOUR"

It is as Much in Demand as Ever

By The Earl of Cardigan

I HAVE a bad memory for dates; but I think it must have been nearly ten years ago that the "light six" began to be developed as a popular type of car. (I am myself the owner of a light six-cylinder car which was actually built 14 years ago; but that was—and perhaps still is—rather an abnormal specimen.)

It was, I think, a little later that the real popularity of the "light six" began. First of all, we were given a compact, medium-priced car of about 16 h.p. Then, very shortly, a 14 h.p. "six" was announced. Finally came what has so far been the smallest of such cars—the "Twelve-Six."

When the "Twelve-Six" appeared, there were plenty of amateur prophets to announce that the four-cylinder engine was now, virtually "dead," except perhaps as a power unit for the "baby" cars then coming into vogue. The public certainly seemed both ready and willing to believe that any "six" was necessarily better than the equivalent "four."

To-day, however—something like ten years later—we are able to enjoy the diverting spectacle of the prophets being confounded. The four-cylinder engine is *not* "dead." It is, on the contrary, rather more alive than before. It is still universal in the 10 h.p. class, predominates enormously among 12 h.p. cars, and is by no means uncommon in the 14 h.p. class which is now so much in demand.

Why is this? By what virtue does the "four" not only hold its ground, but actually seem to gain ground?

The chief reason, I imagine, is that any four-cylinder engine must develop rather more power than any six-cylinder engine, assuming that the R.A.C. rating—and therefore the horse-power tax—is the same in each case. Thus a "six," rated at 12 h.p., may develop an actual output of 32 h.p., whereas a well-designed "four," paying exactly the same tax, may develop 35 h.p. quite easily.

This may only prove—what every thinking person has always admitted—that we have in this country a peculiarly futile method of taxation. It favours the "four" and discriminates against the "six," when really the latter is the type of car which any Government, being interested in our export trade, should set itself to encourage.

Even apart from this, however, it is probable that four cylinders must give slightly greater mechanical efficiency than six. On the face of it, one would expect to get the greatest power from the engine with the smallest number of moving parts.

Then we have the question of smoothness to consider. When the "light six" was first introduced, there was no such thing as a rubber mounting between the engine and the chassis frame. The six-cylinder unit of those days not only was considerably smoother than the equivalent "four"; it also *felt* much smoother to those who sat behind it.

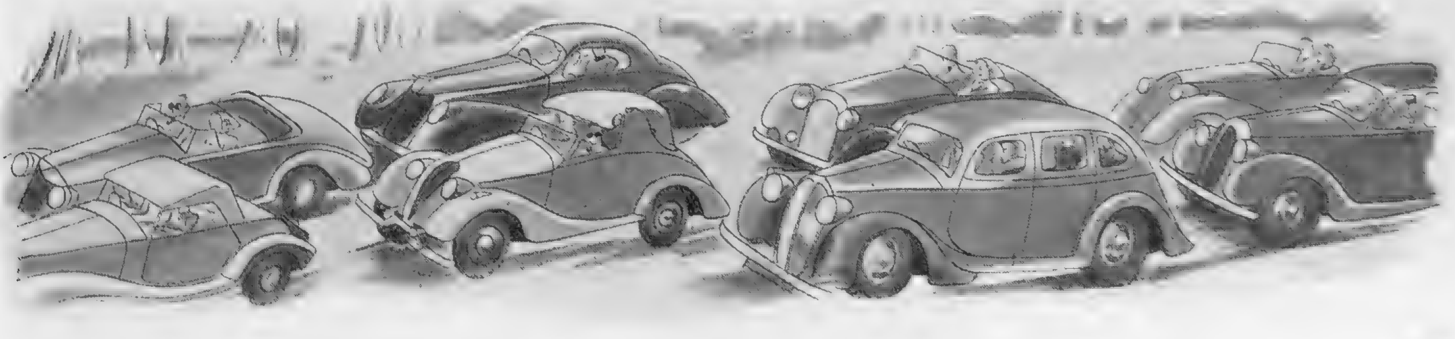
THERE is still, in spite of improved methods of construction, a real difference in smoothness between six cylinders and four. There always must be—for the very nature of a six-cylinder engine is such as to make the individual explosions less perceptible.

On the other hand, there is now much less *apparent* difference. Rubber mountings absorb the irregularities of a "four" to a very large extent. By lifting the bonnet of a four-cylinder car, one can often see vibrations occurring which are hardly felt either by the driver or the passengers. Thanks to the rubber, they are not transmitted.

Again, in the matter of flexibility—i.e., "picking up" smoothly from very low speeds—the four-cylinder engine will never be the equal of the "six." To do its best work, it will always require slightly more assistance from the gearbox. In the old days, with an unskilful driver, this was a real disadvantage.

Now that gear-changing has become so simple, however, it is doubtful whether anyone seriously objects to making a few extra changes in the course of a day's run. To engage third gear, and thus ensure a smoother "pick-up," at 5 or 10 m.p.h. cannot now be considered laborious or irksome.

It is not to be supposed that the public has consciously analysed all these considerations. On the other hand, there is clearly a strong and growing feeling that "a good 'four' is as fine a motor car as any." The manufacturers are making no mistake when, for their smaller 1938 models, they continue to rely on this simple and well-proven type.



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A POWERFUL and ATTRACTIVE CHRYSLER

The 24 h.p. "Wimbledon" Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan

THERE used to be an idea that cars of American design were less "interesting" to handle than those of exclusively British origin. Whatever truth there may have been in this notion, however, it is certain that no such criticism can have been earned by any Chrysler product. I have just been driving the latest six-cylinder "Wimbledon" model, and I can testify that the experience was an interesting one from beginning to end.

My first impression, of course, was of this car's generous size and power. One sees at a glance that three people can sit very comfortably at the back, and closer inspection reveals that almost equal space is available in front. Thus the maximum seating capacity is not five, but six.

The provision of a single, bench-type front seat is surely, where the chassis is wide enough, a most excellent arrangement. Two people can, for all practical purposes, be just as comfortable as if they had bucket seats of the conventional sort, while having the means of making space, should occasion arise, for a third person to sit with them.

With a potential load of six-up, there is obviously need of plenty of engine power, and a glance under the bonnet of the Chrysler shows that this has been provided. The six-cylinder engine is of side-valve type, with an R.A.C. rating of 23·4 h.p. Mounted on rubber, it gives a first - rate performance with remarkable freedom from noise or vibration.

The gearbox provides, nominally, three speeds, of which second and top are synchromesh. In effect, however, no fewer than five speeds are available, of which two are engaged and disengaged automatically.

This sounds extraordinary, but it is perfectly true. The car has a free-wheel device, with which is incorporated an "over-drive." This over-drive has the effect of gearing the car "up," or engaging a higher-than-normal gear ratio, whenever the Chrysler reaches a certain, predetermined road speed.

Thus if, on a hill, one begins to climb in the normal second gear of about 6½ to 1, the car will accelerate normally up to about 45 m.p.h. Then, if the free-wheel-cum-over-drive is operating, it will "change itself up" into a higher second gear of about 4½ to 1. In this new ratio it will continue to accelerate up to the rather astonishing figure of 65/70 m.p.h.!

It is the same in top gear. One accelerates to 45 m.p.h. Then (I should have mentioned this earlier) one releases the accelerator for an instant so that the over-drive may "take up." A higher top gear, of about 3 to 1 as against the normal 4⅓ to 1 ratio, then becomes operative, and gives the car an

(Continued on page 87)

The "Wimbledon" Chrysler in Brief

Engine: Six cylinders with side valves; 24 h.p.

Transmission: Three-speed gearbox, with free-wheel and over-drive, giving five ratios in all.

Performance: Second gear 65/70 m.p.h.; top gear 80 m.p.h.

Springing: Semi-elliptic with front stabiliser.

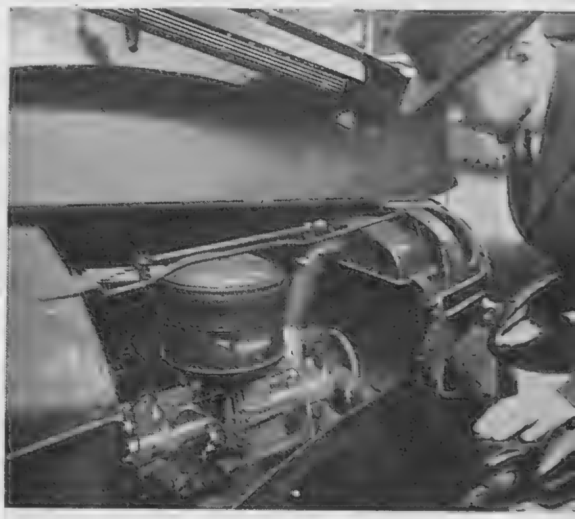
Brakes: Of efficient hydraulic type.

Steering: Light, self-centres well.

Coachwork: Very roomy, will seat six.

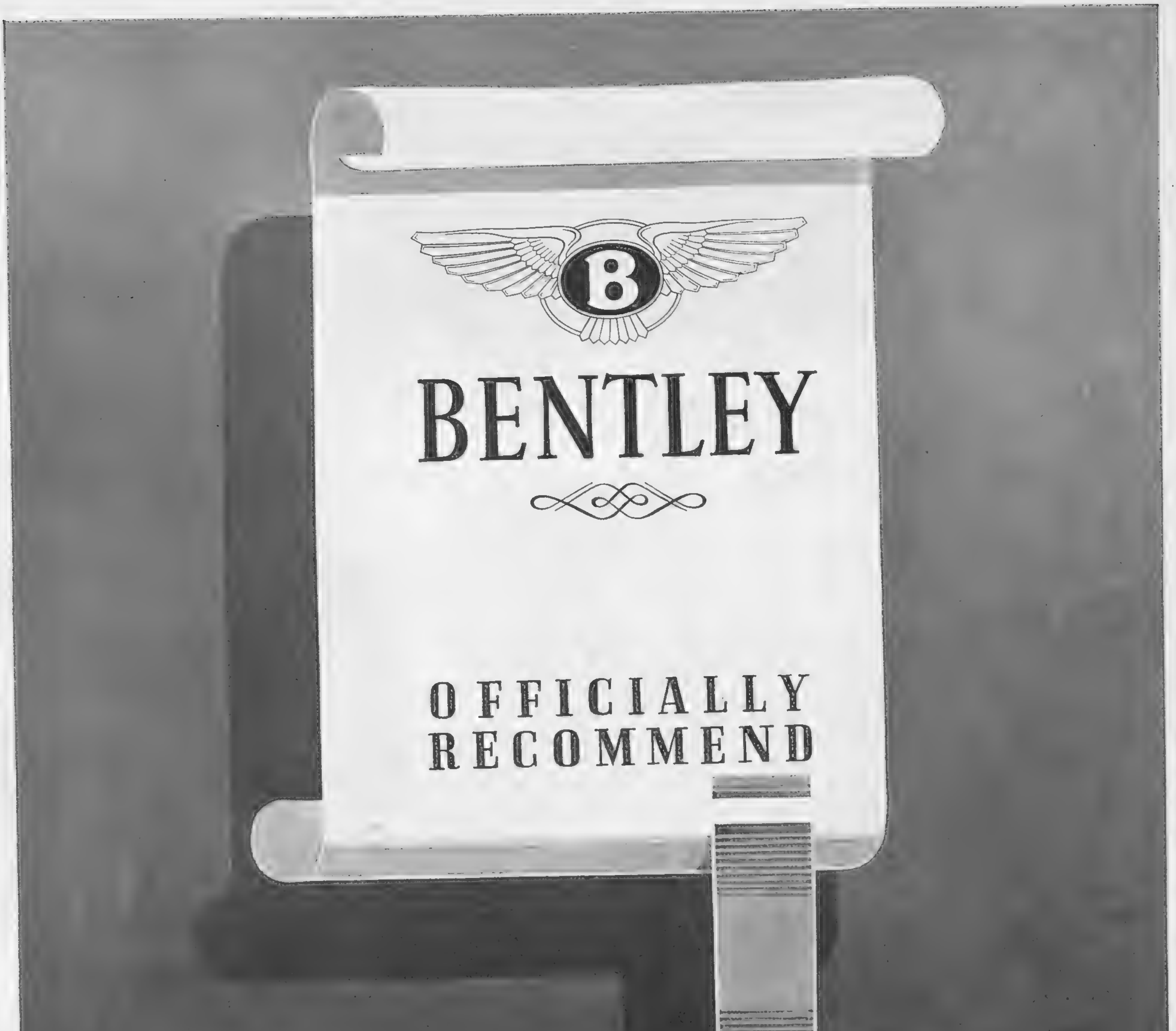
Price: "Wimbledon" touring saloon, £375.

THE front seat is of bench type, and extends the full width of the car. The control for the free-wheel and over-drive is placed inconspicuously beneath the instrument panel



THE engine is of straightforward side-valve design. With the over-drive in use, it is able to do nearly the whole of its work at very moderate "revs"

THE luggage compartment is really capacious, and the spare wheel is housed separately underneath. A small but attractive feature is the zip-fastening kit of tools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A SERIES III MORRIS

The Lively New 12 H.P. Model

By The Earl of Cardigan

A CAR nowadays is judged very much by the "liveliness" of its performance. People are prepared to assume, if it is of a reputable make, that it will travel reasonably fast and provide an adequate degree of comfort. To be truly attractive, it must have a certain *verve* and quick responsiveness to add to these essential but orthodox qualities.

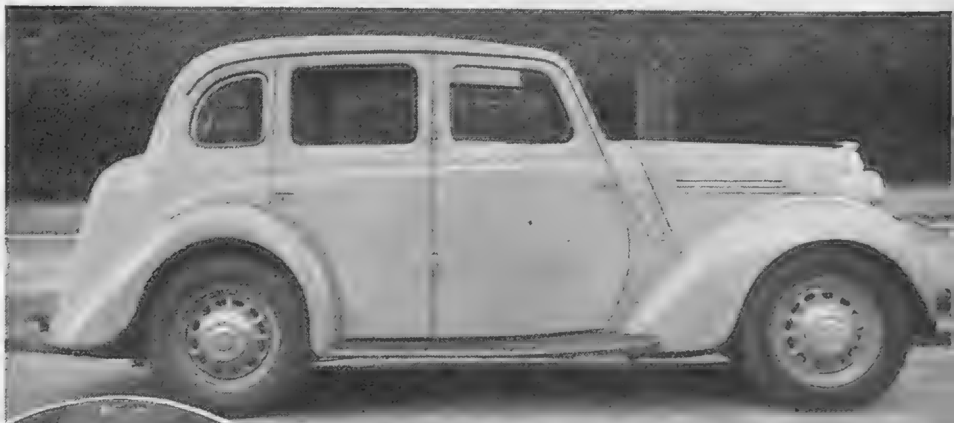
If I am right in saying this, then the latest Morris has every prospect of being an uncommonly successful car. Its 12 h.p. engine is of the overhead-valve type, and in this respect differs from the earlier Morris units, which have almost invariably adhered to side valves. The difference in performance is very great—and, in particular, the superior liveliness of the newer engine is quite remarkable.

One is conscious of this as soon as the car begins to move; for if, at any speed in any gear, the accelerator is firmly depressed, there is a response which suggests something more like 14 or 15 h.p. under the bonnet. Although, of course, there are only four cylinders, this is true even at a very low speed in top gear. The "pick-up" is smooth and immediate, with a rate of acceleration which, for a small car, is quite out of the ordinary.

I am not suggesting that this Morris should be driven wholly in top gear—for there is a new gearbox, and every inducement to make use of it. Synchromesh is provided on three out of the four ratios, so that only the change down to first gear—hardly ever required—can present any difficulty at all. Either second or third gear can be engaged instantly, with the obvious advantage that still greater acceleration is made available.

Personally, I like to make some use of second gear—and the Morris second gear is a decidedly valuable ratio for traffic purposes. In third gear, the car has a really good turn of speed, and will reach 50 m.p.h. Considerable hills can, therefore, be climbed at 40 m.p.h. without in any way over-stressing the engine.

In top gear this car is genuinely fast. I do (*Continued on page* 87)



The new Morris "Twelve-Four" is very attractive in appearance, having the good proportions which are not always easy to attain in a car of such modest power. With sliding head, the price is £215

There is ample space in the comfortable back seat, with its central arm-rest. At the rear of the car is a luggage boot, with a panel which can be lowered to form a grid

The Morris "Twelve-Four" in Brief

Engine: Four cylinders with overhead valves, 12 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, with synchromesh second, third, and top.

Performance: Third gear 50 m.p.h.; top gear 70 m.p.h.

Springing: Comfortable, semi-elliptic.

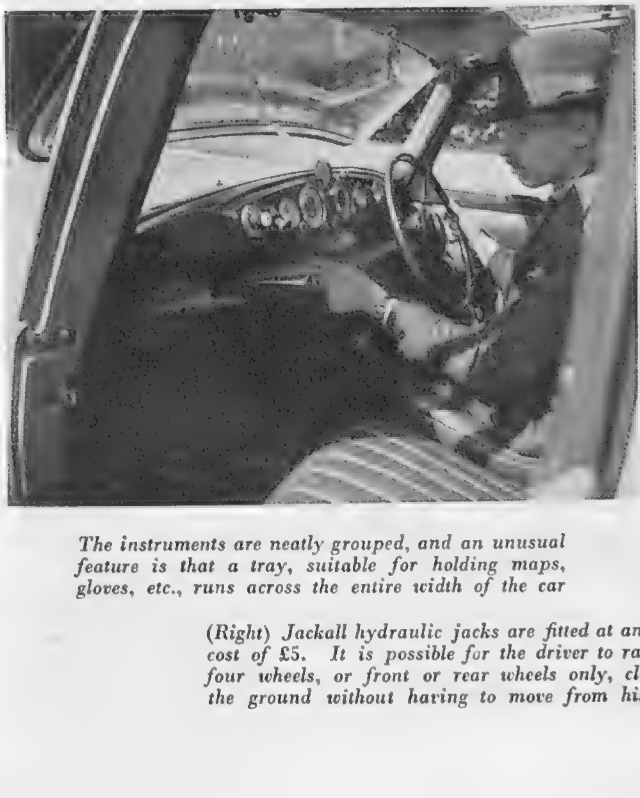
Brakes: Of Lockheed hydraulic type.

Steering: Light, accurate.

Coachwork: Thoroughly comfortable.

Price: Saloon models from £205.

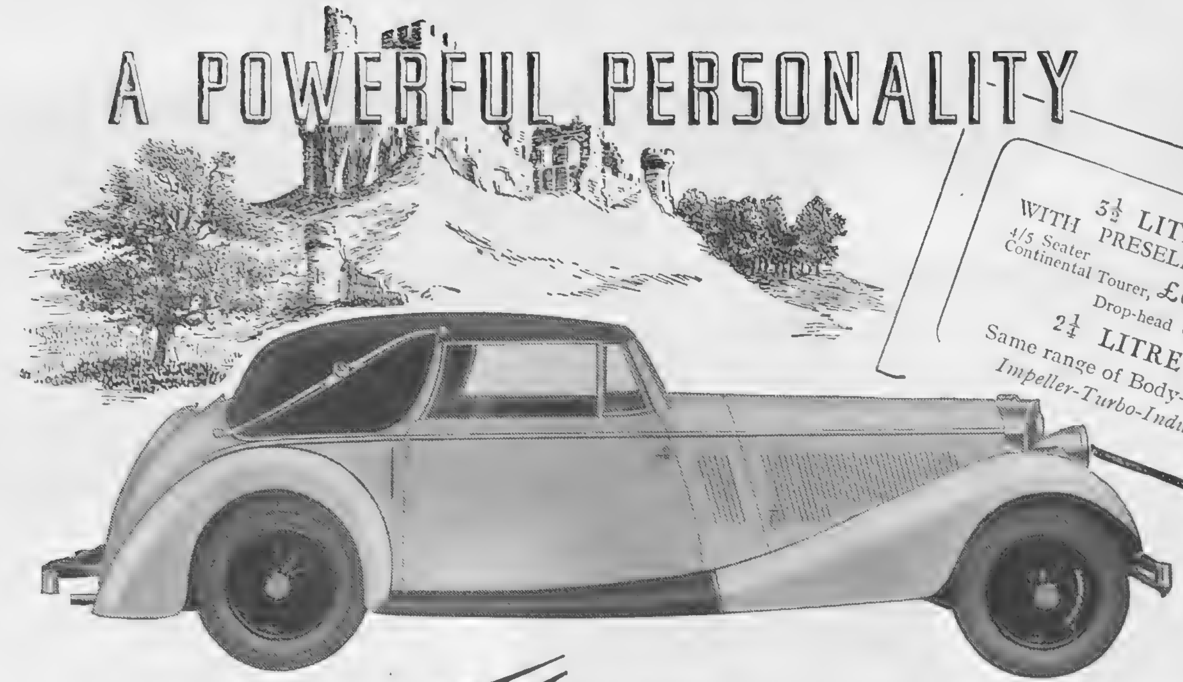
The new engine, which is of the overhead valve type, has an extremely lively performance, and gives plenty of speed. The battery is well placed for accessibility



The instruments are neatly grouped, and an unusual feature is that a tray, suitable for holding maps, gloves, etc., runs across the entire width of the car

(Right) Jackall hydraulic jacks are fitted at an extra cost of £5. It is possible for the driver to raise all four wheels, or front or rear wheels only, clear of the ground without having to move from his seat

A POWERFUL PERSONALITY



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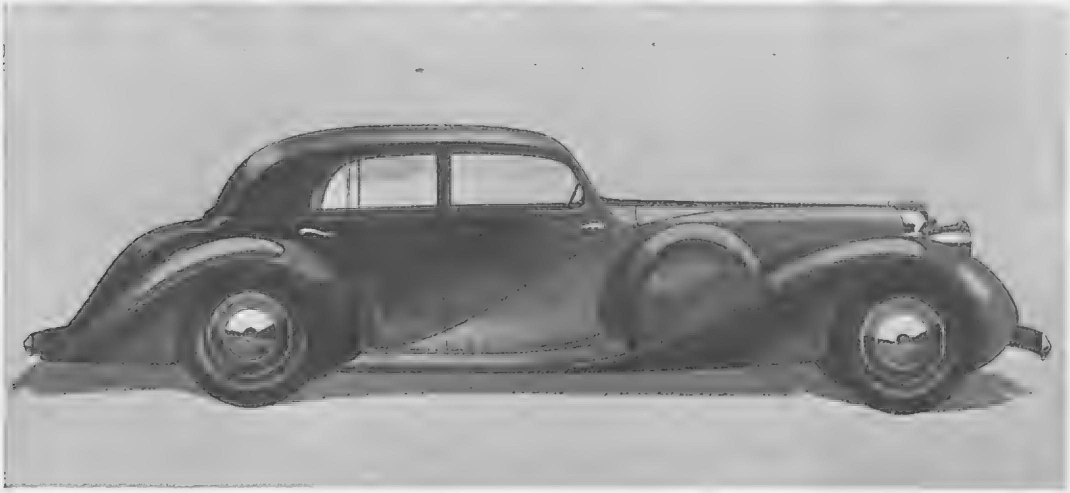

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Twelve Cylinder

10′ 4″ chassis ...	£1,200
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Drophead Coupe ...	£1,575
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* Coachwork by Thrupp & Maberly.

not believe that many people ever go above 60 m.p.h., and even at this pace the average driver probably feels that he is "speeding." The conventional cruising speed nowadays is somewhere between 40 and 50 m.p.h.

Therefore, when a 12 h.p. car can do something like 70 m.p.h., it is really fast, in the sense that it provides far more speed than its owner is ever likely to require. On my trial run I was able to record 70 m.p.h. with a speedometer of apparent accuracy.

An attractive feature of this new "Twelve" is that it holds the road really well, and is steady at speed. The springing is of the well-proven semi-elliptic type, with shock-absorbers, and the steering combines lightness with accuracy. The driving position, moreover, is a comfortable one, so that there need be no sense of strain.

The brakes are of the hydraulic type which Morris cars have utilised for many years past, and which motorists have learned to appreciate for their distinctive virtues. Besides being perfectly progressive in their action, they are also self-compensating to a very large extent, so that they hardly ever require to be readjusted.

When properly constructed, hydraulic brakes are practically immune from failure. Nevertheless, an entirely separate hand brake is provided, operating in the rear wheel drums by means of cables.

A very attractive chassis feature is that, for £5 extra, a system of Jackall hydraulic jacks can be provided. The great feature of these jacks is that they enable all four wheels to be lifted by a single process, and can be operated by a person sitting inside the car. The installation is, to my mind, a "bargain" at £5.

The coachwork is thoroughly comfortable throughout. The catalogue modestly and truly states that there is ample space for four adults, with a child in addition at the back. For a short journey, however, it would be quite possible to seat five adults, with space in the rear luggage boot for their impedimenta. Generous provision is also made for small odds and ends—a tray beneath the instrument panel extending across the full width of the car.

With the "liveliness" to which I have referred making it really enjoyable to handle, this "Series III" car ably carries on the Morris tradition of first-rate value for money. With fixed head, the saloon costs £205, while the sliding-head model is listed at £10 more.

A Powerful and Attractive Chrysler

(*Continued from page* 83)

easy maximum speed around the 80 m.p.h. mark.

Best of all, when the over-drive functions—*i.e.*, at high road speeds—the free-wheel ceases to operate, and the transmission becomes "fixed." This always seems to me very desirable if high speeds are to be indulged in with safety.

I have devoted a good deal of space to all this because it is a really valuable innovation.

The practical advantages are very numerous, and the following must be obvious. In second gear, a great deal of extra speed. In top gear, some extra speed, with much greater silence and ease of running. In any gear, lower petrol consumption and—if fast driving is contemplated—much less wear and tear.

Apart from the over-drive, there are many good chassis features which must be dealt with briefly. The steering is very pleasant, and has an effective self-centring action. The springing is assisted by a stabiliser in front which controls any tendency towards side-sway. The result is that this Chrysler can be driven really fast, while remaining perfectly stable and subject to accurate control.

The powerful brakes are of the hydraulic type, and accordingly are both smooth and progressive in their action. The one small criticism which I can make is that the driver has to lift his foot rather a long way from the accelerator to the brake pedal.

Reverting to the coachwork, although the design of the body would conventionally be described as "streamline" (or "Airflow," as the Chrysler term is), there is no doubt that comfort has been the first and foremost consideration. Thus the amount of headroom is ample, and a really large luggage compartment has been incorporated. A hypoid rear-axle enables the floor level to be kept low without the aid of foot-wells.

The price of the "Wimbledon" touring saloon model. has been fixed at £375.

A "RECORD" RECAPTURED BY A LAGONDA FOR GREAT BRITAIN:

FOR many months past a German car—a B.M.W.—has held the honour of being the fastest standard sports car in Great Britain. This "record" was achieved in April last by Mr. S. C. H. Davis who (driving solo) put up the very creditable figure of 102·22 m.p.h. from a standing start during an officially observed period of one hour. A few days ago, however, this coveted "record" was captured by Mr. Alan C. Hess driving Mr. Arthur Fox's standard 4½-litre Lagonda Rapide (depicted above). On this occasion, incidentally, a passenger was also carried, as against the B.M.W.'s single occupant. Over the officially timed hour, and from a standing start, Mr. Hess achieved a distance of 104·44 miles: and this on a damp and misty track—the first time a standard British sports car has exceeded 100 miles within the hour. The car was in full touring trim with lamps, wings, two windshields, spare wheel, etc., and ran on standard fuel obtained from a wayside filling station. The whole performance was a fine achievement for a fine British car, and reflects great credit on both Mr. Fox, the entrant (who prepared the car for its attempt), and Mr. Hess, the driver.

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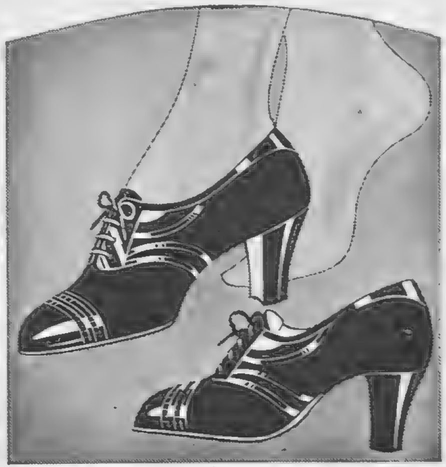

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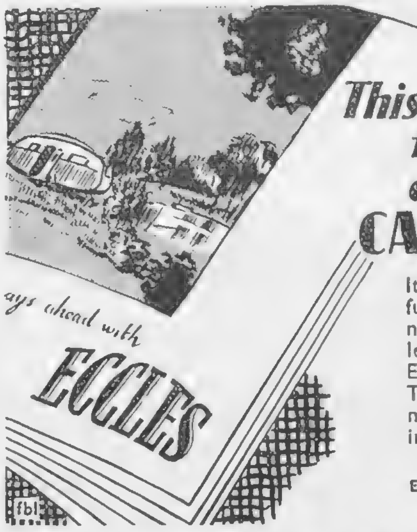

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THE ONLY METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS

How *they* Live in the South *of* India

By Henry Baerlein

ONE of the most fascinating parts of the British Empire is the South of India, which is far less generally known than is the North. Perhaps the chief reason is that the traveller disembarks, as a rule, at Bombay and from there he naturally betakes himself to the famous States of Rajputana, to Kashmir, and, of course, to Agra. But now the port of Cochin in South-west India is being developed to such an extent that large vessels—for example, of the Bibby Line and the P. and O.—sail there direct from England. More and more people will go to the south of the great sub-continent. And if you have a mind to undertake this journey, or if you have not, you may like to know how they live in that part of the world.

It may surprise you to learn that in Travancore, the most southerly State—which is about the size of Wales, though with a larger population in spite of a great deal of the territory being occupied by forest and by the celebrated backwaters which for league after league run parallel with the Indian Ocean — in this fertile and beautiful land about one-third of the people are Christians, for the most part not of recent conversion. In the fourth century, when the Syrian Christians were persecuted in their homeland, the rulers of Travancore, who were, as they are to-day, devout Hindus, not only permitted them to settle down, but gave them land and money for that purpose. In addition to the Syrians, who have in the course of time split up into various sects, the State contains a considerable number of native Roman Catholics, Salvationists, Anglicans and so forth. In the adjacent regions of British India there are many communities of native Christians who of late have been passing through a troubled time. Those who were the innocent cause of it were the earnest young Maharajah of Travancore and his wise Dewan (Prime Minister), the well-known Madras lawyer Sir C. P. Ramaswami Ayyar. When His Highness issued the Temple-Entry Proclamation, which threw open all the State temples to Hindus of every category, so that the " untouchables " in Travancore are no longer debarred from worshipping at those shrines—and many owners of private temples in the State have followed this admirable example—the low-caste Indian Catholics of Kumbakonam, a town of 60,000 inhabitants in the Madras Presidency, declared that they would in future sit in the cathedral among their high-caste co-religionists. Thereupon the latter announced that if the Bishop failed to prohibit such an outrage they would abandon the Roman Catholic in favour of the Syrian Church. And the high-caste Syrian Christians, faced with the same demand from their hitherto humbler brethren, vowed that they would, if necessary, transfer themselves to the Roman Church.

IN Travancore we find the matriarchal system of inheritance, whereby each Maharajah is succeeded by his sister's son, and if he has no sister, or if his sister has no son, then a lady of the royal house must be adopted for this purpose. Thus it was with the late Maharajah, who adopted two sisters, the younger of whom—a very remarkable woman—is the mother of the present ruler and of his sister, who, it is hoped, will in due course furnish the State with its next sovereign. The royal family of Travancore is one of the most interesting in the whole of India. Unlike some in the north who appropriate for themselves 40 or 50 per cent. of the State revenue, they take no more than 6 per cent., a mere £180,000 a year, preferring that roads, schools and hospitals be made as perfect as money can make them.

(*Continued on page* 90)

The author having tea before tennis with H.H. the Maharajah of Travancore at Trivandrum, the capital of Travancore

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The Maharajah, though he is under no obligation, spends an hour in the temple every morning, and at the same time he and his family keep abreast of every modern movement. I have never met a European or an American woman whose outlook is more philosophic than that of the Maharajah's mother, who, talking perfect English, habitually expresses herself in epigram. One would not like to incur this lady's displeasure. She told me of a certain Rajah who informed her that as his State was full of marshes, he spent most of his time away from it. "And I suppose," she said, "that many of your people die of malaria?" "Unfortunately," he replied, "that is so." "Then you," she said, "ought to be the first to die. The money that you spend on going abroad should be used to fight malaria."

Travancore is (except for the small neighbouring State of Cochin) the most literate of the Indian States, and her women are more prominent in public life than in any other State. The head of the Women and Children's Hospital in Trivandrum, the charming capital, is Dr. Lukose, who was the first Indian girl to enter a college—the Principal, who was a Scot, mildly objected, but fortunately his scruples were overcome by the girl's father, who was a doctor and a personal friend of his—and then she became the first Indian woman to study medicine in London, to wit at the Royal Free Hospital. As an instance of the abandonment of religious prejudice we may note that the Brahmin patients, whose food is still cooked by a Brahmin cook, used to decline to take it from the hands of a non-Brahmin. They have now become more broad-minded. At the same time there remain among the peasants certain practices which one would like to see relinquished—if a woman appears to be in for a difficult childbirth she is sometimes branded in the arm with red-hot irons, after which she is brought to the hospital and then, if the wounded arm has turned septic, she must be treated for two ailments. However, with the spread of knowledge, these hot irons are being employed more rarely. . . . It will, of course, be some time before the hill-tribes of Southern India put away their belief in witchcraft. The other day at Kotagiri, a kind of Harrogate in the Nilgiris, the magistrate had to inquire into a complaint preferred by some villagers against one Kari, a shepherd, whom they accused of afflicting them with strange maladies and of sending into their houses a mischievous spirit, known locally as *Kutti Sathan*, which by its pranks caused them great anxiety and considerable damage to property. Kari having disappeared, some of his relatives, who were alleged to have helped him in these activities, were brought before the magistrate. They disclaimed all knowledge of what Kari had done, but they agreed to swear that they would cure anyone upon whom his witchcraft had taken effect. They were also made to walk three times round a tree with burning camphor on their heads—and, after having been warned by the police, they were discharged.

What contrasts we have in Southern India! The Legislative Council of Travancore—founded in 1866, it is the oldest in the Indian Empire—has very much more freedom to criticise than have the Parliaments of several unhappy countries in Europe. It is quite permissible to criticise His Highness.

What contrasts in village life!—miserable shanties, the floor consisting of stamped cow-dung (which, however, is an antiseptic, and apparently the flies avoid such a house), an almost total absence of furniture, and the inmates seldom in possession of a change of clothes, and then a village which, anxious to partake of rural uplift, writes and produces a drama, as occurred not long ago at Mela Ulur in the Tanjore district. The play was so realistic that it did not have a happy ending. The title was "Living though Dead"; it depicted a South Indian village affected by a serious flood. The landlord introduces reforms, he petitions the Government to abolish the system of arrest for debt—these debts, one may mention, are usually incurred for weddings, funerals and ear-boring ceremonies—and to establish conciliation boards. The moneylender and the village priest, unfavourably impressed by his reforming zeal, conspire against the landlord, who dies of a broken heart. A Government order approving some of the proposals of the dead hero is delivered a day after his death.

There is less religious animosity in Southern than in Northern India; nevertheless it breaks out at certain intervals, as among the Moslems of the west coast, who are said to be the offspring of Arab traders and local women, and who at other times are a quiet, industrious people. It also happens that two sub-sects of a Hindu sect, such as the Lingayats, fly at

(*Continued on page* 92)

A Pooja Scene. Hindus at worship in a temple

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The Natural Laxative Food

523

each other's throats—and this they carry out, unlike the prudent natives of Kashmir, who, if they quarrel, do so at a distance of twenty-five yards, shaking their fists at each other and occasionally bursting into floods of tears. As to the Lingayats, the trouble begins when a Swami—a religious leader—of one sub-sect desires to go in procession with a palanquin and elephants through a village of another sub-sect, and particularly if he likes to be carried in his palanquin broadside on, so as to interfere more seriously with the traffic. Sometimes a Swami will camp for nearly a year outside a village through which he proposes to be borne; then perhaps the procession, with a police escort, is permitted; and suddenly a murderous attack may be made on the police. But one cannot, as an impartial observer, be always and wholly a partisan of the native Indian policemen. Too often do they fabricate evidence, such as sprinkling blood upon a man's garments, if a person refuses to bribe them and they wish to charge him with murder. There is a good deal of perjury in the Indian law-courts—a policeman has been known, for instance, to swear that he recognised a thief at a distance of two hundred yards on a dark night.

TALKING of dark nights in the South of India makes one think of Pondicherry, which hitherto has been a smugglers' paradise. (An account of Southern India would be incomplete if it had no mention of Pondicherry and Goa, the chief places of French and Portuguese India respectively. They are the more or less picturesque relics of former greatness.) Grass is growing in the streets of Pondicherry and the white population has diminished so grievously that a coloured person is now permitted to live in La Ville Blanche by the sea, whereas in the more prosperous days he was compelled to live on the other side of the canal which divides that part of the town from La Ville Noire. Pondicherry's period of greatest prosperity was under the rule of Dupleix, the most eminent Frenchman who ever went to India. He was ordered home in disgrace, but his monument is now the chief work of art in Pondicherry. There are no European shops in the town, though some of the native stores have a good selection of French products. For example, a tea-planting friend of mine in the Nilgiris, that grand mountain range of Southern India, finds it worth while—for he is a *bon viveur*—to come down occasionally to Pondicherry, load his car with wines and liqueurs and then return to British India. Much of what has gone out of Pondicherry has not, like my friend's wine, paid the custom duties, and it is because of this that the authorities of the Madras Presidency have now put a couple of swift armed vessels on the service and greatly augmented the numbers of the police who on the land side encircle Pondicherry. There is another problem to be settled between the British and the French in India, for the Sarda Act, which prohibits child-marriage, does not run, of course, in the French establishments, as they are called. In Pondicherry itself and the surrounding country the Indian population is not unduly addicted to child-marriage. But there is a very small French enclave just outside the port of Masulipatam (where, by the by, in 1759 the battle was fought which proved to be the turning-point in the long conflict between Britain and France for the Empire of India); this enclave is adjoined by country of which the inhabitants are largely very orthodox Brahmins who look upon it as shameful if their daughters are not married before attaining the age of fourteen. So they come in from British India and have the ceremony performed on French soil. It seems that the offices of The Hague Tribunal are being invoked, and it is hoped that they will suggest a satisfactory solution. There is a considerable difference between the methods of the British and the French in India. As it was put by Clemenceau, who travelled in those parts in his old age: "You English do not mix socially with the Indians as we do; on the other hand, you allow the administration to be criticised, which we do not." If one were in a critical mood, one would point to the existence of the so-called "renonçants," which does not appear to tally with the principle of Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité. If you desire to be inscribed upon the first electoral list (the one whose members are considered for appointments) you renounce your Indian name and customs; you assume a French name and, as far as in you lies, the ways of a Frenchman. These "renonçants" number a few hundred, while the people on the second electoral list are, in Pondicherry, about 38,000. A senator and a deputy in Paris represent French India; there was a story, some little time ago, of one of these legislators who had not visited his constituency for many years. It occurred to him that it would be courteous if he were to show himself; moreover, they would be grateful if the latest developments of French politics were to be explained to them in their remote isolation; they would rejoice that their representative should be a man so well informed, they would feel happy to have their interests in such hands—and when they saw him every one of them (except seven faithful individuals) voted for his opponent. . . . There are other opponents in Pondicherry, opponents of the British raj in India. Agitators wanted by the police have sought (*Continued on page* 94)

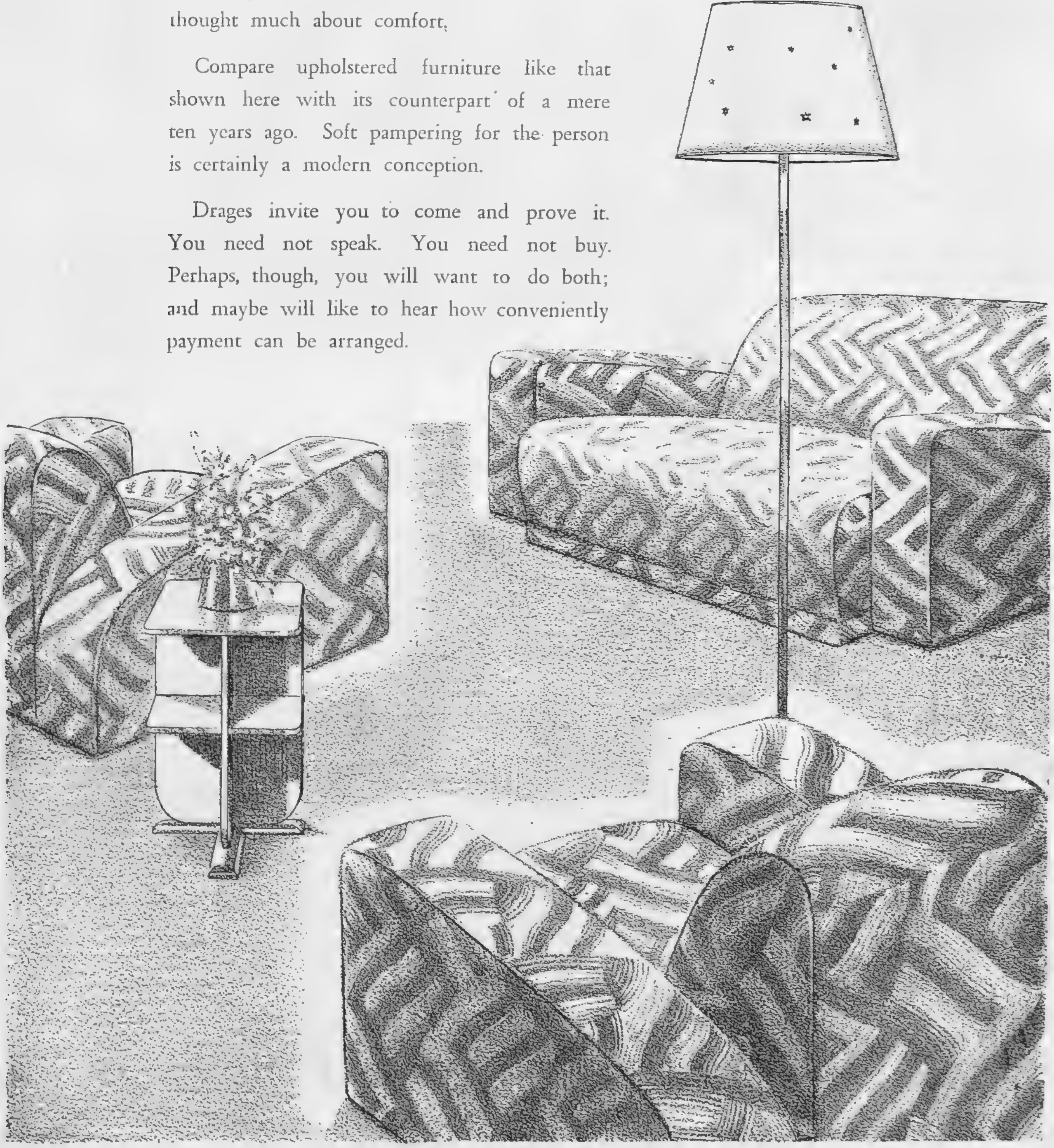
Suchindram Temple and Sacred Tank.

COMPOSED for COMFORT by DRAGES of Oxford Street

Our forefathers no doubt had some excellent ideas in the matter of design. Only the more recent generations, however, seem to have thought much about comfort.

Compare upholstered furniture like that shown here with its counterpart of a mere ten years ago. Soft pampering for the person is certainly a modern conception.

Drages invite you to come and prove it. You need not speak. You need not buy. Perhaps, though, you will want to do both; and maybe will like to hear how conveniently payment can be arranged.



DRAGES LTD., 73-77, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

MANCHESTER: 42 DEANSGATE *BIRMINGHAM: 101-103, BULL STREET*

A.10

Mother has put SHORTHEADS in the bathroom

She's introduced the Tek Shorthead toothbrush to the family—one for each member. She knows that the Tek is *cut to measure* and *cut to clean*—that it fits right inside the arch at the back of the teeth and cleans the crevices ordinary toothbrushes miss.

The Tek was approved *in writing* by 96% of dentists to whom it was sent. You can't get a substitute for Tek. Tek is registered—legally protected from imitation. To clean your teeth *from behind* as well as in front, you must get Tek, the original shorthead toothbrush.

BETTER TAKE TO A

Tek

SHORTHEAD TOOTHBRUSH 2/-

Prices do not apply in Irish Free State.

Tek is sold surgically clean in a sealed carton. Six colours and crystal; hard, extra hard and medium bristles.

MADE ONLY AT SLOUGH. Guaranteed Product of Johnson & Johnson (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

ALSO TEK JUNIOR FOR THE CHILDREN *made to fit the arch of* **their little teeth** 1/3

IT FITS THE ARCH

sanctuary in French India; the Madras police have an office there which keeps an eye on them. And there is an ex-Rajah who was asked by the British authorities to explain the condition of his State's finances. He preferred to fly to Pondicherry.

On the other side of India is the oldest colony of any European nation, for the Portuguese have had possession of Goa uninterruptedly from 1510. There is a world of difference between this territory and that of the French, apart from the fact that it is fertile and reasonably prosperous. So many countries in their constitutions or their laws proclaim that all their citizens are equal. However, in Goa they have put the phrase into practice, and whether a citizen is black or white or any intermediate shade, he will not be handicapped on account of his colour. Nor will his religion stand in the way of his advancement. A corresponding and delightful gesture is made by the Hindus and the Mohammedans, for on December 3rd of every year they join their Christian friends in reverent pilgrimage to the sepulchre of St. Francis Xavier. Feeling sure that he will accomplish miracles on their behalf, they come with offerings of thousands of rupees.

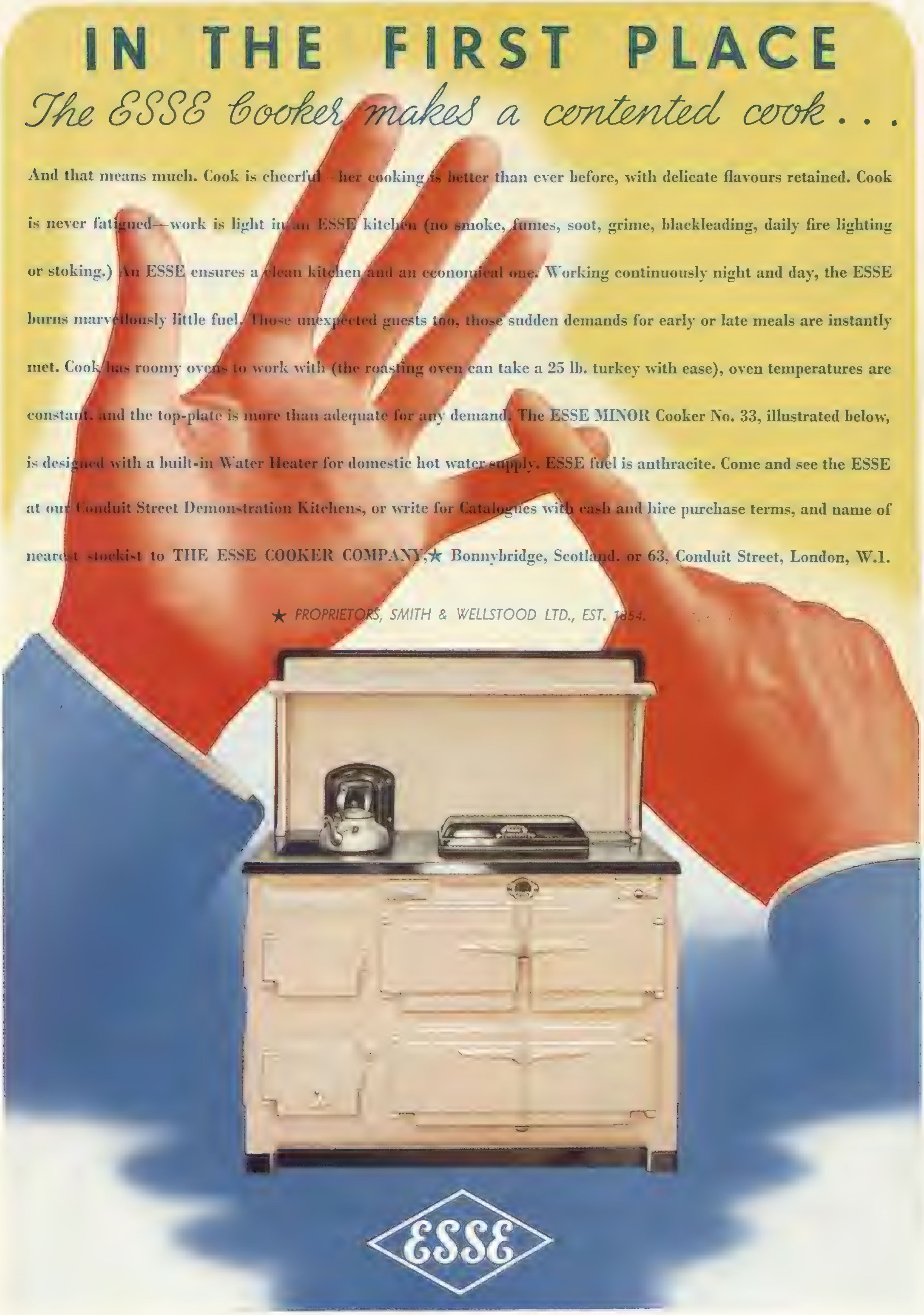
In Portuguese India to-day a man devoid of any European blood may still attain the most exalted offices. The head of the judiciary, for example, is a pure Indian, and a professor of the high school and of undiluted Indian descent informed me that there was nothing to debar a child of his from a marriage with the child, say, of a merchant newly arrived from Portugal or with the scion of a purely European family which has been settled in Goa for a hundred or two hundred years. There is only one exception to this idyllic state of things: a few aristocratic families came out from Portugal with Vasco da Gama in 1524, while others fled from the dictatorship of Pombal in the eighteenth century. Some of their descendants have applied themselves to work that is useful; others have not only refused to do any work, because of their aristocratic origin, but have steadfastly declined to marry anyone outside their own narrow circle. In consequence of this they have degenerated both physically and morally; they are, as it were, the ghosts of their noble ancestors. Moreover, on account of all the years of careless, extravagant living, they have lost the greater part of the wealth which they brought with them and of the lands which the complaisant Viceroys presented to them on their arrival. They have lost nearly everything, except their pride. But, thank Heaven, they are only a small minority of the population.

Panjim, the tree-shaded capital of Portuguese India, is a charming and very busy town. Early of a morning the streets of red sandstone are cleaned by an enthusiastic band of municipal employees—little pigs, who perform the same scavenging duties as in Vera Cruz, Mexico's seaport, are undertaken by the vultures. And after observing them you should betake yourself to the covered market, where you will see men with axes at work on mighty fish, and women, young and old, smoking cigarettes or loosely rolled cigars while they sell all manner of fruit and vegetables. Now and then they will let their cigars go out and will thrust them into a wisp of hair at the back of their heads, to be resumed when they are needed.

Some of the flowery squares of Panjim are embellished with monuments, chief among which is the one to Albuquerque, the conqueror and founder of Goa. Under a large, lavender-painted canopy you behold the figure of the great man, a gilded monstrosity, and you are told that it is in the Hindu style—it looks rather like a tombstone which has been placed upright instead of in a recumbent position. But several of his sayings, in old Portuguese, are inscribed upon the pedestal and make good reading. He had not seen eye to eye with the Kings of Portugal, and: "Who could do more, let him pass," he said, "in front of me."

In a brief article one can do rather little, but I have tried to show a few glimpses of how the people live, and have lived, in various parts of Southern India.

End of the voyage: Four Indians returning home with their catamaran in the moonlight. (Reproduced by courtesy of Sir William Beardsell)



IN THE FIRST PLACE

The ESSE Cooker makes a contented cook . . .

And that means much. Cook is cheerful—her cooking is better than ever before, with delicate flavours retained. Cook is never fatigued—work is light in an ESSE kitchen (no smoke, fumes, soot, grime, blackleading, daily fire lighting or stoking.) An ESSE ensures a clean kitchen and an economical one. Working continuously night and day, the ESSE burns marvellously little fuel. Those unexpected guests too, those sudden demands for early or late meals are instantly met. Cook has roomy ovens to work with (the roasting oven can take a 25 lb. turkey with ease), oven temperatures are constant, and the top-plate is more than adequate for any demand. The ESSE MINOR Cooker No. 33, illustrated below, is designed with a built-in Water Heater for domestic hot water supply. ESSE fuel is anthracite. Come and see the ESSE at our Conduit Street Demonstration Kitchens, or write for Catalogues with cash and hire purchase terms, and name of nearest stockist to THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY,★ Bonnybridge, Scotland. or 63, Conduit Street, London, W.1.

★ PROPRIETORS, SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD., EST. 1854.

ESSE

"The Aristocrat of the Radio World"

R.G.D. All-Wave Radio Receivers and Automatic Radio Gramophones are acknowledged by those best competent to judge to be the finest of their type. They give world-wide reception of short, medium and long wave stations at adequate volume and with faithful reproduction of speech and music. The special superhet circuits embody every refinement to ensure a consistently high level of performance, and each instrument is guaranteed for 12 months.

If you desire a receiver or radio gramophone of the highest merit, it will pay you to purchase an R.G.D. A free demonstration will be gladly arranged by any good-class radio or musical instrument dealer, without obligation to purchase.

Model 878
ALL-WAVE SUPERHET AUTOMATIC RADIO GRAMOPHONE

An 8 valve Superhet circuit with Pre-H.F. stage operating on all 4 wavebands, viz., 16.5-50 metres, 49-150 metres, 195 550 metres, and 850-2,000 metres. World-wide reception. High fidelity reproduction. For A.C. mains (can be operated on D.C. mains by using a Rotary Converter).

FEATURES.

1 4-position controlled variable selectivity for highest fidelity reproduction, and high selectivity for eliminating unwanted station interference.

2 Delayed Automatic volume control. Reduces fading on distant stations.

3 "Mystic Ray" Tuning Indicator ensures accurate tuning, which is essential for high fidelity reproduction.

4 Stereoscopically illuminated glass tuning dial with high speed logging pointer, operated by single automatic 2-speed control, which simplifies short wave tuning. Station names on all wavebands.

5 3-position bass tone control, and high note control.

6 Volume and noise suppressor control.

7 Undistorted output 7 watts.

8 Automatic Record Changer, plays 10" or 12" records mixed in any order. Piezo Crystal pick-up, for highest fidelity reproduction and minimum record wear.

9 Cabinet of figured and burr walnut with macassar inlays. Bronze Speaker Grille. Compensated lid stay.

Dimensions, 31¾" × 32½" × 19".

For A.C. MAINS **80 GNS.**
Cash or Terms.

Coloured Booklet illustrating and describing the complete R.G.D. range from 16½ to 120 GNS. free on request.

RADIO GRAMOPHONE DEVELOPMENT CO., LTD.,
GLOBE WORKS, NEWTOWN ROW, BIRMINGHAM.

LONDON
40 Doughty St.
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MANCHESTER
17 Bridge St.

R.G.D

ALL-WAVE RECEIVERS & RADIO GRAMOPHONES

Holdens

Radio Out-of-Date

By Professor A. M. Low

The author of this article is a Vice-President of the Institute of Patentees. Was the first Technical Director of the Wireless League. Demonstrated Television in 1914, and has been responsible for over one hundred inventions, including the transmitting gear for wireless torpedo control during the War, when he commanded the Royal Flying Corps Experimental Works. Author of "Wireless Possibilities," "Tendencies of Modern Science," and many other works.

IT is a very strange thing that the miracles of science are only noticed by the public when they are outside the common experience of their daily life. We are used to reading of the marvels of glands, the structure of the atom, or the most astounding theories concerning the make-up of the universe, without any quickening interest. We hear that aeroplanes for the Air Force are out of date within two years, and we all know that motor-cars fade so quickly into oblivion that many enthusiasts find it cheaper to purchase a new machine every year.

For some extraordinary reason the science of radio, which shows greater advance than any other application of science, seems to be left entirely out of reckoning. Yet the comparison with motor-cars is quite apt, for, although a vehicle of 1910 vintage will usually take the driver in perfect safety, the manner in which the journey is accomplished does not compare with the pleasure, interest, or educational value of handling a 1937 model.

Exactly the same conditions apply to radio, but with very much more force, because radio is comparatively new. It is an art which has developed during the last ten years; while forty years ago it was openly stated by leading experts that wireless could never by any chance be of commercial value. Fortunately for most of us, this year has seen a reasonable stabilisation of both output and design. But it is no exaggeration to state that this year's receiving unit or radiogram is totally different from any other kind, or that its appeal has an entirely different significance to our sense of hearing.

In 1914 wireless was leaving the stage of coherers, strange little tubes containing iron filings which stuck together under the influence of wireless waves and allowed the dots and dashes of Morse telegraphy to be recorded on paper or heard by a skilled operator. The war accelerated wireless research. It led to the general use of the valve, until, as we know it to-day, radio has become a simple household service, almost on a level with hot water, lighting, or gas. We are no longer thrilled that a little box can put us into contact with America, nor are we content with any sounds on the ground that they are "interesting." We use our receiver as a means of hearing *music*, world-wide news, and of keeping in touch with events or persons in a way completely outside the ken of our forefathers.

An excellent all-wave Auto Radio Gramophone. The R.G.D. 6-valve superhet with world-wide reception. Cabinet of figured and straight-grained walnut. (Price 60 guineas. for A.C. mains)

Now this is very important, for it implies the need of accuracy, a feature most conspicuous by its absence from every old-fashioned set. There is no need to go into complicated technical details, but in brief the valve, or tube as the Americans have it, is an apparatus which passes the very minute electrical "currents" picked up from the ether in one direction only. These minute impulses of electricity are caused to build up the power from batteries or mains, but the local power can never be made to put into the music something which was not there in the first instance. The original music or speech can merely be detected and amplified.

A transmitting station, as we all know, uses a microphone, and those of us who have heard the extraordinary beauty of the sound which actually leaves the transmitter in electrical form will realise how serious was the distortion and gross inaccuracy which the early user was expected to endure. "Early user" is perhaps incorrect, for a great many people are still employing receivers which cannot by any conceivable means be said to produce more than 60 per cent. of the true music which is being transmitted. Neither by any stretch of the imagination can they be termed accurate.

Some years ago head-phones were considered admirable, and there are still many thousands of crystal sets in general use. The interesting point in this instance is, not that the sets require no ordinary maintenance or are cheap, but that in exchange for the great inconvenience of receiving only two or three stations at very poor strength through a pair of telephones, they allow *real* accuracy. This anomalous position is mainly due to two causes. Firstly that electrical amplification does not have the opportunity to introduce faults, and secondly that the mechanical parts of the telephones are so light that they will easily follow the instructions, as it were, of the electrical signals.

This surely makes it abundantly clear that the blessings of loud-speakers, whether in the home or at a talkie, can only be gained by the use of modern apparatus into which years of research and experiment have been absorbed. The radio sets which were seen at this year's Show, and the instruments which are now being demonstrated to the public by agents of the leading firms all over the country, differ as much in their results and possibilities as does the modern Coronation Express from Stephenson's Rocket.

Philco Radio has achieved flexibility and beauty in this combination of Model C.527 Concert Grand radio receiver with exquisitely matched walnut bookcase. The receiver has five valves and two wavebands and is priced at £10. 19. 6. Each bookcase unit costs 2 guineas

A good example of these facts—and it should be useful news to the musical mind which may have possessed some contempt for the results of old-fashioned radio—is a radiogram of the type produced by R.G.D. This marque is built over a wide range of models from a complete outfit at 16½ guineas to the very latest design of combined radio and electric gramophone selling at between 33 and 120 guineas. The large model *(Continued on page 99)*

22 VALVES • SUPER HIGH FIDELITY • 3 SPEAKERS • TWIN CHASSIS
AUTOMATIC TUNING • WORLD'S LARGEST DIAL • 15 WATTS OUTPUT

ALL-WAVE
"Empire Twenty-two"

PHILCO

ABRIDGED SPECIFICATION

Twenty-two valves.
Automatic tuning.
Magnetic tuning on all five wavebands.
Continuously variable selectivity.
Continuously variable bass control.
Continuously variable contrast expansion.
Huge spread - band dial with station names, kilocycles, metres, station and waveband indicators.
14 in. Cathedral speaker with two additional high-frequency speakers, ensuring reproduction of entire frequency range at any desired volume without any distortion.
Four acoustic clarifiers to absorb boom and interfering echoes.
Dual amplified delayed A.V.C.
Automatic amplified bass compensation.
Wide-angle sound diffusion.
15 watts output. Two triodes, Class A.
Two separate power speakers.
Switch for extension speakers.
Two-speed vernier tuning.

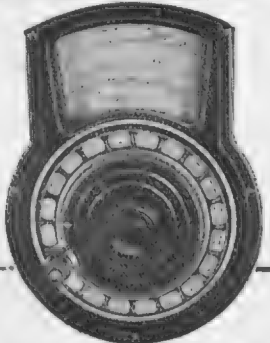
RANGE—

Long: 145-350 kcs. (2068.9-857.1 *metres*).
Medium: 520-1600 kcs. (576.5-187.5 *metres*).
Intermediate: 1.5-4.7 mcs. (200-63.9 *metres*).
Short: 4.5-11.6 mcs. (66.6-25.8 *metres*).
Short: 11.5-18.2 mcs. (26.1-16.4 *metres*).

Model 2258 for A.C. Mains, from **120** GNS.

Three styles of cabinet, or specially built to order.

Philco's newest masterpiece, the world's finest instrument produced in the world's greatest radio laboratories! It is a super high-fidelity radiogram, with new Automatic Tuning and the very latest of automatic record-changing facilities . . . an achievement that technically and artistically has never been equalled. Read the abridged specifications and realise that here is something entirely new in radiogram design.



AUTOMATIC TUNING

—On the world's largest dial, ten feet of travel. Mark 14 favourite stations on the dial. (Change them as often as you wish). Twirl the dial once (telephone fashion), and instantly you are listening to the station of your choice, tuned *magnetically* with electrical precision.

PHILCO

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF RADIO SETS

PHILCO RADIO & TELEVISION CORPN. OF G.B. LTD., PERIVALE, MIDDLESEX.
WEST END SHOWROOMS, 193 REGENT STREET, W.1. (Tel.: Regent 6645.)

Radio Out-of-Date—*continued*

is a most notable product, containing a special pressure chamber which enables a full range of organ notes to be reproduced and an output which makes it possible for a comparatively large number of speakers to be worked from the same set. Every type is equipped with a pre-high-frequency stage, and it gives a range over the short wave stations which is almost beyond the dreams of the early radio engineer.

One of the most remarkable receivers of the year. The Ferranti 1737 is claimed to be able to reproduce 2½ octaves more than any ordinary set, and to be the only set to incorporate automatic variable selectivity control. Two devices make tuning unusually accurate and simple—the Magnascopic dial, which is an optically enlarged scale enabling you to find easily short wave stations a second time, and the Electron tuner, which indicates the precise point at which reproduction is at its best. The price of the Ferranti 1737 is 17 guineas

For the past five or six years it must be confessed that radio equipment has been rather like fruit which was only at its best for a short period. To-day not only have great advances taken place in valve manufacture, the very heart of any model from which good results are expected, but success has been achieved in satisfactory maintenance over long periods. A number of sets give bad results owing to the use of valves which have long outworn their days of efficiency and economy.

This point has been borne in mind in the design of a new range of instruments produced by Cossor, who have introduced a battery model at £7 19s. for those who have no convenient situation for mains feed. There is an excellent mains-fed model at £9 9s., equipped with a balanced transformer, especially made for the retention of efficiency without wear. Wireless sets wear out like anything else, and in this instrument a most effective method of building has been adopted, for in addition to such obvious points as very large quick-action dials, or the provision of 8-inch moving coil loud-speakers, there is a sub-chassis rubber mounted so that music may be free from the irritating and jarring effects of microphony. Those interested in technical details should note the automatic arrangement for increasing selectivity on faint stations, and an inspection of the television apparatus with horizontal tube marketed by the same firm is well worth while to the would-be viewer.

Only a few months ago an event took place under the auspices of various manufacturers at which a demonstration was given of the earlier types of mechanical gramophone. It would be a blessing if some of these old machines could be publicly demonstrated, for what we are now used to hearing as ordinary music was reduced to a horrid cacophony of distortion and scratches. Nearly all high notes, and many low notes, were entirely missing, as was demonstrated by means of an audiometer which is capable of recording sounds far higher than those to which the human ear is sensitive.

An amusing interlude was an illustration of the inaccuracy of the human ear for whistling sounds so high that they were quite inaudible, although dogs were obviously fully alive to their existence. Here again is a point of vital importance to everyone who values good music or genuine entertainment. If it was possible to play a record on one of these ancient machines and then to transfer it to, let us say, the Empire Philco, quite a number of listeners would hardly recognise what was being put "on the air."

The Philco 8-valve De Luxe all-wave superhet for a.c. mains supply is something far more than a beautifully designed table cabinet. The tuning range is divided into long, medium, intermediate, and short, with a wave-band indicator to show clearly what is being received. In the De Luxe Baby Grand at 29 guineas there is fitted a special output stage which succeeds in giving a special tone value, and in the radiogram of the same model with automatic record-chamber there is a fitment which affords good reception without any skill on the part of the operator over every normal wave length.

In the early days of broadcasting there was a famous occasion when some humorist described the battle of Trafalgar Square in which the opposing factions pulled down lamp-posts and generally ran riot. An enormous number of enquiries were received from people who had taken this mild jest quite seriously, and the reason cannot be attributed to mere stupidity. It was much more interesting. The fault lay at the door of bad reception, which blotted out the delicacy of voice change from the speaker's lips which would have made it clear that he was joking. It is painful to think that there are many sets in use to-day which are equally poor, and that for the most modest sum any radio dealer is prepared to demonstrate instruments which, almost literally, bring the finest orchestras in the world to your home. Radio users have still to realise that hire-purchase systems are just as useful for small items as for large, and that they are too often losing one of the greatest blessings which science has brought to civilisation.

"His Master's Voice" Model 660 is an autoradiogram incorporating a 10-valve all-world five-waveband chassis with two loud-speakers. Superbly designed cabinet, tastefully finished in blended shades of walnut. On the front are contrasting panels of beautifully finished walnut. All the controls are grouped underneath the lid by the side of the eight-record auto-changing mechanism. The broadcast programmes from all parts of the world and records are reproduced with realism that must be heard to be believed. (*Price for A.C. models 62 guineas*)

A McMichael luxury all-wave Radio-gramophone with twin speakers (*Model* 375). *Price 29 guineas, or with reliable 8-record automatic changer, 35 guineas*

There are so many really good instruments available to-day that it is not easy to describe more than a very few. The new Marconiphone range is probably most noticeable for the extraordinary fashion in which the various points of selectivity, unusual purity and simplicity have been combined. It does not require a musician to detect the difference between the new Marconiphone and a less practically conceived instrument. Whether for gramophone reproduction or in the form of a small table model the Marconiphone standard is not merely high, but in some respects surpasses any other type which has been manufactured by this firm. It is a musical instrument in itself.

(*Continued on page* 102)

Radio *and* Your Rooms

This R.G.D. model is a magnificent piece of furniture. It is a 6-valve superhet Auto Radio Gramophone. The cabinet is of figured and straight-grained walnut (Price 45 guineas for A.C. mains; D.C. mains 47 guineas)

CARS and radios have this in common that, in their choice, men look for technical efficiency while women dally with face values. At least, men say so.

Allowing for masculine bias, there is truth in it. To women eye appeal is paramount. Works can look after themselves.

So, to please the half of the domestic partnership that does the choosing as well as the other half that merely does the paying, the modern radio manufacturer must combine first-class technical excellence with a general appearance that compares well with the finest furniture. Many of them are doing it superlatively.

The Philco Radio baby grand is enclosed in a distinctive cabinet of highly figured burr walnut. A six-valve all-wave superhet with unusually high efficiency (Price 15 guineas)

Being such an integral part of the domestic plan, the radio must fill an important niche as a unit in the decorative scheme. We have travelled far from the days of the little tin box with its component the loudspeaker, both of which were an offence to the eye and a menace to nervous composure because of their extreme fragility. But then, radio itself has travelled equally far since then and is now as deeply rooted in the convention of home life as eating and drinking.

When we furnish a sitting-room to-day we choose the radio with a wary eye to its value in the decorative ensemble. Technicalities apart. It must be beautifully proportioned to balance with the room and the objects grouped about it. It must be large enough to fill an appointed position with dignity or small enough to fit happily into restricted space. The timber must be in tune with other furnishings and the general effect dominant or subdued as required.

Many striking combinations of wood are used in the making of cabinets for the modern radio. Figured and burr walnut are favourites, especially for the streamline design.

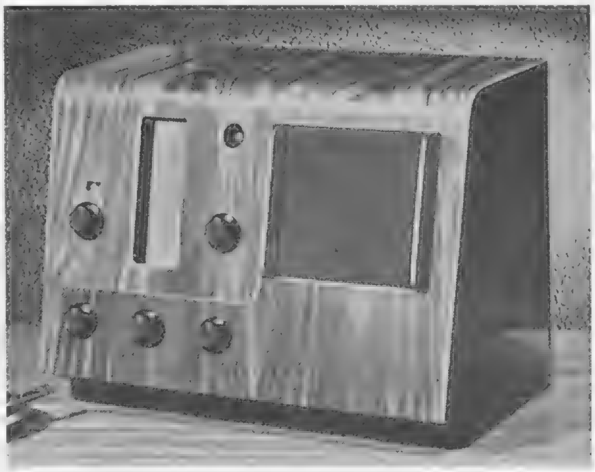
The R.G.D. is a magnificent piece of furniture whether you spend sixteen and a half guineas or a hundred and twenty. In most cases you can choose between oak or mahogany, according to the furnishing of the room concerned, but standard designs are mainly of walnut in one of its many beautiful effects with macassar inlay.

The R.G.D. hundred-and-twenty-guinea model has a cabinet of figured and burr walnut with macassar ebony inlay, a synchronous electric clock, bronze grille and silent castors. Glamorous.

But if you can't or won't spend a hundred and twenty guineas on B.B.C. programmes you can still have high-power efficiency combined with "face value." This at your own price.

The justly famous Ferranti radio is one of the most versatile from the point of view of cabinet design. You can choose any one of a half-dozen different models at prices that vary as much as the designs of the cabinets. Walnut is extensively used for the Ferranti cabinets with macassar inlay for relief. The "1137" model is especially striking with a massive walnut cabinet inlaid with sycamore and ebony.

Phillips, Ekco, McMichael and Pye Radio each make a special feature of cabinet design. To meet the insistent public demand these are largely modern in conception, but it should be borne in mind that there are people who are prepared to build you a radio cabinet according to your own ideas of shape and materials. Don't expect them to do this for nothing, though.



The new Murphy all-wave set in a cabinet of highly finished polished figured light and dark walnut (Price, all mains, £15 10s.)

A specially designed container for the radio is not, after all, such a bad idea. Many homes that present their own special problems of space and furnishing find it difficult to accommodate a cabinet of conventional pattern. This is why we meet so often these days with the combination pieces such as the cocktail cabinet with radio as an integral part. Why, in fact, we meet the built-in-radio in more and more ingenious forms.

Without doing the least disservice to the reproductive perfection of a good radio set you can conceal it in a cupboard. I know a house which has low built-in cupboards on either side of the sitting-room hearth. Sliding doors on one side open to reveal glasses and other essentials of liquid refreshment. The other side opens to present you with books and the radio.

In the really small room which permits only of the use of fundamentally essential furniture, this idea is good. It promotes orderliness and conserves space.

People who cater thoughtfully for the leisure hours of the maid are installing radio in the kitchen. Sometimes it is built into the kitchen cabinet or in another similar place out of harm's way. At least it is neatly housed and protected from dust and excessive moisture.

Radio cabinets have followed in the wake of the fashion for painted furniture. Rooms with painted chairs and tables decorated in the popular muted pastel effects left the conventional wood radio cabinet rather out in the cold. This difficulty was disposed of by stripping the wood and repainting to match the furniture. In point of fact this is a trick worth remembering when your radio cabinet has become scratched and shabby.

(Continued on page 102)

The Ultimate Note in Fashion

Delightful long sleeved cocktail or dinner blouse, in angelskin in a printed Paisley design.... in autumn reds or gold, on white grounds, also in light multi-coloured Fuchsia or blue...
by Gorringes.

ARDATH
CORK TIPPED
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CORK
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In Cigarettes, it's

ARDATH

CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

10 *for* 6^D

20 *for* 1/-

Radio cabinet designed expressly by Messrs. Halford for a room furnished in the period style. This model is fitted with the dual circuit

Get it professionally treated, of course.

A very special study of designing radio cabinets to suit individual schemes is being made by a West End firm, Messrs. Halford. These makers are leading the movement to make radio either a piece of furniture valuable in itself or to banish it entirely as a visible feature of the room.

If you own an antique bureau or chest of drawers, you can take it to this firm, who will build a radio into it without changing the appearance or impairing the value of your treasure one iota. On the other hand, they will design a radio cabinet to conform with any scheme of period furnishing or produce you one of their ingenious combination pieces in which you get a cocktail cabinet, bookshelves and radio.

All radio cabinets sent out from this firm are equipped with a chassis equal to the finest on the market.

Radio Out-of-Date

(*Continued from page 99*)

McMICHAEL RADIO has a reputation based upon many years of technical development. One of the first firms to realise the vital importance of a progressive policy, they have now produced a large number of new receivers for every purpose and to suit every pocket. Beginning with the Model 373, an all-wave self-contained transportable, each of these instruments has been specially developed for purity of tone and trustworthiness. The chassis of the McMichael set is a good example of craftsmanship at its best, while a glance at this firm's luxury all-wave radiogramophone, with twin speakers to secure perfect tone, is the most convincing proof that appearance has not been forgotten. This set is a high-power, six-valve 9-stage band-pass all-wave superhet with a 6 watt output and twin moving coil speakers. The De Luxe cabinet, a really beautiful piece of work, comprises an 8-stage band-pass receiver, and is equipped with a self-tilting giant dial for ease of tuning. This dial has two-speed free-wheel drive and overhead flood-lighting, the wave range being 2,000 metres over every station likely to be required. For A.C. mains the price is only 16½ guineas.

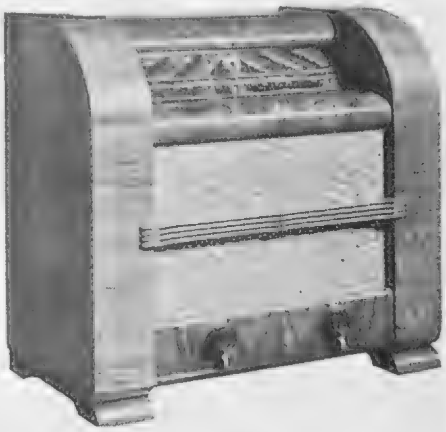
The McMichael battery table model is another type particularly suitable to those who have no mains supply but room for outside aerial fitting. Amongst other useful sets is a lightweight portable at 8½ guineas, a De Luxe portable, and a special model designed to provide short-wave listening in a simple manner. This set has a really efficient performance on normal, medium or long waves and is particularly high in sensitivity.

Mention should also be made of the vertical dial radiogramophone produced by the same firm, for it is one of the most original and practical machines of its class. Designed specially for the listener who has only small floor space available, this set, with the new McMichael dial, does away with the cramped nature of all too many tuning performances. It is priced at 24 guineas and, as with other examples of this manufacturer's products, hire-purchase terms are readily afforded.

The domestic blessing of a good radio receiver can only be realised by those who have troubled to try apparatus that is modern. It is unlikely that great changes will now take place for some time, but the amusement, education, and rest that are being missed by those who are content with out-of-date material can only be realised by means of personal experience. Automatic tuning, selectivity, music from electric mains, all these are features which may one day be within our grasp. But design has slowed down. After this year it is unlikely that drastic alterations will be made. Try the new radio for yourself.

THE General Electric Company has introduced a large number of new radio receivers. Very sensibly, they have considered that the purchaser must himself determine whether he prefers long-distance work, perfect selectivity, large volume, or general performance with good purity, for it is always desirable to test a number of receivers in order to find what specific type best suits individual requirements.

Of the G.E.C. table models in the lowest priced class is the A.C. 38, which for all-mains use costs only £7 15s.



The G.E.C. all-wave super-six for A.C. mains. A striking three-wave band superhet, with every facility of control, that puts a fresh interpretation on all-world reception. Its price is 14½ guineas

After this is a very remarkable set, the A.C. all-wave 5. This is a five-valve, three-wave band superhet at ten guineas. The instrument is well finished and, in American parlance, "a very good buy." The remainder of the A.C. range is comprehensive (*Continued on page* 104)

YOU'D NEVER GILD YOUR *Lovely* LIPS!

The fashionable ladies of Old Japan knew all about the arts of loveliness. On very special occasions they enhanced their beauty by applying gold paint to their lower lips.

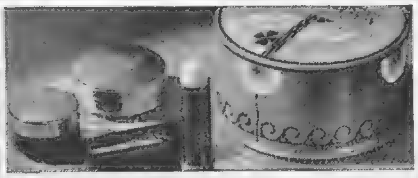
Your lovely lips—are you making the most of their beauty? The skin cells of the lips often become clogged. The lovely blush-rose tint that *ought* to be there, is replaced by a pallid and lifeless look that's saddening. This is where the charms of TANGEE reveal themselves. Tangee, you see, is more than a lipstick. If you apply Tangee to your lips, they seem to glow once again with the very tint that nature intended. Again, this more-than-a-lipstick nourishes the cells of the skin.

When lights are bright and you need more colour on your lips for evening wear you can use Tangee Theatrical Lipstick. And to take full advantage of the loveliness Tangee offers, remember Tangee Powder, Cream Rouge and Rouge Compact.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



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Luft-Tangee Ltd., (Dept. B.E.5)
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Please send Miracle Make-Up Set of Miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 6d. (crossed P.O. or stamps).

Mark shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel (*naturelle*)

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BLOCK LETTERS

Fashionable Finance

For those who are seeking an investment in beauty it appears that "Bear Brand" are the most attractive feature of the Stocking Exchange. These gilt edged securities are obtainable from 3/11 to 6/11 at par, and have long been producing excellent dividends of service.

Bear Brand

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In liquid or tablet form
PHOSFERINE
is always the same essential tonic for our nerve-racking times

There is no difference, except in form, between liquid and tablet Phosferine. The tonic contents—those ingredients which are openly published and often advertised —are the same.

When you travel take PHOSFERINE TABLETS

PHOSFERINE
PHOSFERIN

Away from home — either on holiday or during the business day—the tablet form of Phosferine is the more convenient for most people. The small phial takes up little space whether in lady's bag or man's waistcoat pocket. The tablets should be dissolved on the tongue or may be easily swallowed with a sip of water or other beverage. The bottle of liquid Phosferine should always be kept at home.

The important point is that the two forms enable everyone to have Phosferine at hand at the right time. Tablet or Liquid, Phosferine is the surest safeguard against nerve-strain and the most dependable restorative when nerve-damage has been sustained. Virtually every grown-up person, living the modern strenuous life, would be the better for taking Phosferine. It keeps every faculty up to capacity. It enables you to live more fully, more capably, more enjoyably.

PHOSFERINE
BRAND TONIC
The Greatest of all Tonics

for
DEPRESSION
HEADACHE
INDIGESTION
BRAIN-FAG

for
NEURALGIA
SLEEPLESSNESS
INFLUENZA
RHEUMATISM

for
SCIATICA
ANAEMIA
DEBILITY
NEURASTHENIA

From Chemists,
TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-
The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

THE 6d. SIZE PHOSFERINE TABLETS provides you with an opportunity of trying this famous Tonic at small cost.
(Not available in the I.F.S.)

WARNING. The Public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations

C.F.H.

with an all-wave super-six, and an all-wave 6 watt push-pull Triode output stage giving excellent quality and volume.

G.E.C.'s have also two unlimited range receivers, the All-wave 6 and the Fidelity 8, both being four-wave band superhets. At nineteen guineas and twenty-five guineas they are good examples of the De Luxe class. The same factory also manufactures a transportable 5 and two radiograms—the A.C. super-6 radiogram and a 4-wave band 8, which is an automatic record-changing model at 45 guineas. With two battery models these receivers give a choice which covers any requirement.

The Mullard large models are, of course, even more elaborate in their detail. They are distinguished by their "magicontrol" in which the tuning knob is ball-mounted so that selectivity and tone are combined on the one handle. They fit a cathode ray tuning indicator so that without any difficulty the user can know when he is dead in tune, an illuminated wave-band indicator, and an additional refinement whereby speech reproduction can be improved or excessive base emphasis reduced by a touch.

Space prohibits the mention of more than one other set, but it bears a name which is alone a guarantee of its performance. The Murphy all-mains set at £8 5s. is a miracle of cheapness with efficiency, while for £15 10s. they are offering a new all-wave set which does away with the difficulty of short wave tuning and renders these stations as simple to receive as the English nationals. Murphy also make a feature of quietness, a very important thing to those who are fond of searching the ether. Most of us know the unfortunate effect produced when something we particularly wish to hear is rendered useless by background noise or by sets which give us reasonable selectivity by the sacrifice of musical accuracy. There is music in the air to-day that thousands have never heard. It is a pleasure that very many people have utterly neglected.

Cave Men of the Kalahari

By Lawrence G. Green

THOUSANDS of well-travelled people living in South Africa have never seen a Bushman. I remember, as a small boy, visiting a missionary exhibition in Cape Town, in 1907, at which a family of yellow, wrinkled people held the crowds spellbound (and perhaps a little shocked) with their mimicry and primitive abandon. Between 1907 and 1936, though I penetrated many far corners of Southern Africa, I encountered very few Bushmen. Not until I accompanied the University of Cape Town scientific expedition through the Kalahari in the winter of 1936 was I able to study the wild Bushmen clans leading their natural lives in the desert.

It was a fascinating experience, worth all the freezing midnights and struggles with the sand. The Bushmen arouse the curiosity of more civilised people mainly, I think, because they are about the last people in the world still living as the Cave Man lived in Europe long ago. They are the people of the Stone Age, the cunning hunters who stake everything on their skill in the chase and their ability to find water. Other native races have flocks and firearms, homes and money. The Bushmen have retreated from these things. So deep into the desert have they gone, indeed, that there are clans which have never been in contact with white men.

They desire nothing but a stretch of country where they can shoot their game with bow and arrow undisturbed, and roam freely like the wild creatures they are. Small wonder that the Bushmen have been credited with powers and instincts no longer enjoyed by other human beings. I saw enough during the Kalahari journey to convince me that the tales I had previously heard of Bushman endurance, of weird physical feats and strange knowledge had not been exaggerated.

The first group of Bushmen I met had settled for a time at a lonely spot beside the dry Nossob river, 250 miles north of Upington. Mr. Donald Bain, a well-known South African hunter and leader of desert expeditions, had persuaded them to remain there so that a party of scientists from the University of the Witwatersrand might examine them, record their speech and songs, watch their dances and investigate their psychology. This was probably the most thorough organised study of the Bushmen by specialists ever attempted. Professor Raymond Dart, the anthropologist and discoverer of the Taungs skull, was in charge of the effort. It was a rare privilege to attend the daily "clinics" and to watch this patient unravelling of the Bushmen's secrets.

Mr. Bain covered enormous areas of desert during the task of collecting typical specimens of the almost extinct Cape Bushman—the small people known as the Auni, whose ancestors were hunting along the shores of Table Bay when the first Portuguese navigators arrived. The Auni suffered heavily during the centuries that followed, so that by 1800 the last wild band had passed out of sight of Table Mountain, and at the beginning of the present century there were only a handful left to the south of the Orange River. It was a precarious refuge the Auni found in the sandy wilderness where the rivers run once or twice in a hundred years. Treated like wild beasts by white men and black tribes, the Auni Bushmen dwindled in numbers. Professor Dart estimated that about half the survivors were represented among the seventy Bushmen brought together by Mr. Bain.

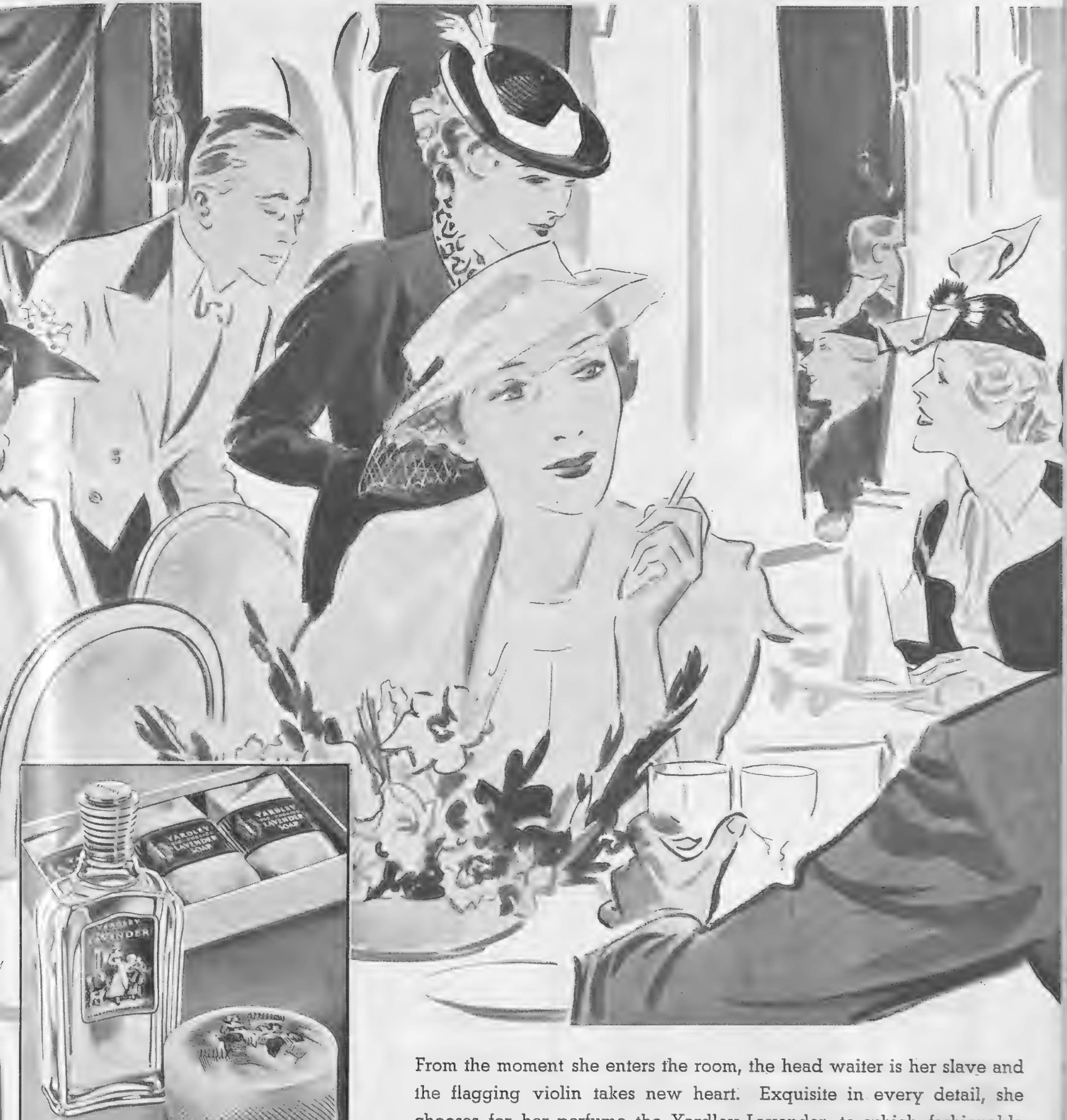
THERE was no doubt that the group was the largest ever seen in modern times. The Kalahari will not support large bands in one place; and so each Bushman clan has its own territory, unmarked, but so clearly understood that the poacher of game and the stealer of water risks death when he crosses the invisible boundary. Thus these few dozens of Auni men, women and children, some pure-blooded, others of mixed descent, made a memorable sight. In height they were 3½ inches below the average of the shortest Bushmen measured in South-West Africa and the Western Kalahari—dwarfs, indeed, when compared with the white men studying them.

I found more Bushmen on the northward journey along the South-West Africa-Bechuanaland frontier. There were Narons in the Gobabis district—fierce little men who killed a magistrate in 1922 with poisoned arrows. At a frontier police post a number of Bushmen were serving sentences for cattle raiding. And at Ghanzi wizened Bushmen and their fat wives were to be seen on every farm. The Ghanzi magistrate told me there were not less than ten thousand Bushmen in his remote area, though most of them were beyond the reach of the law. The merry band of Auni people, however, I came to know best of all. Everyone liked them; it was pleasant to discover such carefree humans, acting

(*Continued on page 106*)

BY APPOINTMENT

Where Fashion decrees.. **YARDLEY LAVENDER**



Lavender in Sprinkler Bottles, Stoppered Bottles and Decanters 2/6 to 2 guineas; Lavender Soap —2/6 box of 3 tablets; Lavender Face Powder 1/9; Bath Dusting Powder 3/6; Lavendomeal—the new bath luxury — 3/- and 9/6, etc.
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From the moment she enters the room, the head waiter is her slave and the flagging violin takes new heart. Exquisite in every detail, she chooses for her perfume the Yardley Lavender, to which fashionable women instinctively turn for daytime and informal wear. The winsome beauty of this lovable fragrance gives that air of refinement and charm which adds so much to the enjoyment of every occasion.

Perfumed with the same refreshing fragrance, the Yardley Lavender Soap, with its soft mellow lather, has refined and beautified her complexion. It is a beauty treatment in itself.

Yardley, 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON

"It's wonderful how Min Cream has polished this Mahogany Wardrobe. Looks a treat—as good as a mirror. Ah! and that reminds me. I saw your brother Will yesterday out with his car. I thought it was a new one, but he told me he'd polished up the old bus with 'Min.' Marvellous gloss on the bodywork. Get me a tin and I'll give ours a polish for the week-end. You won't know it when I've finished with it."

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FOR THE PIANO & ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

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round their camp-fires as though the world was young and peaceful. One of the most interesting discoveries during my stay was made while six women, all of one family, were singing in chorus for the benefit of the professor of music. The songs, in the Afrikaans language, were plainly old folk-songs, known in South Africa as "liedjies"; but not one of the listeners could recognise either tunes or words. The women repeated the mysterious verses, crouching round the fire under their leopard-skin karosses, high-pitched voices ringing through the intense hush of the desert. Then the expert listeners realised that these songs had not been heard by civilised ears for nearly a century. Some forgotten Dutch "voortrekkers" must have passed this way into the desert, and sung these lost "liedjies." Unseen Bushmen listened and remembered, handing down the words and tunes to their children. Now the songs had returned like echoes, to be recorded and preserved generations after the bold adventurers who sang them had gone to their unknown graves.

The unmarried girls who gave the performance that night were led by a girl of about fourteen. She was beautiful according to Bushman standards, a dancer and natural actress who would have delighted audiences in Europe. She led her little family troupe with all the skill of a ballet mistress, bringing into the dance a wonderful grace of movement.

It was difficult to guess the origin of some of these dances. The girls had decorated their faces with gemsbok blood; they wore springbok skins round their waists and beads of ostrich shell. Each girl carried her make-up of powdered roots in the shell of a tiny tortoise fastened to her ankle.

In one dance the steps were identical with the Charleston—that odd craze of the cities which could never have reached this far corner of the desert. The other dances involved movements that even the Tiller girls would have found difficult. A waltz played on a gramophone baffled the Bushmen at first, but after Mr. Bain had given a rather heavy-footed demonstration the leader picked up the time and gave a desert version of the dance.

Later that night all the Bushmen people of the camp danced to celebrate the arrival of a new group of the little people. Under a moon that was almost full, and with naked limbs reddened in the firelight, the men stamped out a circle in the sand with feet thudding, cocoon anklets rattling and the women clapping and singing in barbaric cadence. Mr. Bain has usually to set a limit to the dancing, or the Bushmen would continue through the night. On this occasion, however, he gave no orders, for he knew that the dance would encourage the new arrivals to become friendly with the Bushmen already settled in camp.

Among the dancers was a famous Bushman character named Old Abraham—a wizened dwarf who has been known to scientific investigators in South Africa ever since 1850. No wild man is Abraham, but a wise and friendly old fellow who still enjoys life in the open at an age of at least a century. The doctor of our party spoke to him in Afrikaans and Abraham replied in the same language: "Ah, I see you are an Englishman—your accent is not very good."

ABRAHAM'S age and excellent general health raised an interesting point—the well-established longevity of the Bushmen. Their physical appearance is not impressive, but of their resistance to disease and the most fearful accidents of the desert there can be no doubt. Abraham had never used a toothbrush, but he still possessed a full set of teeth, worn almost to the gums. Youngsters of sixty and seventy had perfect white teeth.

Research has proved that the Bushmen are less liable to ailments and epidemics than other native races in South Africa. The great Spanish influenza scourge of 1918 did not leave them unscathed, but the mortality was not severe. A high death rate always exists among the children, due to desert conditions, ignorance and the inevitable deficiencies of diet. But the survivors are not easily infected—weaklings are non-existent by the time the people reach adult age. Bushmen are said never to contract smallpox or leprosy. When smallpox swept through the Cape in the eighteenth century, with a toll of many thousands, the Bushmen alone escaped. During the rainy season in the Kalahari the Bushmen cannot avoid malaria, but they do not suffer as heavily as the Hottentots and Bechuanas. The Bushmen have their own herbal remedies, and, what is more, the will to recover. I heard of a Bushman mauled by a lion near Ghanzi. In spite of great pain, he had the presence of mind to throw sand in the lion's eyes, and thus broke away with ghastly injuries. A police sergeant found him suffering from septic poisoning and treated him. The Bushman is alive to-day. Few white men would have survived such an encounter.

VERY old Bushmen have lingered on among the mountains of settled districts in South Africa, only to end their adventurous lives in sudden tragedy. Not many years ago a farmer in the Beaufort district found signs of Bushmen where he had never suspected their presence. He took a bag of gunpowder to the spot and packed it into a hollow log. Soon afterwards the two wretched Bushmen lit a fire and blew themselves to pieces. There were no court proceedings. Only in recent years have farmers been told by the authorities that Bushmen rank as "Royal game," not vermin to be shot at sight like the jackals and leopards. President Kruger himself was once called upon to settle the question. Farmers on the Kalahari borders of the Transvaal Republic came to the old President asking: "These Bushmen who take our cattle — are they human beings or animals?"

"Well," replied the President, "if you can find animals that carry knives and smoke tobacco, then the Bushmen are animals. If not, you must not shoot them."

That was a merciful view in those days, and even now the Bushman receives little consideration from the governments of the three stretches of Kalahari where he is making his last stand. Once the Bushman roamed the shores and forests of South Africa, leaving in caves and on kopjes those wonderful paintings that a Royal Academician could not improve upon in colour or in vigorous action. The Bushman fled for his life from these pleasant places where he was never thirsty, and found refuge in a wilderness that civilised man did not covet. Now the desert has been cut up, surveyed, proclaimed as game reserves or—where there are grass and water—handed over to ranchers. It was inevitable, but for the Bushman it was a tragedy. Meat he must have; yet when he trails a gemsbok bravely and brings it down within the area of a police patrol, he cannot feast in peace. The unknown horrors of prison await him—prison, where so many Bushmen have languished and died like wild creatures in a zoo.

Mr. Bain's camp on the Nossob became a sanctuary indeed for the hard-pressed Bushmen. Some of them had been living to the northward, between the Auob and Nossob, in the area known officially as the Kalahari Gemsbok National Park. They had just been turned out of this happy hunting ground, and would have fared badly but for Mr. Bain's hospitality. I believe the Union Government has now realised that these little humans deserve the protection already given to the animals, and that a Bushman reserve will soon be created where they can live their own lives.

Bushmen do not peer into the future. The bands I saw gathered at Bain's Camp recovered their good-humour immediately they found there was nothing to fear. They devoted themselves to games and merry-making, showing their gratitude plainly and winning the hearts of all who studied them. You will see no happier people in Africa than a party of Bushmen with full stomachs.

(*Continued on page* 108)

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Don't be Vague
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NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

OBTAINABLE ALSO IN SMALL SIZES

INSOMNIA

"I take a cup of Allenburys Diet last thing every night. It soothes my nerves and helps me to sleep soundly and peacefully."

Allenburys DIET

OF ALL CHEMISTS, IN TINS 2/1, 4/-, 7/6.

Sound, refreshing sleep is induced by taking a cup of Allenburys Diet at bedtime. The warm, easily digestible beverage attracts blood to the digestive organs, relieves the brain, and soothes the nerves. It also gives comfort to the stomach by neutralizing acidity.

FOR FREE ¼ lb. SAMPLE
SEND COUPON with 3d. stamp (for post) to Allen & Hanburys Ltd. (Dept. A), 37 Lombard St., London, E.C.3.

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D52/ HC/K

'MUCH MORE THAN MILK ALONE CAN GIVE'

The Bushmen adore their children, and reveal their affection in many ways. In the dance of the gemsbok, for example, the fathers teach the children a lesson that may save lives during the chase in years to come. A wily old hunter takes the part of the gemsbok, holding sharp sticks to his head to represent the horns; while the children are the dogs. Every movement of a hunting drama is portrayed with such realism that the human bodies fade out, the brown man with the horns becomes a cornered antelope, the children dashing in and out, snapping and barking, are dogs indeed. The gemsbok slashes left and right fiercely, then tires, pants, struggles for life, while the hunters shout and thrust their spears forward. Finally the buck goes down, fighting to the last, hunters and dogs close in, and the dance ends. A young Bushman is not reckoned a man until he has killed a gemsbok or some other dangerous game, and his parents are anxious that he should not go out with his spear ill-prepared for the ordeal.

Dogs are the only domesticated animals the Bushmen have ever possessed. They have never owned cattle, and thus (unlike the more prosperous Hottentots) their ideas of numbers are extremely limited. "One, two —many," says the Bushman. The dogs, however, have been their companions for centuries. Side by side they have travelled far through Africa, and together they have won many little victories. The finest type of Bushman hunting dog, a light-brown ridgeback mongrel with a dark stripe and a trace of the greyhound in his appearance, is now verging on extinction. They are without a doubt the best dogs in the world for the hunter's purpose, lean and savage, ready to keep a wounded leopard at bay until the master finds an opening for his spear. One of the most typical of these dogs I saw stood about fourteen inches at the shoulder with a length of body seemingly out of proportion to that height. A broad forehead, sharp muzzle, upright ears and long, drooping tail made him anything but a beauty. Yet this was possibly the oldest and certainly the most cunning breed of dog in the world.

A fugitive with his master, the Bushman dog has learnt the virtue of silence. Some declare this dog never barks; at all events, there is no senseless barking to give his master's hiding-place away. The dog slinks always behind his master, taking advantage of every patch of shade, reserving his energy for the moment when he is called upon to distract the quarry's attention. Sensing danger, he will give only a warning whine. Between Bushman and dog there is complete trust and understanding. Many travellers in the Kalahari have tried to bribe the Bushmen with tobacco to part with a hunting dog, but I have yet to hear of one who was successful.

IT is natural that these primitive people should have kept alive that early luxury, the tale that is told. One of the scientists pointed out to me a Bushman who had just arrived in camp from a great distance. He squatted beside a fire and held his small audience enchanted by his narrative. "He is describing everything he has seen since he has been away," said the scientist. "Animals, birds, trees, the smallest living things of the veld, the remote water-holes where he quenched his thirst—every detail has a meaning for these people. For an hour or two, perhaps, he will talk and the others will not utter a word. Then, when he has finished, they will ask questions."

The Bushman, as I have said, lives in the present and has only the vaguest tradition to explain his origin. Rare indeed is the Bushman who can tell you anything of a departed grandfather. I met a lonely farmer who had discovered queer rock engravings on his property, and tried to find an interpretation with the aid of Bushmen working for him as labourers. The Bushmen could suggest nothing; it was not reticence, but sheer ignorance. The farmer himself observed that the engravings were all near sources of water, and believed they were messages from one old Bushman clan to another. Engravings are rare, but the paintings of hunting scenes on the walls of rock shelters are found from the Cape northwards through Africa to the very hillsides of Mediterranean countries. The resemblance between paintings discovered in Europe and those found thousands of miles to the south is so striking that the migration of the Bushmen can be traced without guesswork. I think the gnomes and elves of ancient Europe were none other than the dwarfs who danced for us at Bain's Camp in the Kalahari.

Murders by wild Bushmen on the frontiers of South-West Africa still find a place occasionally in the day's news. They raid the outlying farms, shoot cattle with their poisoned arrows, and defend themselves when pursued by the police.

Yet the Bushmen do not entirely deserve the sinister reputation that clings to them. There are reasons for their clashes with the police. In Gobabis one day I heard tales of the Bushmen that revealed the better qualities of the strange little people who live beyond the law.

GOBABIS is railhead on the eastern frontier, centre of a huge district still in the pioneer stage. The Bushmen have not forgotten their treatment by the Germans, when they were hunted and shot at sight.

Even in those days, early in the century, however, there was one man who became friendly with the Bushmen—a man who treated them with kindness and earned their gratitude. He is still living in Gobabis, Herr Albert Lemke, a lean and sun-bronzed Mecklenburger, 71 years old, with a pointed beard and a pioneer face. We sat together in the hotel beer garden and I listened to the story of an adventurous life.

"Ja, I was a Kalahari trader—exchanging cups and knives for ostrich skins," recalled Herr Lemke. "I have seen lots of Africa. When I first went to the Victoria Falls there was nothing there. I have walked for nearly a hundred miles in the desert with all my water in one ostrich egg, after my horses died. And so I came to know the Bushmen.

"Some people ask me—how can you recognise a Bushman? It is a great controversy among scientists sometimes. Well, you must have an eye for a Bushman. The pure-bred Bushman is not so yellow as a Hottentot. He is small, his cheek-bones stand out like the Chinese, and his peppercorn hair grows in patches with bare skin between.

"After I married, I settled at Rietfontein, a favourite water-hole of the Bushmen, and brought up my children among them."

I had been to Rietfontein and seen the ruins of the German fort, the barracks and Herr Lemke's store. Rietfontein lies on the track to the Ghanzi settlement and Lake Ngami. It is about 170 miles from Gobabis, and a German garrison was stationed there during the Herero wars—a last outpost only a few miles from the Bechuanaland Protectorate boundary. Herr Lemke kept beer and provisions for the soldiers and traded with the remote Ghanzi people.

"I tamed the Bushmen and they became my faithful servants," went on Herr Lemke. "Some of them could understand Afrikaans and German, and I could speak their language. They are not stupid; it is only that they have never seen a white man's possessions and have to learn how to hold a spade before they can use it.

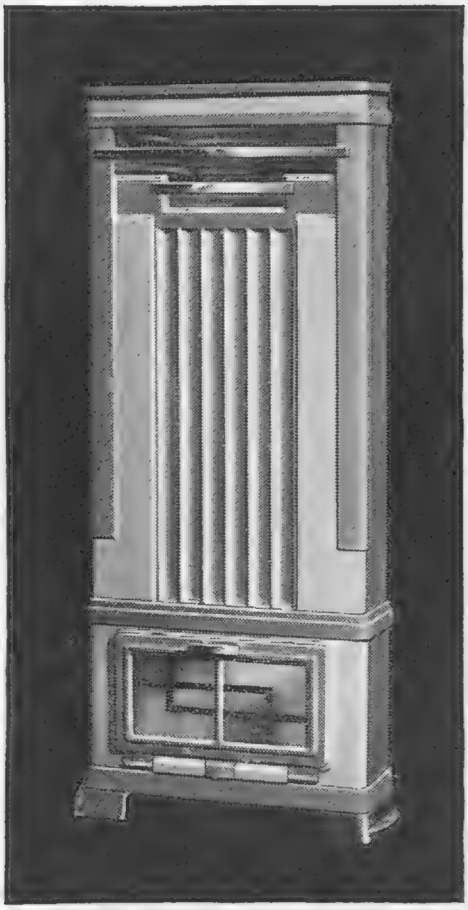
"You have heard of the marvellous endurance, the physique of the Bushman? I will give you an example. When I wanted to send letters from Rietfontein to Gobabis in a hurry I would give them to a Bushman runner. Again and again that little fellow covered the double journey, 340 miles, within five days.

"Go out hunting with a Bushman and you will see how he follows a wounded buck, hour after hour, tireless until he overtakes the creature with the arrow in its flank. His eyesight, I think, is more like that of a bird than a human being. Often my Bushman tracker has urged me to shoot—he has seen the horns of a buck two thousand yards away, invisible to me.

(*Continued on page* 110)

The Ideal Gas Heater for

ENTRANCE HALLS
OFFICES · SHOPS
CORRIDORS
SCHOOLS · ETC.

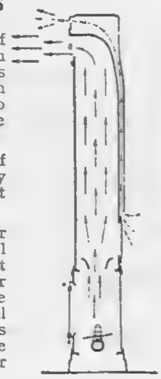


TWO GREAT IMPROVEMENTS

Two very important developments have been achieved in the VELOMAIN Space Heater. The design ensures that the top and back do not become unpleasantly hot, while the heat is projected into the room at such an angle as to prevent discoloration of the walls or ceiling immediately behind or above the heater, thus obviating one of the greatest drawbacks found in the ordinary radiator of the past.

NOTE THESE UNIQUE PRINCIPLES

1. The large volume of pure air mixed with the heat stream issues horizontally from the Heater and so quickly warms the apartment.
2. The front body of the Heater is evenly warmed throughout its length.
3. The top and exterior back are kept cool by the constant stream of fresh air passing up the double back. Wall decorations are thus saved from damage by discoloration or deposit.
4. The amount of pure air drawn through the Heater ensures perfect combustion; prevents overheating and abolishes the necessity for any thermostatic device.



COMPACT,
SMART and ECONOMICAL

The VELOMAIN Heater is the best thing in Space Heating yet designed. In the first place, it needs no flue, the gas consumption being inside the limits for flueless heaters. Secondly, it is both a perfect heater and a splendid ventilator, as it warms up quickly and changes the air of a room 12×10×10 ft. over 2½ times each hour. As is fitting, its design is modern and it is made in a variety of colour finishes, blending harmoniously with any scheme of decoration. Furthermore, thought has been given to upkeep. The design is simple and accessible for the little cleaning required, while the body is made from sheet steel, for long service, with cast-iron parts where rigidity and strength are required.

MAIN

VELOMAIN

SPACE HEATER

SEE THEM AT THE GAS SHOWROOMS or write for fully descriptive leaflet.

R. & A. MAIN LTD. (*Dept.* 47), 48 *GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.*1.

Wool and Wool

We make both. Wool which is such a comfort to the not-quite-so-young when the time of year for rheumatic twinges comes round. And Wool which is light as gossamer and soft as swansdown, for the quite-young-and-gay.

PESCO Pure Wool and Silk and Wool Underwear has styles to suit everybody.

★

Pesco Underwear, Sportswear and Hosiery are obtainable from Outfitters everywhere. Names of nearest Agent on request.

PESCO
LADIES UNDERWEAR

★ All Pesco garments carry this mark Pesco

PETER SCOTT & CO. LTD. (Dept. 91), HAWICK, SCOTLAND

"Ja, they are tough, those Bushmen. Once there was a little Bushman boy caught in a steel game trap. There was a leopard around—it would have eaten him—so the boy cut his foot off and escaped.

"A Bushman will never leave his master's side in time of danger. Now I have met a lot of lions, but I have never shot one. There was a Kalahari hunter whose rifle misfired—a lion had him down and was mauling him, when a Bushman servant caught the lion's mane and tried to pull it away. You must remember that these people have always killed their game at close quarters. They have faced every wild beast, wounded and at bay. Their bravery is almost incredible.

"A FEW years ago two prospectors left Gobabis, trekking by ox-wagon into the Kalahari, and intending to be away six weeks. The time passed and no word came from them. An aeroplane was sent out to search. The missing men were located with a band of wild Bushmen, who had led them to water and saved their lives.

"The Bushman is treacherous only when he is approached in the wrong way. It is suicide to come between a Bushman and his meat. Sometimes, when game is scarce, the Bushman is half-starved; and in a dry season he will attack a stranger who approaches the water-hole where a thin trickle keeps him and his family alive. But that is the law of the wild—the Kalahari is to blame, not the people who live there so precariously.

"Nowadays most of the trouble between the Bushmen and the police is caused by the game laws. Bows and arrows have been declared illegal weapons. Then comes a long drought, and the Bushmen are forced out of their hiding-places to seek food. News of their raids reaches the police; a patrol goes out, and if they find the Bushmen (which does not often happen) there is a fight.

"In 1922 Captain van Ryneveld, the magistrate of Gobabis, led the police in an attempt to round up a party of Bushman raiders. I warned him not to ride in among the Bushmen—they would not understand that he was only trying to arrest them. So the magistrate was killed by a poisoned arrow. Most of the Bushmen who took part in that fight are still roaming the desert free. White men cannot catch Bushmen."

In Gobabis and several other places I saw the sinister arrows that, even in recent years, have killed white officials, missionaries and many natives. Very little is known of the poisons used, for each group of Bushmen has its own plant juices, leaves and grubs. Some authorities state that snake venom is employed, but others deny this. One scratch is fatal when the poison is intended to kill. Many arrows, however, are tipped with a mixture that paralyses the game but does not spoil the meat. Poison-making is a secret ritual. Ready for use, the poison is stored in hollow pebbles.

During a raid in the Epukiro area north of Gobabis not long ago a police horse was struck by an arrow. Some of the Bushmen were caught, and the police forced them to apply the antidote to the poison. The life of the horse was saved, while samples of both poison and antidote were sent to the Government analyst. Thus one secret was revealed, though many remain undiscovered.

The Bushmen make their arrows with a weak point in the shaft, so that a wounded buck dashing away through the bush will shed part of the arrow, while the poisoned tip remains in the flesh.

I was shown tiny bows no larger than a man's finger, made of gemsbok and eland horn. A little quiver held darts steeped in deadly poison. The Bushman does not part readily with such possessions. They are made, not as toys for the children, but with one object—murder. This is the Bushman's "love bow," or "revolver," the weapon he selects when there is a quarrel round the camp fire over women. The arrow is usually aimed at the victim's ear while he is asleep.

Larger arrows are often tipped with the shank bones of ostriches. The poisoned head may be detached and slipped into the hollow shaft for safety. At Mr. Bain's camp the box of arrows he had collected was kept locked. When he opened it, and I stared at the arrows, I felt my eyes smarting. The poison gives off a vapour with this effect, unpleasant but not dangerous.

There is no doubt that the Bushmen use their bows and arrows with skill equal to the finest archery the world has ever seen. These small men, wiry rather than muscular, make their bows of extremely tough wood—so tough, indeed, that only the strongest white man can hope to bend one to its fullest extent. Strung with sinew, a bow three feet in length drives the arrow home with tremendous force. Like all savages, they invariably stalk their game and shoot when a miss is almost out of the question.

I watched a queer demonstration at a Kalahari police station where a Bushman was awaiting trial on a charge of murder. The constable who had captured the man was a Bushman too, and they made a remarkable contrast—the prisoner naked save for his leg irons, the Bushman constable in blue uniform, jersey and shorts. A cigarette tin was set up at a distance of about fifty yards, and both Bushmen displayed their skill. They used the bow and arrows which were to appear as exhibits at the trial! The murderer, who had been pining in gaol for weeks, gave a poor show. His shooting improved when I held out a few cigarettes. The constable was the better marksman, however, in spite of the fact that he had been trained to use a rifle and had not drawn a bow for months. I admired the way he estimated the wind by throwing dust in the air.

When hunting buck and ostriches, of course, the Bushman adopts suitable disguises, aided by his art of mimicry. He can walk right up to a flock of ostriches, wearing a skin and feathers, supporting the long neck on a stick, preening himself as he goes. A small bush serves the purpose when buck are being stalked. At such times there is no limit to his patience. Chapman, the famous hunter and trader, recorded meeting a Bushman who had wounded a giraffe and followed it for fifty miles. Many a Bushman has trailed a wounded animal without rest for three days rather than lose the meat.

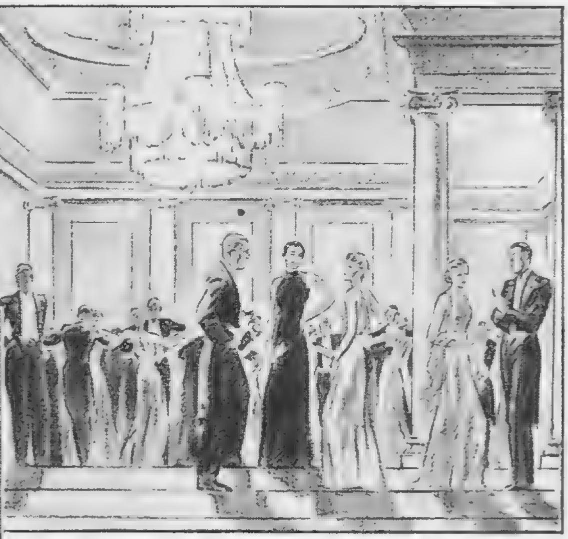
EACH clan stores water in ostrich eggs, and each has its secret drinking places: tiny wells covered over with stones and sand, not a tell-tale sign of the precious hoard remaining unconcealed. When the springs dry up in a bad season, and the ostrich eggs are empty, there are always roots and bulbs and the wonderful t'samma melons to sustain life. I noticed Bushman children with stomachs swollen to an alarming extent, the result of over-indulgence in this wild melon that is moist, but lacking in nourishment. Nevertheless, without these melons the desert would be uninhabitable. They grow always on the tops of the dunes, in great patches. The Bushmen store them in dry sand, so that the melons remain in good condition for weeks. From the crushed seeds a drink is made, the poor Bushman's coffee. All the animals, from the elephant and lion right down to the desert mice, flourish on the speckled green melon. T'samma, roasted in the camp fire and then cooled, quenches the Bushman's thirst. Roast t'samma and jackal form the Bushman's favourite dish.

Any other race, faced with the prospect of obtaining all their water from the juice of a melon, their food from roots and berries, would probably have collapsed and died. The Bushmen were determined to live, and so these hardy bands of hunters have survived precariously into our own time. They are without chiefs or leaders, without the simplest tribal organisation. Surrounded on all sides, with no hope of retreat, asking for no mercy, the Bushmen are still fighting desperately for survival. I trust that my own country, the Union of South Africa, will be the first to give these gallant little people something better than drudgery or death.

END

Night Starvation is *fatal* to a woman's looks

That drawn look, that dullness in your eyes, that droop to your shoulders, that tiredness . . . these leave you when you get rid of Night Starvation

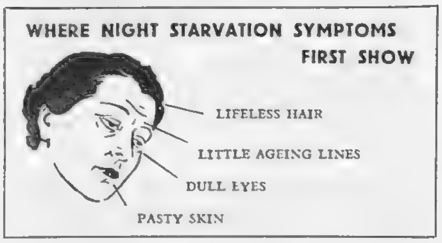


When a woman who suffers from Night Starvation *goes to a function, she can make herself look bright for a while. But when she relaxes, all brightness leaves her. Tiredness is written in her face, her figure, her personality.*

EVERY WOMAN is a born actress. She can pretend — pretend to be gay and look gay. When a woman who is deadly tired has to meet other people, she will pause outside the door and try to give herself sparkle and vivacity. Of course she succeeds. But the moment she forgets, the instant she relaxes, her tiredness shows up all the more. That's the moment when a tired woman looks as she really feels — that's how other people see her.

How Night Starvation changes looks

7 out of 10 women go through life feeling tired. They even wake tired every morning. In almost every case Night Starvation is the cause.



WHERE NIGHT STARVATION SYMPTOMS FIRST SHOW

When you suffer from Night Starvation it shows in your face in a dozen different ways. Shadows come in all the wrong places — even the *colour* of your skin changes. Night Starvation shows in your body, too. Shoulders droop. Your figure sags, your step lacks youthfulness and vitality. Personality and poise are affected, too. Even the most beautiful women who suffer from Night Starvation are a social failure.

No beauty treatment, nor powder, rouge or lipstick, not even the smartest clothes can hide the unattractive results of always waking tired due to Night Starvation.

You must get at the cause of your trouble. Do you know that during sleep you go on burning up energy? Heartbeats, breathing and other automatic actions go on working all night. Your heart has to beat nearly 35,000 times during the night to pump blood through your body. This all uses up energy. Unless energy is replaced during sleep, of course you wake feeling and *looking* tired — Night Starved in fact.

What to do about it

Horlicks taken last thing at night guards against Night Starvation. It replaces energy as it is used up. It feeds the nerves and all the tissues of your skin and body. Start taking Horlicks every night. You'll wake feeling and looking refreshed every morning — sparkling eyes, and a fresh, healthy skin. No drawn look. No shadows. No lifeless, straggling hair. Your face, your whole appearance, your personality, the way you walk, the way you hold yourself, will be young and full of life. You will have that vivacity and charm that other women envy.

The woman who guards against Night Starvation has charm, sparkle, and freshness all day. That deadening tiredness which spoils personality leaves her for ever.

HORLICKS guards against Night Starvation. You sleep soundly and wake refreshed every morning.

Leichner
HORMONE CREAM

FOR THE REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN

The formation of new skin tissue is controlled by certain glands in the human system, and scientists have found that by the introduction of specific glandular extracts (Hormones) it is possible to stimulate the action of those glands, thereby accelerating the process of skin renewal.

Taking advantage of these facts as revealed by scientific research, Leichner produced a cream which is now placed before you as Leichner Hormone Cream, which cream has the special function of stimulating the formation of new and perfect cellular tissues, which means nothing less than the rejuvenation of the skin.

The regular application of this cream will produce a decided improvement, relaxing tissues will tighten up, lines and wrinkles will be suppressed, and the freshness of the complexion revived.

Leichner Hormone Cream

is absolutely harmless and may be applied without fear of the slightest ill effects. It is a biological product of absolute purity; every detail of its preparation is under constant expert supervision.

Obtainable from all leading Stores and Chemists.

Per Jar 21/- and 12/6.

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Famous for Fine Cosmetics since 1873.

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LARGE TINS 6D & 1/-
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MANSION POLISH

Red Tiles and Red Composition floors always look bright and attractive if regularly treated with CARDINAL, the polish that gives such a lovely rich red finish. Excellent, too, for Front Steps, Brick and Cement Paths. Ensures a waterproof surface and will not tread off.

Of all Dealers

Also in Green, Cream, Buff, White and Transparent.

CP. 0.3

At the Altar of the Chance God

(*Continued from page 11*)

equity shares, counters geared to the fortunes of business. The West Europeans go in for casino games: *boule* for the locals, and *roulette* and *chemin de fer* and a sort of bastard *baccarat* for the tourists. The Latins like lotteries, straight and unadulterated, and their governments turn this passion to use in the business of raising loans for the state. The Asiatics, inveterate and indefatigable gamblers, have a hundred ingenious games devised for the winning or losing of money. It has been estimated that fifty million a year changes hands in *fan-tan* of the two sorts—the game where you put coins under a bowl and bet on what remainder will be left when the sum of the coins is divided by four, and the game with cards played in sequences, and the pool going to the one who first gets rid of his cards.

But the new gambling boom is having two curious effects. Gambling games that used to be peculiar to one country are now becoming international, and new games, devices and facilities are constantly being invented to cater for the craze.

THE roulette wheels, once the monopoly of the little principality of the Grimaldis at the foot of the Maritime Alps, are spinning all over Europe. Government frowned on them once, even in easy-going France; but economic pressures have broken down the barriers. Hard up, the chief French resorts forced their government (also hard up and glad to tax the new gambling profits, of between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000 a year from a gambling turnover of between £100,000,000 and £200,000,000, to the tune of anything from 15 to 70 per cent.) to allow them to instal the metal wheel with its 37 numbers and its spinning pith balls and the game of *trente-et-quarante*.

The movement spread as the competitive factor came into play. Now Baden-Baden has to advertise something besides its famous scenery and celebrated cure. "Roulette," says the new bait for the foreigner to visit and stay in Baden-Baden. And so it goes all over Europe. For Europe wants all the money it can get, and if the tourist traffic must have gambling facilities, gambling facilities it shall have—especially facilities so easy and cheap to instal as casino gambling games.

Now the Monte Carlo enterprise has a wages bill of £700,000 a year to meet before a pound of profit shows. Everything is subsidised for the Casino and the Sporting Club—the concerts, operas, flood-lit flower gardens, and the model municipal administration. Millions have been ploughed into this investment in the gambling streak in human nature. The golf-course half-way up the mountainside, the beaches and bathing-pool blasted out of the rock, the splendiferous summer casino, the palatial new Sporting Club—the money for them all has come out of the profits piled up through the margin of 3·2 per cent. in the favour of the bank at roulette, and 1·8 per cent. in its favour at *trente-et-quarante*.

Like any other big business, the gambling machine has to operate above a certain minimum volume in order to make a profit. For it does not gamble. It relies on volume of play, with every turn of the wheel yielding its fractional percentage of profit to the Casino. If volume of play drops beyond a certain point, the Casino, with 600 croupiers and 4,000 other employees, and a long list of other expenses, cannot meet its outgoings from its "take."

Having lost its old monopoly of roulette, the Grimaldi stronghold has been obliged to pour out money to protect its investment; to build a summer casino with a magnificent bathing pool, and erect the world's most sumptuous gaming palace in the new "Sporting Club." The directorate have also had to wrack their brains to discover something new and more exciting in the way of gambling games. So at the Sporting Club we have "hazard," a new dice game with an old name, offering odds of 180 to 1, and "double roulette"; and in the Casino "*les petits avions.*"

The first is an ingenious combination of two roulette wheels in one, with highest odds of 1,200 to 1, against 35 to 1 in ordinary roulette. It is a thrill to win £1,200 on a bet of £1—if you win. Combinations of numbers give shorter odds, of 280 to 1, 120 to 1, 64 to 1.

The other game consists of 17 little aeroplanes in a hexagonal glass case, and each bearing a number. A small electric motor revolves each independently, and the one which stops nearest the finishing post wins. 15 to 1 is the highest win you can make at the little aeroplanes. Real gamblers smile at it. It is for the Casino crowd who don't take their gambling seriously.

Casino games, roulette and baccarat and "*chemmy*," have come to England, under the mask of gambling parties for charity. It is reckoned that £3,000,000 a year now is going into the slot machines and over the "pin money" tables—importations from America, where the annual take is reckoned at over £200,000,000, and the manufacture of the machines has become a big business.

Meantime America has taken to the British pastime of gambling on horseraces. Until recently racing was regarded in the States much as dice or faro is still regarded here—as something disreputable and shady. But now it is becoming quite respectable—"the British do it"!—and "playing the ponies" has become one of the legitimate forms of gambling. The fact that "hundreds of office workers, horse owners, and mill folk" were making 1s. and 2s. bets on horses made a recent news story which rated the front page in one of the leading New York dailies.

There is a lot in the way you look at these things—as the astute lords of the gambling houses and resorts know. A duchess, for instance, will play baccarat when she would not dream of playing faro. That goes, too, for the "princess" of the demi-monde (a most caste-conscious creature, the demi-mondaine). Faro is "vulgar." It is associated with mining camps and saloons where Wall-Eye Joe, the proprietor's hired thug, sits with a trigger-filed gun on his hip, and a marked deck in the box on the beer-slopped table, waiting for Slim Liz, the red-haired dance gel, to bring along the guy with too much liquor in him to spot a deal off the bottom of the pack. On the other hand, baccarat is an elegant game associated with grand dukes and even kings (incognito), and gaming houses where evening dress after dusk is *de rigueur* and beer is not served (the profit is inadequate).

IN England we have the paradox of the police hauling the street "bookie" off to jail while his richer brother flourishes in a West End office and advertises his business openly, the idea being that a man who bets cash cannot afford to lose it, but if a man has enough to open a bank account, how he loses his own money is not the law's business.

In the last two years this nice distinction between legitimate and illegitimate gambling has been successfully applied to football pools. They "get by" because, as competitors do not send their wagers until a week after posting their entries, the wagers are credit bets, and within the law. A charwoman made a pleasant win at this game the other day. She bet a penny in one pool and won the capital prize of £13,000. All she had to do to win was to forecast correctly the result of fifteen football games, an almost impossible feat, but typical of beginners' luck.

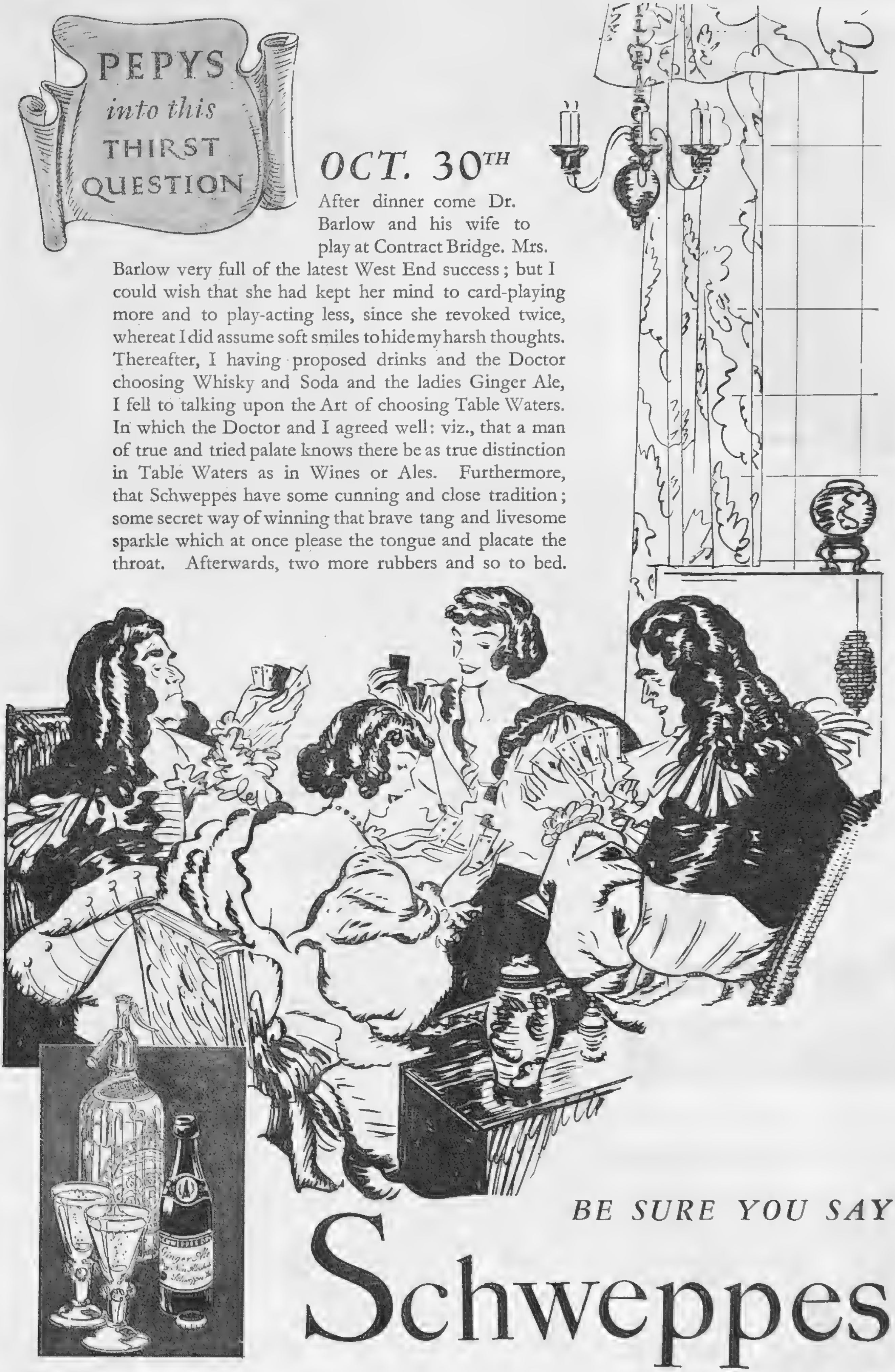
The odds against the lady winning have been calculated at 3,500,000,000 to 1. But even if she had been aware of it, it would make no difference. The pool folk are not calculating gamblers: they worship the luck god, and bet hoping against hope that one day, mysteriously and inexplicably, he will smile upon them.

The Irish sweepstakes still do a roaring business, although (*Continued on page 114*)

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

OCT. 30TH

After dinner come Dr. Barlow and his wife to play at Contract Bridge. Mrs. Barlow very full of the latest West End success; but I could wish that she had kept her mind to card-playing more and to play-acting less, since she revoked twice, whereat I did assume soft smiles to hide my harsh thoughts. Thereafter, I having proposed drinks and the Doctor choosing Whisky and Soda and the ladies Ginger Ale, I fell to talking upon the Art of choosing Table Waters. In which the Doctor and I agreed well: viz., that a man of true and tried palate knows there be as true distinction in Table Waters as in Wines or Ales. Furthermore, that Schweppes have some cunning and close tradition; some secret way of winning that brave tang and livesome sparkle which at once please the tongue and placate the throat. Afterwards, two more rubbers and so to bed.



BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

TAKE NO CHANCES
with a 1/2 Way Dentifrice
Do this TO MAKE TEETH GLEAM

FOR teeth that gleam with jewel-like lustre gums too must be cared for. So don't trust to ordinary dentifrices. Get the two-way protection so many dentists advise.

1. Clean teeth by brushing all surfaces with Forhans in the usual manner.

2. Massage gums briskly with half inch of Forhans on the brush or finger. Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, soon teeth show a new brilliance.

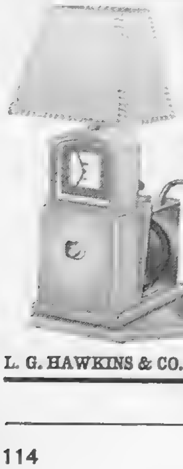
Forhans Brand Dentifrice was originated by Dr. R. J. Forhan, eminent dental surgeon, to do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums. It contains a special ingredient found in no other dentifrice. End half-way care. Buy a tube of Forhans to-day! On sale throughout the world.

NEW 1/3 SIZE Now on Sale

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

Forhans
BRAND *Original* DENTIFRICE

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS



ELECTRIC ROBOT!

The Electric Robot—makes morning tea automatically while you sleep—wakes you—gives correct time—switches on attractive bedside lamp—switches off the kettle and leaves boiling water for the toilet. Attractive, beautiful and wonderful. Price

£4 19s. 6d.

Any teapot can be used. Makes 3 or 4 cups.
From all departmental stores and electrical dealers.

"SUPREME TECAL"

L. G. HAWKINS & CO., LTD., 30/35, Drury Lane, London, W.C.2

the British authorities have taken drastic steps to stop the efflux of capital (but they cannot jam out the droning radio voice: "*Your* share may be as much as £30,000—*if* you get a ticket. And the melody goes on . . . . "). It has been computed that in a sweepstake offering £1,500,000 in prizes, the chances of your one ticket winning the first prize are 1 in 5,500,000. But from every gamble must be deducted the cost item. This has been calculated at two-fifths of the stake in the case of an Irish hospitals sweepstake, while it has been computed that if 10 people play "*chemmy*" at the same table for a given period, the casino *cagnotte*, or commission, will have taken all their money by the end of that period.

Similarly, while you may break the bank by a lucky coup at Monte Carlo, if you go on playing the odds mathematically in favour of the casino bank will take all the money back from you within a measurable period.

In dice, throwing with one die, the odds that a five will turn up are 5 to 1, and if you went on throwing for a year you would probably find that you came out about even (but you would be a loser if something had to be deducted from each throw for the "house").

Where do chance and luck part company? And how far can "the odds" be played with any certainty that one would not do equally well playing "luck"? A friend told me that he once saw a man at one of the little tables outside the Café de Paris in Monte Carlo with the sole of his boot exposed. An English baron who every year visits the gambling resort was leaning across, staring fixedly at that sole. Then he figured on a piece of paper and tucked the note into his wallet. My friend saw chalked on the boot sole the figure "27." It was the chalked number of the owner's hotel room. That night at the Sporting Club the baron on coming in staked on and all around 27. He won, and repeated the play with the original stake. He won again, and walked off with nearly three thousand pounds.

The late Arthur de Rothschild was very fond of staking on number 17, which number was strangely kind to him. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the younger, would only make one bet at each table. I have known people who would stand half the night waiting to get a chair at the centre of the table. Other people will only sit at the ends.

A friend of mine who is a mathematics professor has shown me a book containing 103 separate and distinct systems for beating the tables at roulette. They are systems he has collected: he thinks he has only a tenth of the total number existing. Mr. John Parer, an Australian business man, to date has made four trips to Monte Carlo with an "infallible" system which he has been working on since 1911. It is based on the law of averages, which gives it a common-sense basis. But the inventor has lost every time, and on his last visit dropped £10,000. His explanation is that it is necessary to know just when and how to attack the table; and so far this has beaten him. But this is simply the underlying explanation of the so-called run of luck that hits the gambler occasionally and gives him a wonderful win. The gambler by chance is on the spot, and playing a certain series when that series is turning up.

I saw this done one night in the Cannes Casino. A woman pushed her last counters into the centre of the green cloth. She had shut her eyes and staked "blind." The pile of counters stopped in the 19 square; 19 turned up. The woman played on for another half-hour, and won something over £300. This highlights the gambler's treasured belief in "lucky" money—a last counter, or a note borrowed after a player is cleaned out.

The "lucky" money does occasionally win back all losses. But not because it is "lucky." It wins because it has a better chance of finding a winner after the player has lost many times. The unluckiest player must win some time, and if only he can keep on long enough he may not only score a win, but encounter the inexplicable phenomenon we call "a run of luck."

At the Altar of the Chance God

THE greatest game of faro on record was played in Richard Canfield's Saratoga house. John W. (Bet-a-Million) Gates, America's Jimmy White, was the player. He had made a huge sum in steel and rails in the stock market, had dropped £100,000 of it in a day at the races, and had gone in to win some of it back at faro. The limits were £100 to the cases and £200 to the doubles. After losing awhile, Gates asked for something that one cannot get at roulette or any regular gambling house game outside open-bank baccarat: a relaxation of the limit rules. (François Blanc did once, however, allow a Spanish plunger a special roulette limit of £2,000—and at the end of the play gave the cleaned-out gambler his fare to Paris).

On the proprietor's O.K., Gates continued play in a private room with limits of £500 and £1,000. When he had lost £30,000, he went down to Canfield's office and asked for limits of £1,000 and £2,000. Canfield conceded them. Gates resumed play, and when the game broke at dawn he had won back his £30,000 and taken from the house another £30,000. The "house" did not mind. It would get that back and some more too if Gates and his crowd continued to patronise its tables at Saratoga and New York.

Gates, of course, had no superstition about luck. That night he was playing the law of averages like any mathematics professor. Having lost so consistently in his faro play, the chances that he would begin to win steadily increased with every deal. But he could only hope to recoup his great losses within the time limits of the play and his "luck" if he could double and double again on the stake limits. The house proprietor allowed him to do it for special reasons. But try losing consistently in play at one roulette table at Monte Carlo, and then suggest to the management that they step-up the limits at that table for you—and see what they say!

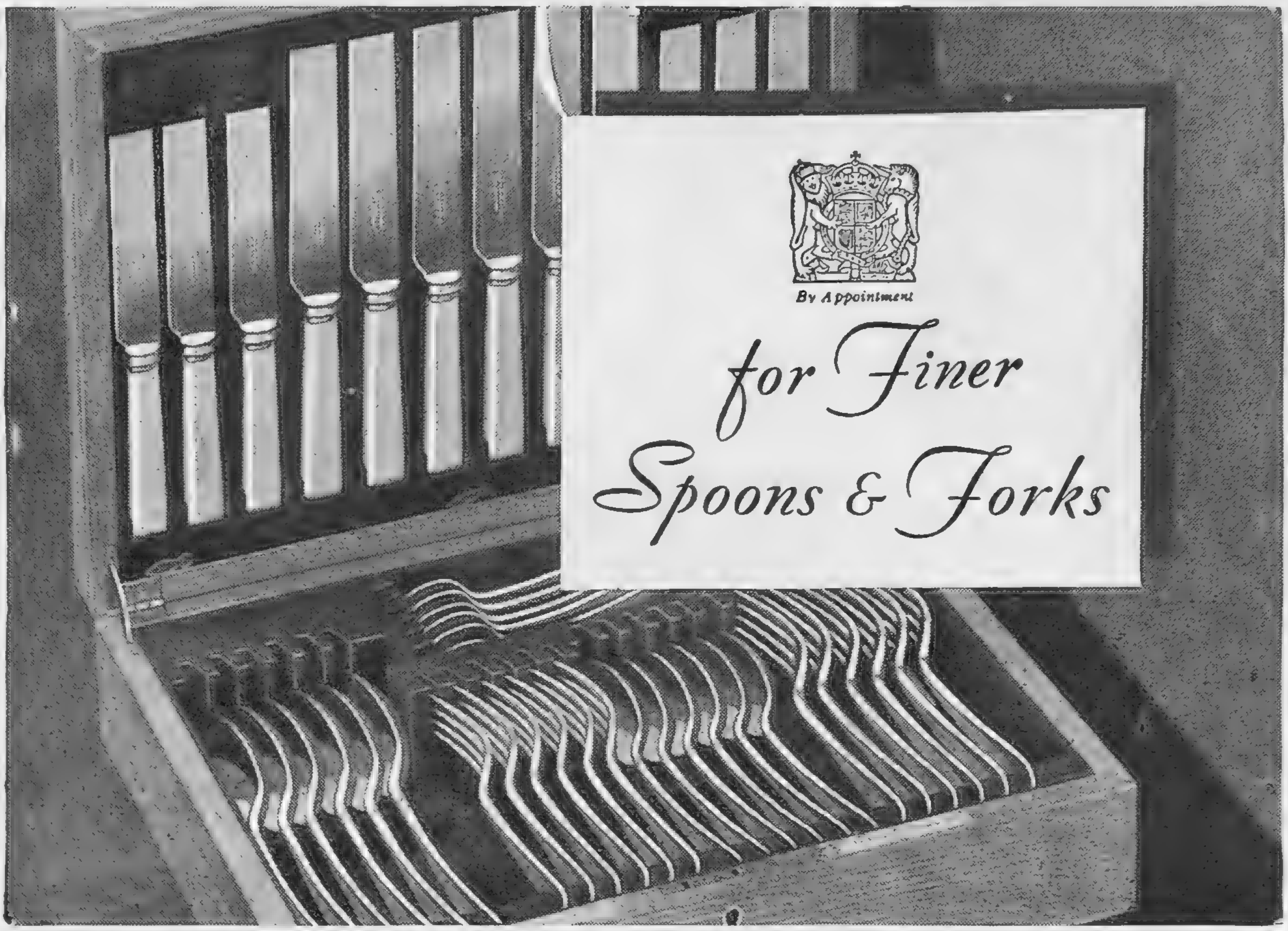
It is, perhaps, one of the symptoms of the gambling boom that even the scientists and academicians are seriously interesting themselves in the phenomena of chance, which, for them, assume the forms of "theory of probability," the "law of series," and the new Rhine theory of "extra-sensory perception," which is revolutionising psychology and causing a controversy among the professors and mathematicians.

In order to help along examination of the "theory of probability," several scientists in several countries are assiduously spinning coins and noting whether they come down heads or tails. Mathematicians the world over will presently ponder the result. Nothing under 200,000 spins interests them as a contribution to the data on the "theory of probability." But the efforts may be worthless owing to some physical factor connected with the stamping. For instance, at this year's meeting of the British Association, the president, Sir Edward Poulton, told the august gathering of scientists that the heroic Mrs. Weldon appears to have proved, by recording the result of 4,096 throws of dice, four times, that on the average the faces with more than three points turned up more often—which seemed to indicate that if you want to win at dice in a long session, you should stick to the 6, 5 and 4. Sir Edward explains this by the weight factor—more ivory being scooped out to make the number markings 6, 5, 4 than to make 3, 2, 1.

The "law of series" is an outcrop of the "theory of probability." You drop a glass, tread on the cat's tail, and say: "Ah, now a third accident is bound to happen—things always happen in threes." That's the "law" of series. You talk about a run of luck, good or bad, or experience this mysterious phenomenon. The "law" again. You note extraordinarily improbable events, such as holding long trump suits at bridge, or seeing the same number at roulette turn up twice or thrice. The "law" again.

I know a man who is convinced that he saved his life by applying the "law." He was going down to the Riviera. But a week before he

(*Continued on page* 116)



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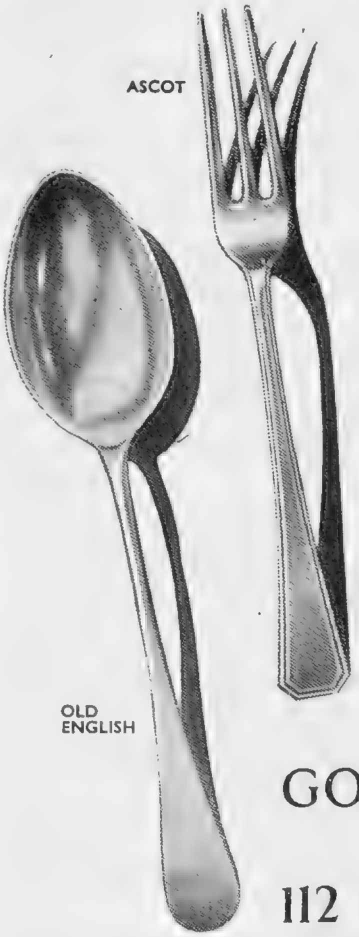

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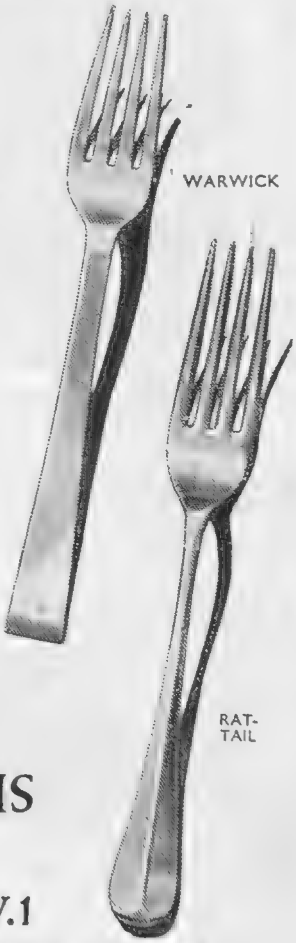

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was due to leave news came of a rail smash in France. Two days later, another. He cancelled his journey. "This is a run," said he. "I'll wait till it's over." Sure enough, there were two more smashes. The odds were heavily against his being on the unlucky train; but he preferred to minimise the risk by letting the "series" run out before he trusted himself to the railway journey.

Your real gambler is like that—cautious, calculating—not genial and easy-going. True, he often makes serious miscalculations, through not being able to gauge aright the importance in his scheme of things of *x*, the unknown factor. He also usually ends up broke if he goes on long enough (but there are tens of thousands of men who have gambled and won, and been wise enough to retire on their winnings, and never gamble again). But he never gambles lightly, or makes a thoughtless bet. You cannot separate him from the calculation of the odds. He wants to know what his chances are before he will play against chance.

A man like Zographos, for instance, the world's finest card-player, a man who has made probably three million pounds playing baccarat against all comers, and now leaves the play to his nephews, would never bet a bunch of carrots against £100 that a certain horse would not win the Lincolnshire Handicap. The odds would be too long—surcharged with genial contempt for the chances of a horse which might, after all, win (for one never knows). Just such a bet was made by a man in Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, over Priory Park in 1927. He won. The friend who made this unwise bet paid the £100.

THE records of the Jockey Club and Tattersall's Committee are packed with instances of wild wagers and rulings thereon. One of the most foolish—it would have turned white the hair of any serious gambler—was the case of a man who took a bet of 2s. 6d. against £5 a week for life that Gold Meter would not win his race at Pontefract. Gold Meter won. The impossible can always happen in gambling.

A sporting peer once wagered that he would walk half a mile through the West End wearing no clothes. He collected a lot of bets. Then he went out, hired a "growler," cut a hole in the floor, instructed the compensated driver to go slow, undressed in the cab with the blinds down, let himself through the hole, and walked naked, decently veiled down to the knees by the cab. He collected his money.

Gambling properly means playing or gaming, risking money to be lost or won on the issue. One could have a thousand different gambling games and then not exhaust the list. Stock exchanges and commodity markets are not supposed to be used as casinos, but they are so used. The London market, with its option system, fortnightly accounts, and lack of margin regulations, is a bigger gambling centre now than Wall Street.

Hundreds of millions were won and lost in the boomlet which Roosevelt and Chamberlain between them smashed last March-April. Briton and American, Greek, Armenian, Belgian, Frenchman, Jew, were all in it, gambling for the rise or the fall; and the sort of sums that were made and lost during three months can be gauged by the jump in copper from £50 to £78, and its drop back to £55, and the leap in U.S. Steel Corporation shares from $78 to $130, its nose-dive thence to $96, rebound to $120, and fall back to $106.

A man I know sold short 7,000 shares of Big Steel at 100. He thought they would fall. When they went on up to 111, he covered—he bought. His loss was £15,400. Then he reverted his gamble and followed the rise—and got his money back. But only just in time. Soon after he sold the shares crashed. Another man was not so lucky. He bought West Witwatersrand gold shares at £19 on margin and saw them dive to £9. He lost £20,000. His broker thought he was good for it, but the gambler was not, and shot himself. This solved his problem—but not his unlucky broker's.

At the Altar of the Chance God

Many of these men claim that they are not gamblers: and where they are students of commodity, trade, or industrial situations, and do not go in so heavily that a change in the market will wipe them out, they qualify for the title of "speculator" or even "investor." The Rockefellers, Mellons, Rothschilds, Morgans, have all taken speculative chances. But none would have undertaken the gambling operation of Eugene Scales.

Cleaned out in the panic of 1907, Eugene Scales, a cotton man, boarded with a relative and hung on to £40—all he had left. There was nothing doing in cotton, but wheat was active. A big wheat speculator whom he knew gave him tips on wheat, and, hanging on to the wheat man's coat-tails, Scales bought wheat. In a few months he had run his £40 into £3,000. He cashed in, and went back to the commodity he knew all about—cotton. He saw a speculative picture in cotton as 1908 opened. Studying every angle and detail, he concluded that in a year's time supply would not meet demand.

He started to buy cotton at fourpence a pound in April, 1908, and went on buying as it rose. By the summer of 1909 it stood at sixpence a pound, and Scales had been buying all the way up. His buying power increased with every fraction of a penny that cotton rose. The 1908 crop had been 13,086,000 bales. The 1909 crop was only 10,073,000 bales—and that in a time of recovering trade and larger demand from the textile mills. By the end of December, 1909, cotton was up to 8½d. a pound.

Scales sold then. He had run his gamble for nineteen months, and piled his original stake of £3,000 up to £1,300,000. Operations in wheat and in shares can show larger figures; but none on record show a profit ratio of around 433 to 1.

SOME students of our astonishing civilisation think that if the expansion era the bankers prophesy and statesmen hope for materialises, if we move on to greater wealth-making, larger volumes of trade, and higher living standards than any known in the past, then the gambling boom may well roll up into a tidal wave higher than that which soared up in the last prosperity era: and that in the end it will bring a new Dark Age upon us. They point out that the breaking of the last little gambling flare-up in stocks and commodities produced a world-wide smash which might easily have tipped the balance of recovery over into a new world slump.

Certainly if any attempt were made to abolish gambling the effect would probably be more disastrous for the world than the "noble experiment" of prohibiting the manufacture, distribution, and sale of alcoholic liquor was for the United States. One would not merely ruin a few gambling houses and casino playgrounds, investments in which millions have been sunk. Hordes of people would be bankrupted, hundreds of thousands of businesses destroyed, millions of taxable incomes wiped out. Stock markets and the whole machinery of our capitalistic system would be disrupted. The thing would have its profound repercussions from State treasuries to the peasant's cottage and the proletarian's tenement lodging.

Indeed, it looks as if we shall have to go on gambling until we organise the Millennium and go to live in Utopia, where everything is planned ahead, controlled, and provided for, including the growth or decline of population. For all human life has an element of the gamble in it. Empire is a gamble, and so is war. Every time you cross a street or take a car on the road, you gamble with death or damage. And if you stay at home, you are not much better off. Home accidents exceed any other sort, and thousands of people are killed or injured every year through falling off ladders or down stairs, or slipping up on rugs or in baths.

We gamble for money, power, love, life. Maybe we always shall.

END

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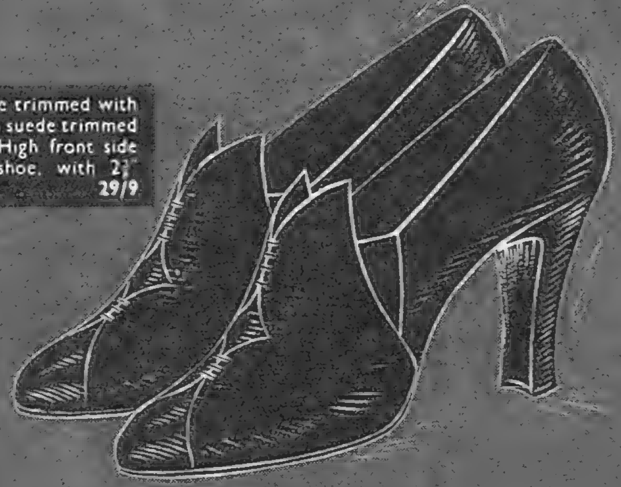

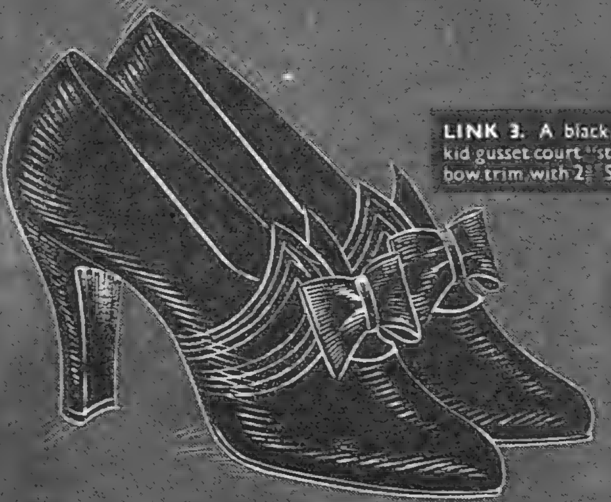

LINK 3. A black, brown or blue kid gusset court "step-in," wing and bow trim with 2¾ Spanish heel 29/9

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Austria's Call in Winter Time

A Land that Makes the Visitor Abundantly at Home

SKI-PRINTS IN THE SNOW: A fine ski-ing ground on Austria's higher slopes where the best of sport may be enjoyed

SOMEHOW to the layman Austria and winter sports do not seem synonymous; Salzburg and the festival, yes; Vienna and its gay, cosmopolitan night life, certainly; Tyrol, with its picturesque peasantry, its pastoral scenes, by all means. These things have the ring of authenticity, are true, in fact, to popular concept. But ski-ing, skating, and tobogganing—what of them? ask many who regard these as essentially the pastimes of Switzerland, and who have been apt, erroneously enough, to look upon Austria as taking a wholly secondary place in this respect, attracting a mere sprinkling of winter visitors compared with the neighbouring Confederation.

Well, just try Austria this year and see for yourself. For seasons past knowledgeable skiers have found there all that they could wish. Resorts that are pleasantly full but seldom overcrowded, hotels at which the moment you arrive you are made to feel at home, slopes that retain their depth of snow throughout the season—these are some of the things that go to make this country, four-fifths of which is alpine, such an ideal place for the man or woman who hopes to find winter sport at its best and brightest.

Listen to what Brigadier-General J. B. Wroughton, Editor of the *Winter Sports Annual*, has to say about it:—

"I should be sorry indeed if I missed my yearly trip to beautiful Austria, and from a skier's

POPULAR SEEFELD: A street scene (above) and a ski-jumping meeting in progress point of view, there is no better country. The Austrian Alps are in every way suitable for the sport—the snow plentiful, the ski-ing fields varied in character and not steep, accommodation good and moderate in price. It is not to be wondered at that every year greater numbers of visitors are going there in winter. The Austrians themselves give their guests a very warm welcome, and their friendly endeavours to make them feel at home add not a little to the pleasure of the holiday."

HERE is praise indeed. But any one of the cognoscenti, those folk who long ago learnt the winter charms of this land, will tell you that all that Brig.-General Wroughton has to say is true enough. The most popular times to go to Austria are at Christmas and from approximately January 20th till the end of the season, which varies, of course, according to the altitude of each particular resort. Experience shows that the fortnight before January 20th is usually a little slack, and sometimes lower terms are offered at this period—a fact to be noted by those of limited means who wish, none the less, to enjoy the comforts of the best hotels.

Sports teachers are available at all resorts. Courses are organised for varying grades of proficiency, and short or long tours are arranged under expert guidance.

The Austrian system of ski-ing instruction is really excellently organised, and at all winter sports places classes are held by men who, before being allowed to teach, have passed the tests given by a national body. The result of this wise regulation is that everywhere the same technique may be acquired. The fees for lessons are often moderate in the extreme.

The number of places patronised by British visitors have tended to increase of recent years, but the Arlberg district and Kitzbühel, it is safe to say, still remain prime favourites.

The Arlberg is that tract of mountainous country which divides the Vorarlberg from Tyrol, and there are some superb resorts such as St. Anton, Zurs, St. Christoph and Lech, where the snow lasts from the beginning of December until May. Kitzbühel is a little lower in altitude, but is especially popular on account of the almost inexhaustible number of tours that may be made. At both St. Anton and Kitzbühel there are organised entertainments—dancing in the hotels every evening and elaborate balls at frequent intervals.

A PLACE that has very much come to the fore just lately is Obergurgl (6,350 ft.), in the lovely Otztal. The snow conditions there are first class, and the terrain is all that could be desired.

Beyond Kitzbühel both Zell am See and Hofgastein are very popular.

Hofgastein, in the Gastein Valley, is a good all-round sports resort, and is also to be recommended for a winter cure, for the mineral waters of the famous spa of Badgastein, only a mile or two away, are brought to Hofgastein through pipe lines.

Badgastein deserves to be better known. Its hotels are excellent, its position magnificent; people who go out for skating or curling and seek a restful winter holiday, perhaps combined with a winter cure, will do well to go to Badgastein.

Saalbach, which is just off Zell am See, has excellent ski runs and practice slopes. Those who do not want to dress in the evening can hardly find a better ski-ing centre. Early bookings are essential.

For anyone who intends making a prolonged winter stay, the towns of Innsbruck and Salzburg, as well as the two famous spas of Badgastein and Hofgastein, are the best places for this purpose. Both are situated in close proximity to the mountains, so that winter sports are within easy reach, and at the same time they provide all the amenities usually associated with town life—large choice of hotels, theatres, cinemas, cafés, and so on. In the neighbourhood of Innsbruck, Seefeld and Igls are much visited centres.

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★ *To enhance the colour of the eyes use Ardena Eye Sha-do, again in varying colours—In fifteen shades. 4/6.*

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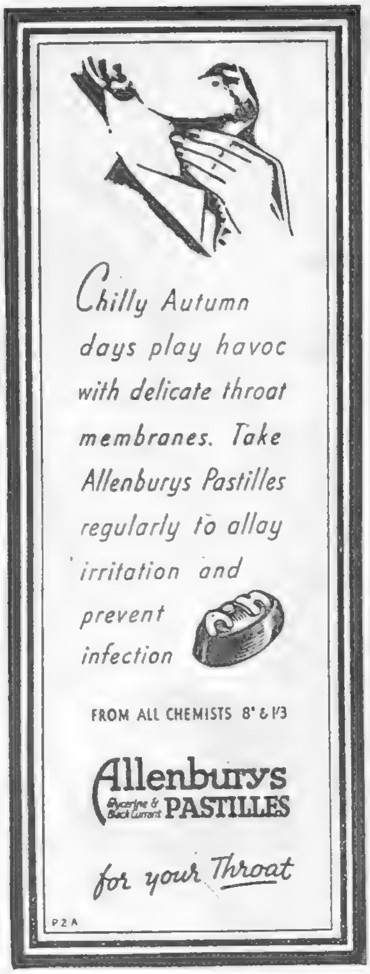
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CVS—18

Impulse

(*Continued from page 23*)

photographs of a commode, of a modern table, and of a dozen other pieces of furniture. "I don't see why he wants drawings for his book when he has these photographs."

"What's a photograph compared to one of my drawings?"

"How much is he paying you?" She hoped that Eric would not notice the worry in her voice and begin to question her.

"Twenty-five hundred francs."

"And how much is that?"

"It's five hundred latts, one hundred dollars, two hundred and fifty marks"—his eyes twinkled—"or one imported lady's suit, a half-dozen bottles of India ink, various other trifles, and a dozen cans of California canned fruit!" With a majestic gesture he said, "Look!" On the dining-room table were stacked the luxury purchases.

"And you haven't saved any of the money?"

"Why should I?" Eric grinned. "There will be more—he's already talking about another book. And he's paying me the rates he pays in Paris."

"Oh, Eric!" It would do no good to be cross with him, to take out her own anxiety on him. Eric would have done the work for a quarter of that money, and Rohrmann must have known that; he certainly did not seem like the type of man who would forgo the pleasure of bargaining. Or, possibly—and unwillingly she admitted the possibility—she had completely misjudged the publisher.

Eric saw some uncertainty in her manner. "What's the matter, dearest? Aren't you pleased?"

"It seems to me that he's overpaying you," Anna said.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Of course he is, but why should I be upset by that?" He went back to the table. "He'll get his money's worth. I shall show him these first sketches this evening." Very quickly Eric added, "I asked him to come over. He's alone in Riga and lonely, I guess."

"That will be very nice." She did not doubt that Eric had asked him. But she was sure that Rohrmann had so arranged it that he had to ask him.

When the publisher came she felt for a moment that she had done him a wrong. After all, to build suspicion on nothing but dislike was childish. Rohrmann seemed so kind and thoughtful. He was pleased with what Eric had done, but he tactfully suggested one or two little improvements. Then he settled down by the table and seemed very content. "You two are very nice, very nice, to let an old man break up your evening in this way," he said sincerely. "When you live as I have to, in hotel after hotel, with a large house in Paris closed up most of the year, you appreciate home atmosphere." That was all he said about himself. But he talked of life in Paris, in Prague, on the Riviera in spring, of the sunsets over the Bosphorus. Eric listened as if the conversation were an obbligato to his dreams. Anna watched him and knew what was in his mind.

About ten o'clock Rohrmann seemed to exhaust his reminiscences. "Would you like to go out somewhere?" he asked. "There must be some cabarets here."

The invitation seemed impromptu, but Anna was sure that it was planned as carefully and as casually as everything Rohrmann did. She hesitated. "I'm rather tired." But Eric was getting hats and coats. "I'd like to go," he said, laughing, "but we can't tell you much about cabarets because we go out so very seldom."

Half an hour later they were at the Eldorado, at one of the balcony tables. She admitted to herself that it was pleasant to hear music, to see people dancing. Just because Rohrmann's motives were suspect was no reason for not enjoying the evening. Several times friends of hers came up to the table and greeted her. She introduced them to the publisher. "I'm very pleased to meet people," he said. "I've been in Riga for three weeks and met so few people." He did look pleased. Anna would have liked to dance, but neither Rohrmann nor Eric asked her. The publisher was talking to Eric about illustrators he had known, and Eric was listening like a child to everything he said.

That night set the pattern for many evenings to come. Almost every evening thereafter, Rohrmann came for tea at seven, then, after an hour of conversation about Eric's work, they went to the Eldorado or to the Alhambra. At times Anna protested that she was tired, but Eric was always eager to go, and that was that. They came nearer to quarrelling than ever before one night when Anna said, "You go with Rohrmann, Eric, if you wish. I've had a hard day at the office."

"I don't believe you like him very much," he said.

She knew he meant it in jest, but she answered, "I don't."

The truth of her answer puzzled him. "But why not? The work I've had a chance to do—the opportunity he's given me——"

She had said what she thought in some casual excuse. To speak of distrust would seem petty and small now, after the way that Rohrmann had built a new confidence in Eric. He had commissioned him to do a second book on travel in Anatolia. To discourage Eric now would hurt him, and she did not want to risk that. "I hate having him entertain us all the time," she said. "I hate the way our evenings are broken up." Feebly she added, "We used to walk by the harbour."

"And we shall soon be walking by Notre Dame and along the Seine," Eric answered, kissing her. "And my wife will not be working in any stupid office."

On one of the infrequent evenings when they were alone, Anna sat watching Eric as he finished the last sketch for the book on Anatolia. "It's taken you a long time to finish," she said, merely as an observation.

"Why do you say that?" Eric asked sharply.

She realised then that for ten days there had been something new in Eric's moods. He was no less buoyant, no less happy, but his moods had an edge of sharp nervousness. "You've been working very hard," she said.

The only answer was the sound of pen on paper. Then, without looking up at her, Eric said, "I've really been working on two books—this travel book and one on history."

"Why didn't you mention the history before?" That was news.

"I promised to say nothing to you about it." Eric was never very good at explanations. "You see, Rohrmann said that you would be angry at him for giving me work that was not illustrating—but just draftsman's work."

She came to the table. "What kind of history have you been doing?"

"A military history," Eric said, "and very dull. I've been making maps for it, and I'm glad I have the last one almost finished."

She tried to act as if what she was hearing was really not very important, but she was sure that when she knew the facts about that history, she would understand Rohrmann's motives. The hollowness of his explanation about secrecy! Yet Eric, who saw nothing but Paris ahead, would accept such an explanation!

"I want to see what you've been doing," Anna said firmly.

"I have only the last sketch at my office," Eric said. "As soon as I finished them I gave them to him. He said the history was on the press!" He saw her putting on her coat. "What's the use of going out to-night."

But they went, and Eric said on the way, "I guess Rohrmann was right. He told me you would probably be angry."

"I'm not angry," she said as gently as she could. "I'm just interested." More than anything, she wanted to avoid a quarrel; she might be so wrong. (*Continued on page 122*)

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Courtaulds
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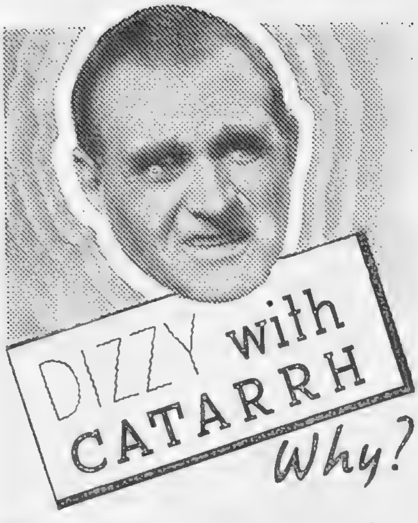

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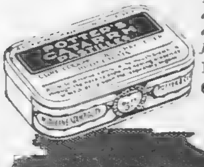

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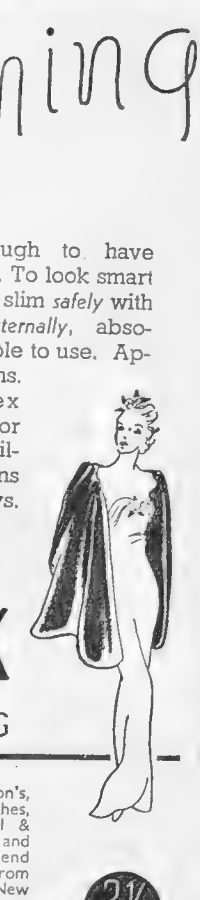

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At the office Eric took a sheet of paper from his desk. "Here you are—this is what I've been doing." He seemed hurt at her attitude.

She looked at it carefully. It was a neat piece of map-drawing, but it was not exactly what she thought she would see. Then she smiled. "It must be very boring work, dear."

Saying very little, they went home. And Anna thought of the questions she would ask Herr Rohrmann.

When Captain Balods let her have several hours free in the next afternoon, she called the publisher at the Metropole Hotel. "May I see you to-day?" she asked.

"I should be delighted," he said. "At two o'clock?"

She went feeling confident, but she was surprised when Rohrmann greeted her cordially, then said "Eric told me that you were looking at his latest work last night?"

She was surprised that he went right to the subject she wished to discuss. "He only told me about that work last night."

The publisher nodded. "Do sit down—take this armchair. You'll be more comfortable." He lit a cigarette for her. Then, as if it were an attempt to make trivial conversation, he said, "I might almost say that I was expecting you to call this afternoon."

At his remark her surprise tightened into concern. "Herr Rohrmann," she said, not masking her emotion very well, "why did you give that work to Eric?"

"Why?" He flipped off the cigarette ash. "Because I wanted it done."

His self-possession, his coolness upset her; she knew she had nothing like that with which to match him. "The sketch I saw last night," she said bluntly, "is no illustration for a military history."

Rohrmann's only reaction was a slightly broadened smile.

"It is a sketch of the mobilisation plan of the Latvian Army on the southern border."

As if acknowledging that the weather was truly fine, Rohrmann nodded, "That's so."

She felt a little more courageous now. "Furthermore, it is a false plan, a counterfeit. I presume you know that."

"Of course." Rohrmann began to wipe his glasses. "Where would I get real ones?" Then, quickly, as if seeing an opening: "I must say that for a young lady who works in the department of missing mares you know a great deal."

Anna blushed and felt furious at herself for such a ridiculous reaction.

The publisher laughed. "Won't you have something to drink?" He started to mix Scotch and soda. "I've been looking forward to this opportunity of talking with you. You are a very intelligent young woman."

She wished she had some of the man's poise, some of his self-control. Nothing that she could say would embarrass him; it was like trying to argue the slow, steady movement of a glacier. Now, for the first time, she was afraid.

Rohrmann put the drink beside her, then sat down, completely the master of the situation, and so sure of it. "I am a publisher, yes," he began. "What I publish—ah, there are so many ramifications to my business. I'm sure that you know that our business"—he emphasised the words—"has modernised itself to-day. Each nation has its own espionage service, but their efficiency varies. We—the people in my own business"—again, that same emphasis—"we work for no one nation. We work for them all. A clearing house, as it were. We have a supply of information and we sell it to whomsoever wants it. I may add that I, not directly, that is, have even dealt with your superior, Captain Balods. A charming man—you are fortunate to have such a person to work under. I enjoyed meeting him so much the other night."

Anna's fear was mounting. "I shall tell him about you!" Her threat was as weak as a wad of paper, and she knew it.

Rohrmann smiled. "I expected you to say that. I'm sure he would like to catch any one of us, but"—he took a long sip of his drink—"I don't think you will tell him."

She did not understand. "I shall tell my husband!"

Again that smile, and it increased her fright. "I expected you to say that, too. I doubt if you will. You see, I have studied him and, if you will pardon me, you, too. He is very—what do you call it? He goes off like a grenade."

"He would report you to the police," Anna snapped.

"I have no doubt," Rohrmann agreed pleasantly. "And I should be arrested for being mixed up with military plans, false or otherwise." He lit another cigarette. "But Eric would not stop to think that his sketches bear his name, that for a month he has been taking money from me—mind you," he spoke more hastily, "I don't regret it. I have been liberal, but I consider it a wise investment, and I have some pretty drawings for my library. And for a month you and he have been my guests so many nights." He smiled almost roguishly. "Your friends have seen us together, you know."

She understood now. And she knew she was trembling.

Rohrmann's lips were now almost a colourless line. He looked coldly at her. "Would the police believe that your husband did not know what he was doing, associating with me, taking my money? And what about your position at the War Office?" He shook his head. "That is why I don't think you will tell Eric about this. He might tell the police, you know." Then, as if to himself, "When I saw Eric's cartoon and heard he was your husband, I felt that if I were very careful, I might arrive at a pleasing situation. I have arrived."

Anna forced herself to stop trembling. "You are very far-sighted."

"Only far-sighted people last in my business, my dear." And, so gently, he added, "You will learn to be."

"I?" Her fear was becoming horror.

"I can very easily arrange to let the police have the work Eric has done, taking care, of course, to get out of the country first. That would be unfortunate, wouldn't it? I can see in your face that you understand what that could mean to him—and to you." Very carefully he looked at his finger-tips for a moment. "Whether I take Eric's drawings with me when I leave here, or whether I give them to the police, quite simply depends on you."

That was what she had expected to hear, these last five minutes. It had seemed less horrible awaiting it than it did now, put bluntly to her.

"You have an important and confidential position here, very confidential. You are paid very little." Each additional sentence jabbed the horror into panic. "Look at the way you and your husband have to save and deny yourselves. By the way, I like Eric, I like him very much. I like you, too, but I foresaw that you would not like me. It is too bad—you and I could work so well together. My service needs information and you are in a position in your office to supply information. Demand and supply should unite, shouldn't they?" He laughed. "That is a law in any business."

It was horrible to sit here, helpless, with every exit blocked, with nothing to say, to bite her lips and to grind her nails into her palms.

"What your Latvian Army does or hopes to do matters very little in Europe. No offence meant." He smiled his apology. "That doesn't interest me. But what does interest me is what your people get from your agents in Moscow, in Berlin. I have heard the Latvian Information Bureau spoken of very highly, my dear. No mean compliment. I am sure Captain Balods would be pleased to know it." Then he faced her and asked directly, "You are in a position to supply me with what they get, aren't you?"

If she said no, he would know she was lying. If she said yes——

She said nothing, *(Continued on page 124)*

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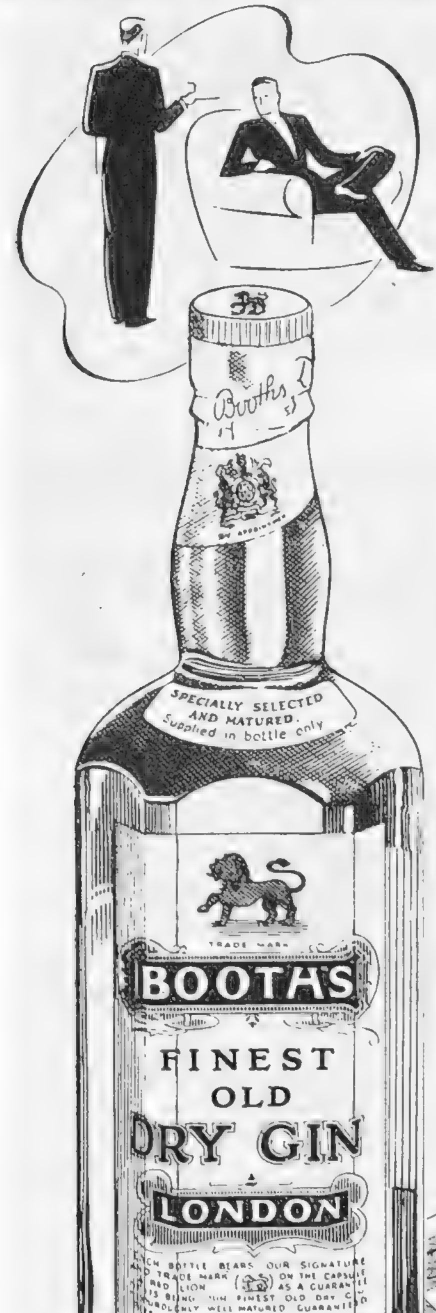
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and she knew that he interpreted correctly her lack of an answer.

"I thought so," he said, pleased. "Now, if you will work with me, think what it can mean for Eric. Paris, my dear." Very softly he asked, "There aren't many wives who have such a chance to help their husbands, are there?"

Anna sat crumpled in the chair, speechless, ashamed, as hurt as if her clothes had been stripped from her. In the midst of panic she told herself that she must not weaken nor show weakness.

"I admire you," he said pleasantly, "for your determination not to weaken. It's in your character. I appreciate the difficulty of your position."

She wanted to slap him, to scratch that self-satisfied mask from his grey face. If she were to scream and bring in the police, he would only need to show those sketches with Eric's signature.

"You get me what I want from time to time, and in a year or so, no more two-room apartments, no more Riga in winter!" He was reminded of something. "I was very proud to see you in that lovely English suit, and to feel that I had helped to make you two so happy." He smiled at Anna's confusion and lit another cigarette. "I must only ask you to make your decision quickly."

She had to have time, to decide what she might tell Eric, to see if there was some way out. Dully, she knew there was no way out whatsoever. But she said, "I shall have to have a little time."

Rohrmann nodded. "I understand. I would advise you most strongly not to speak with Eric. No matter what you say, he might jump at once to conclusions and go to the police. And while I should regret confinement"—he spoke so delicately—"I may say that I am more used to it than either he—or you." He smiled. "He is so impulsive!"

Someone knocked at the door. "This is probably Eric," Rohrmann said, amused, as if he had arranged a pleasant surprise.

Anna wished she were a thousand miles off. She did not want to see him until she could plan what to say to him. As he entered she knew she looked confused and embarrassed.

"Hello, Anna," he said cheerfully. "Here you are, sir"—he offered Rohrmann a folder. "Here's the last sketch done."

"Thank you very much." Rohrmann tossed it carelessly on the table. Fascinated, Anna watched it.

Eric turned to her. "I didn't expect to see you——" He stopped, and she knew he had seen the confusion on her face.

"Your wife just dropped in for a moment to ask how you were getting on," Rohrmann said carelessly, but his tone of voice was one to let Eric think anything he wished.

Eric waited nervously for a moment, not sure what to think. Then he said, "I really must be going."

"And I too," Anna said awkwardly.

"Come in to-morrow, Eric," Rohrmann said hospitably. "And do come round again, Anna."

Without a word, they went down to the street. Without a word, they walked along Aspazia Boulevard. Without knowing just what words to use, Anna followed Eric as he turned across the Boulevard to a bench in front of the Opera. It was a grey Baltic day, promising cold that would flick the skin like lead pellets.

They sat down in silence. Then Eric snapped. "Why were you in his room?"

She saw for the first time what Eric might be thinking. Why should he jump to such conclusions? They were ridiculous. Then, as she sought any explanation but the true one, she knew she was trapped again. "I went to see him——" weakly, she fell back on the alibi that Rohrmann had given her—"I went up for a second to inquire about your work."

Then his questions came like a hailstorm. "You've always said you didn't like him, haven't you? Didn't you resent his coming to our house? You didn't like to go out at night with him. But I find you in his rooms, without telling me. You could have told me." He sounded so hurt. "If you have time off from the office, why didn't you say something about it?"

"I tell you——" She knew she was helpless against his sudden conviction.

"I only have to open my eyes. He wasn't after me—he was after you, and you are fool enough to encourage him. Why should he pay me exorbitantly for work, except to use that as a way to dull my suspicions?"

Eric was a fool, but she could not tell him so. To tell him the truth would be to enrage him against Rohrmann.

"How many times have you gone to his rooms?"

"Please don't say things like that, Eric."

He only became angrier. "When I came in, you looked embarrassed. If I'm not right, then why should you look embarrassed, guilty?" There was no answer. "I shall have nothing more to do with him. I forbid you to see him. I shall tell him to-morrow that I want no more work, no more of his money!"

IN her pain she saw that she would have to plead with Eric not to break with Rohrmann; he would only believe it was some trap and would hurry off to the police with the sketches signed so neatly with Eric's name. Yet, to beg Eric to continue with him——! She felt she could sit still no longer. She got up, freshly conscious of the whipping wind. Eric followed her, and in a silence heavier than the sky they walked home. The miles between them were so many now.

She stood by the window at home, looking down on the little crooked street. One thing was clear; it was better to risk anything that Rohrmann might do than to chance a worse quarrel with Eric. "Please come here," she said to him.

He came, like a small boy, more angry now with himself for his conclusions than at Anna.

"You must listen," she said, "Sit here, and promise not to get up until I have finished. My father always said that it is not money or patriotism that sends people into espionage except in war times. It's different then. At other times it's blackmail, filthy blackmail, that gets most of them."

Then, never raising her voice, never letting go of Eric's hand, she told him of Rohrmann's conversation.

He freed himself and jumped up before she was finished.

"Please, Eric, please! Where are you going?"

"To the police! That scoundrel——!"

She held him back. "No, no, no! The police can do little to him—those plans are counterfeit. But if Captain Balods hears of us——!"

They sat side by side, helpless.

A second time Eric jumped up. This time he began to walk the room hurriedly, nervously, smacking his fist against his hand. "He foresees everything, does he? You go to him to-morrow and get him out of his rooms somewhere."

"And then?"

"I shall get into his rooms and steal the sketches. They must be somewhere in his rooms. Then let him try to threaten us!"

He came and kissed Anna and took her in his arms. For the moment the greyness and the hopelessness of the day were far away.

ANNA called Rohrmann the next morning. "I should like to see you this afternoon after work," she said. "I can't come to your hotel—Eric is so jealous." That credible excuse should put him off his guard.

It did, "I thought he might be, after yesterday," Rohrmann agreed. "I'm sorry to have put you in an embarrassing position."

"That doesn't matter," Anna continued. "Where can we meet to-day?"

He suggested a little cellar café, off Kauna Iela.

She told Eric of the appointment, at six, then tried to get back to work. She could not concentrate on (*Continued on page 126*)

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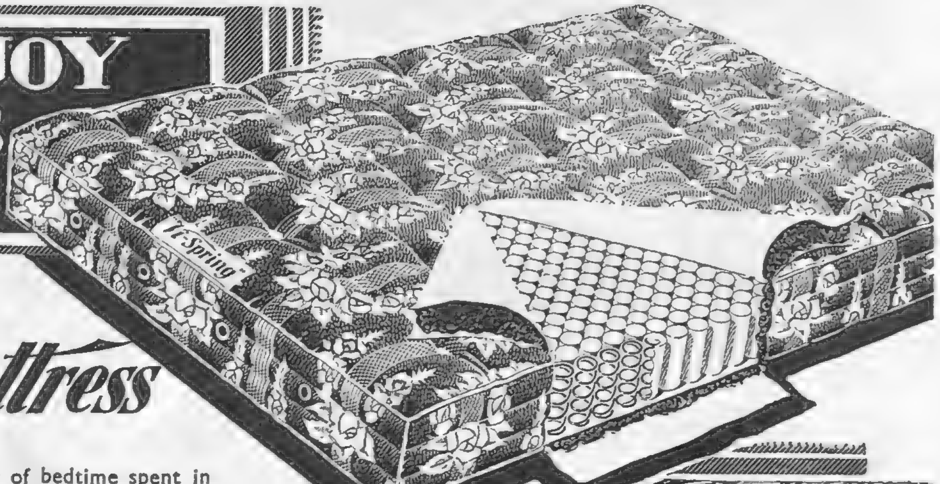

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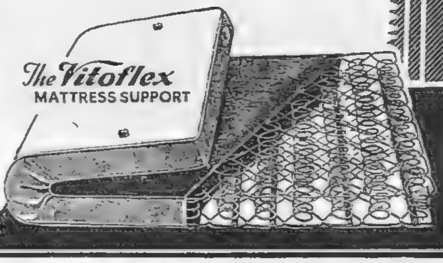

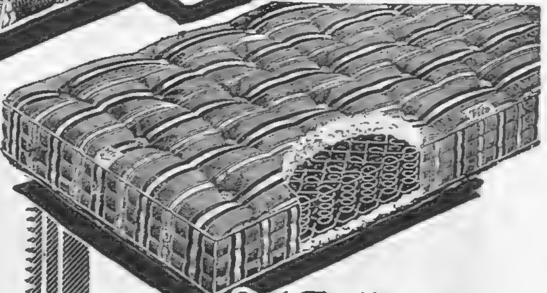

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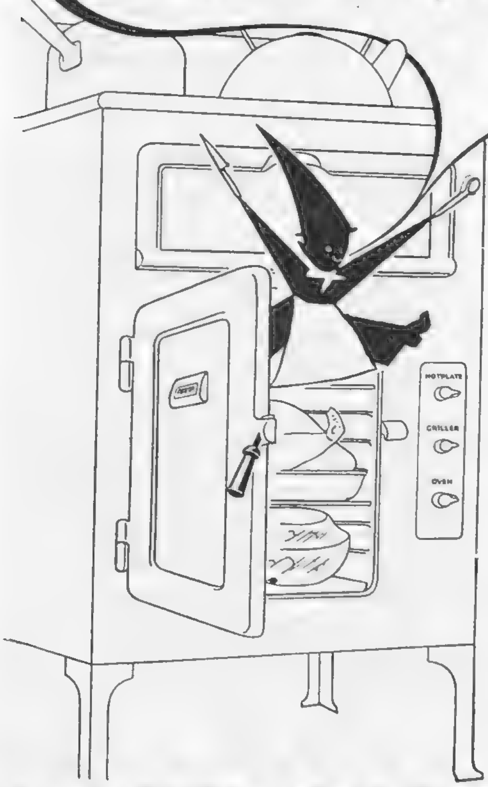

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the papers on her desk. Several times Captain Balods passed by. It might be better, she thought, to tell him the whole story, to ask for understanding. After all, she had worked for him for five years!

But a few minutes before six she started for the little café. Rohrmann was waiting for her. Very courteously he rose as she came to the table. Very courteously he asked after her health, after Eric. No matter what the situation, he was always the perfectly poised gentleman.

"Will you have coffee or something stronger?" he asked.

"Anything," she said, hoping she could hold her nerves. To give Eric sufficient time, she would have to sit here for at least an hour. At this moment, on some pretext or other, Eric was in Rohrmann's room. She watched coffee being served, and she was thankful that Rohrmann began a monologue of trivialities. At this moment, she thought, Eric should be breaking locks on suitcases and closets.

"You seem very far away, my dear," Rohrmann said considerately.

"I have had a hard time making the decision you have forced on me," she said weakly. By this time, she hoped, Eric should have the plans and be on his way down the street. But she had to make sure.

"There isn't very much choice, is there?" he said sympathetically.

"Not very much," she agreed. Eric would destroy the sketches, then come to the café and join them.

"I understand how hard it is," Rohrmann said, and he started a long story of a girl he once knew in Munich. But that story ended, and he waited for her to speak.

"I've decided to do what you wish," she said. Any moment now, Eric would come in smiling.

"You have?" The smile on Rohrmann's colourless lips broadened. "I'm really very pleased. Not surprised, of course. But I thought last night that you might tell your husband in desperation, and that you and he—you will pardon me, my dear—might attempt some trickery." He laughed to himself. "You'd give a lot, I suppose, to have this." He tapped a portfolio which rested on a chair next to him."

"What—what is in it?"

"Your husband's-er-sketches. They are much too valuable to leave around an hotel room. I take them with me wherever I go."

The little room spun round and her head with it. She checked a gasp and a cry; there was no use giving him the satisfaction of having foreseen one thing more. It was better to concede defeat at once. Quickly, to get it over, she repeated, "I've decided to take your offer. What is it you want me to do?"

Then she saw Eric come into the café. His face was almost colourless. Rohrmann followed her glance and stood up at once, as if alarmed.

"Good afternoon," Eric said firmly. "Herr Rohrmann, will you come to your hotel at once?"

"Certainly — of course — is something wrong?" Anna could see that he was trying to understand what this interruption meant. For once she saw his poise slipping. The three walked to the hotel. "What is the matter?" Rohrmann asked several times, each time with a little more alarm. He held tightly to the portfolio under his arm.

Suddenly Eric noticed it. "May I carry the portfolio for you?" he asked politely.

"Oh, no, no, thank you very much."

Then nothing more was said. Anna, puzzled, saw that Eric's face was set hard. Whatever he had arranged, now, he at least felt certain of himself.

Two policemen stood in the little hotel lobby. "Here is Herr Rohrmann," Eric said to them. "I want him arrested."

Rohrmann was speechless for a long moment. "For what? Don't you think you are being hasty?"

Eric ignored him and turned to the police. "This man has stolen a lot of my work—I want his rooms searched." Rohrmann looked his anger, sharp and vicious. Without a word, the police, Rohrmann, the hotel manager, and Eric went in a group to his room. Anna followed. She could hear Rohrmann protesting. "You are going to regret this, Eric."

The door was opened and Eric ordered the police to search the closets and the baggage. And, while Rohrmann stood, his anger going down in his confusion, the police brought out from bags and drawers, oil paintings of green forest, green-grey sea, and white birches. They found sketches of Riga architecture in a closet. In the desk they found the illustrations for two books.

"I paid him to draw those," Rohrmann said angrily, still holding to the portfolio.

"He did," Eric agreed, "but he stole those other pieces."

"Nonsense!" Rohrmann turned to the police. "Why should I steal this trash?"

For an answer Eric opened a folded piece of drawing paper. Anna saw that it was a hastily done caricature of Rohrmann. Hastily done, but he had caught the long face, the colourless lips, the smirking poise, and it was horribly comic. "He got angry when I did this," Eric explained, while the police began to laugh. "You know, I did the Café Braun cartoon."

The police laughed louder and Rohrmann stood uneasily, trying to understand. One policeman turned to him. "You should be able to take a joke—you shouldn't have stolen this young man's pictures in revenge."

"But I didn't! See here, you fools——!"

"Here's more of my work." Eric made a grab for the portfolio and got it. He opened it while Rohrmann protested and while the police saw the cartoon once more and laughed again. "I did these for my wife—she's in the War Office. See, my name is on these sketches!"

"I bought those!"

Eric gave the portfolio to Anna. "You'd better go right on with these now."

With the portfolio under her arm, Anna hurried out. She heard Rohrmann shout a protest; she heard the police say, "Now a joke is a joke—let the young man have his things!" But she was in the elevator and hurrying to the street when Eric turned to the police and said, "I can't explain why he took my work. It must have been just an impulse!"

END

Carrying the Mails

(*Continued from page* 25)

assault. But the packet's men were ready. A crashing broadside from her six-pounders tore through the ranks of the boarders, and before they could rally the *Windsor Castle's* men had in turn taken the offensive. The French captain fell shot through the heart, and a few moments later one of the boarding party hauled down the privateer's flag in triumph.

The *Jeune Richard* was one of many prizes of war taken by the mail packets from time to time, although, strictly speaking, their instructions were not to seek engagements, but rather to avoid them where possible, relying more on speed and seamanship than on fighting to get the mails safely to their destination. These general orders, however, allowed of a fairly free interpretation, and many of the packet commanders were by no means backward about bringing their vessels into action.

"I regret that they had hold of nothing stronger" was the terse comment of one such fighting master, when he brought into port half the flag of a privateer which had attempted to board his vessel, and, having burned her fingers rather badly, had incontinently retired, leaving her tail-feathers in the hands of some of the packet's seamen who had clutched at them as she broke away.

THE packets carried comparatively small crews—between twenty and thirty was the usual complement—so that in case of a close engagement everyone on board was, of course, pressed

(*Continued on page* 128)

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into the service, passengers included. "Just at first," writes a peaceful merchant turned fighting man, in his diary of a voyage in a packet ship, published many years ago in the *Cornhill Magazine*, "when we saw the enemy coming we wished we had had the convoy; but we soon forgot that when our blood warmed, for all on board had to turn to and work his best. Everybody on board did not seem to mind at all, down to the little boy who serves us in the cabin, although we could see they more than outnumbered all of we, for one Englishman is as good as two frog-eaters, and I am sure as good as any two of those rags of Spaniards." The worthy merchant admits to having had "a great fright" when a piece of wood struck him in the back, and he was "much alarmed lest I was shot." Nevertheless, he records with evident satisfaction that "once or twice, when we struck them with our grape, their shrieks were verry awful and loud": and one imagines that his warlike exploits would not lose much in the telling when he returned to his peaceful avocations.

A good many of the early packet-owners were Quakers, and when the increasing numbers of attacks on the mails by privateers led the Post Office authorities to require that the ships carrying them should be more effectively armed, they stuck to their principles so strongly as to withdraw their vessels from the service. Others, however, were able to accommodate their views more to circumstances. The tale is told of a member of a well-known Cornish Quaker family, who held the office of surgeon in a packet, when she was attacked and boarded by a French raider. The doctor, a large and powerful man, was walking the deck unarmed at the time; but, seizing one of the boarding party round the middle, he remarked: "Friend, thee makes a mistake, this is not thy ship," and with that tossed him bodily into the sea.

PLENTY of the packet crews, both officers and men, saw the inside of French prisons after capture, and there is a whole romance in a nutshell in the story of Captain Yescombe, of the *King George*, who, finding himself attacked by a superior enemy off the Breton coast, sank the mails and despatches and was then taken to Quimper as a prisoner. When there he made the acquaintance of a French lady, who persuaded the authorities to allow him to leave the prison and lodge with her; and it was not long before he succeeded in getting clear away and returning to England. The Captain always maintained that he was never under parole, and was therefore quite free to escape if he had the chance. None the less, he was strongly of opinion that it would go hard with him if he were to be taken again, and for some time he was very unwilling to go to sea again. At last, however, he did so, in his old ship, the *King George*, though he still expressed all kinds of gloomy forebodings as to his probable fate.

For some time nothing more was heard of him or of his ship. Then a Swedish galliot spoke an English ship at sea, with the news that she had on board the survivors of the *King George*, sunk by a French privateer bearing, oddly enough, the name of *Reprisal*. Captain Yescombe was not among them. He had been killed in the course of the engagement, evidently preferring to lose his life rather than risk returning to whatever retribution might await him in his former place of captivity.

SO far as fighting was concerned, this, from the mail packets' point of view, was mainly confined to the Atlantic and the English Channel. But there were other difficulties to contend with as well as the guns of the enemy, as during the severe winter of 1798, when communication between the Packet Station at Harwich and the ports of Northern Germany and Holland was entirely cut off from the beginning of December to the end of January. The packet service here was kept up by small sloops of sixty or seventy tons burthen, and on December 9th the gale from the east was so strong that the packet *Prince of Orange*, with two mails on board for Cuxhaven, could not put to sea for several days. At last, however, she and three other packets left in company, and after beating against winds of gale force, accompanied by snow and hail, for several days they at last arrived off Heligoland and signalled for a pilot. No pilot, however, appeared, and after a lengthy wait Captain Bridge, of the *Prince of Orange*, decided, since the mails and despatches on board were of the most urgent character, to try to make the port without. The harbour of Cuxhaven was choked with ice, but Captain Bridge succeeded in bringing his little craft safely through it, and succeeded in getting a line ashore. The icefloes had in the meantime closed round his ship, and the tide was running out fast. The line parted, and the *Prince of Orange*, driving helplessly down stream with the ice, went aground on a sandbank. As the tide receded, however, it became possible to get ashore, and the Captain himself undertook the dangerous passage between the ship and the land, and delivered the mails in person at the agent's office in Cuxhaven.

IT was not a war risk, again, which brought about the loss of the *Lady Hobart* on July 28th, 1803, when homeward bound from Halifax for England, shortly after the declaration of war with France. "We hauled to the northward," thus Captain Fellowes's account runs, "to pass over the northern part of the Great Bank of Newfoundland, intending to keep well to the northward, with a view to avoid the enemy's cruisers." On the Banks the *Lady Hobart* fell in with a large French schooner, *L'Aimable Julie*, and made a prize of her, putting her in charge of two naval officers who were passengers in the *Lady Hobart*, and a prize crew. Soon afterwards it began to blow hard from the westward, with a heavy sea and intervals of thick fog, and about one in the morning the ship, "then proceeding by the log at the rate of seven miles an hour, struck against an island of ice," a quarter to half a mile in length, and in less than a quarter of an hour had settled down to her fore-chains. In spite of the high sea which was running, the cutter and jolly-boat were successfully launched, the lady passengers, of whom there were three, being placed in the former. The mail, which at first it had been hoped to save, was thrown overboard, iron pigs of ballast having been first lashed to it, and Captain Fellowes and Mr. Bargus, the sailing master, had barely left the ship when she gave a heavy plunge and went down headforemost. Hardly an hour had passed since she struck before she foundered.

In the cutter, which was 20 ft. long, 6 ft. 4 in. broad, and 2 ft. 6 in. deep, were eighteen souls in all, including the three ladies, and the French captain of the *Aimable Julie*, and their weight, together with that of the provisions, brought the boat's gunwale within 6 in. of the water. In the jolly-boat, a tiny cockleshell of 14 ft. from step to stern, were eleven persons, under command of Mr. Bargus, the master. The only supplies there had been time to save were forty or fifty pounds of biscuit, five gallons of water, a quantity of rum, spruce beer, and wine, and it was estimated that the nearest port, St. John's, Newfoundland, was 350 miles distant. Half a biscuit and a glass of wine was served out to each person every 24 hours, but the biscuit proving damaged by salt water, this slender allowance had to be still further reduced.

So the weary days went by. Fog, cold, drenching rain, and frequent gales combined to add to the miseries of the castaways; yet, with that amazing courage and endurance on the part of delicately nurtured womenfolk which again and again in tales of old shipwreck confounds those who are apt to despise the femininity of their great-grandmothers, "one of the ladies," Captain Fellowes writes, "again read prayers to us, particularly that for deliverance after a storm."

On the third day after the ship sank, a hard gale of wind blew from the W.S.W. with a heavy sea, dense fog and spray which froze as it blew

(*Continued on page* 130)

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over the boat. "We all felt a most painful depression of spirits," says the Captain; and this was increased when the jolly-boat, which the cutter had been obliged to keep in tow, since she had only three oars, broke loose and soon disappeared in the fog. The gale increasing, it was found necessary to ride to a sea anchor, and the boat thus succeeded in living through the night. The next day a sail was sighted to the eastward, and proved as it drew nearer to be the jolly-boat, which no one had ever expected to see again. "Our meeting," is Captain Fellowes's comment, "after such tempestuous weather, could only be attributed to the interposition of Providence."

About this time the French captain, who for some days "had laboured under a despondency which admitted of no consolation, jumped overboard in a fit of delirium and instantly sank." This—the first casualty among the survivors—had a very depressing effect on all the company, and to add to the general gloom a heavy gale began to blow again, this time from the southward. All who had enough strength to do so were obliged to bale the boat without ceasing, and even so most of the crew were lying all the time in water on the bottom.

On Sunday, July 3rd, a gleam of hope at last broke through the darkness. A beautiful white bird, web-footed, but not unlike a dove in size and plumage, hovered over the cutter's masthead, and, notwithstanding the pitching of the boat, often tried to perch upon it, and continued to flutter over it till night fell. "Trifling as this circumstance may appear," remarks Captain Fellowes's narrative, "it was considered by us all as a propitious omen; its leaving us, and returning to cheer us with its presence, awakened in us a superstition to which sailors are said to be at all times too much addicted."

The castaways had now been six days and nights in the boats, and their provisions could not hold out more than two days longer, even with the most rigid economy. Should the wind begin to blow off the land, their case would be hopeless indeed. Accordingly they bent their combined strength to the oars in a last endeavour to make the shore, which they judged could not now be far distant.

The next day the white bird's omen of good fortune was fulfilled. The fog lifting, the coast of Newfoundland was sighted, between Kettle Cove and Island Cove, in Conception Bay, fourteen leagues from St. John's, and at the same time a schooner was seen standing out from the shore.

"The prospect of a speedy relief from our sufferings affected us all in a most remarkable way," writes Captain Fellowes. "Many burst into tears, some looked at each other with a stupid stare, as if doubtful of the reality of what they saw; while several remained in such a lethargic state, that no language, however animating and consolatory, could rouse them to exertion."

The rest of the story is soon told. The schooner took the boats in tow, and the landing place at Island Cove was reached at four o'clock in the evening. Thence the castaways made their way in due course to St. John's, whence they took passage to Europe, arriving after various vicissitudes at Bristol. Except for the unfortunate French captain, the only casualties were a number of cases of more or less severe frostbite, one man losing several of his toes, while the ladies, who might have been expected to suffer most of all, appeared to be less affected in body and mind than most of their stronger companions.

Such, then, were a few of the dangers and difficulties attending the carrying of His Majesty's mails alike in peace or war in days gone by. Small wonder that their safe arrival was an event to be marked with a white stone, until the piping days of peace, and the coming of the steamship, brought about a new order of things, and the phrase "as right as the mail" took its place in the current coin of speech.

END

Fashions

(*Continued from page 48*)

draping, with a spiral ornament worn one side of the high throat, or a necklace of composition flowers.

What must it be like to be rich and fussed over and groomed and groomed and groomed? The answer is, a lot of these women look petulant, and bored. It sounds like a joke, but that model with mousy hair was clever to dye the sides mauve and brush them up stiffly straight.

Nice, that black jersey dress, diaphragm tight as usual, but with a band of rainbow sequins coming up beneath the breasts, and coiling like a snake round below the waist at the back.

Here am I in my last year's clothes, and somebody took me for a client. All cannot yet be lost. A burst of "Oh!'s" from the audience for three little bags hanging from a chain instead of one handbag.

Nice clothes at Worth—Reville—Terry. . . . Putty coat, beaver trimmed, over a brown jersey frock. . . . A stiffened fox collar on a princess coat. . . . Spirals of silver fox round the sleeves of a wand-slim black coat. . . . An exciting apple green velvet evening cape, edged with black fox, lined black. A lot of the designing here is done by Elspeth Champcommunal, a Scotswoman who has lived all her life in Paris.

Danilova and Claire Luce come together to Stiebel's and enjoy being watched, watching his beautiful collection. Item: Vivid tweed suits, purples, magentas, greens, with tight or gored skirts, short fitting jackets, fastening with Greek sculptured heads cast in bronze, plaster and silver bronze. (The Constance Spry flower decorations are in huge plaster-casts of Greek heads, replicas of these fastenings.) Item: Black day dresses with boleros, tight or gored skirts, diaphragm flattened with swathed sashes, high necklines, little turn-over collars. Item: Large evening hats of tulle and net with velvet bows and streamers—where can you wear these? Theatres? No. Restaurants? They won't let you.

Here is an utterly lovely evening dress. A tight black velvet off-shoulder bodice has a full skirt with panels of black velvet and tulle in pale cyclamen, mauve, white. Over all this an overskirt of black tulle. Other evening dresses are straight, tight fitting to above the ankle, where there is a brightly coloured godet flounce.

Hartnell has done dressy fur-trimmed suits for so long that it must be satisfying to him to see so many other houses doing them now. Clever of Hartnell to be so faithful to certain things, like, for instance, tight evening skirts, bunching out into fullness below the knees, paillette strewn tulles and nets. It makes clients think they are clever, because they can say, "A typical Hartnell. I can always tell them."

An American gasps at the entrance of a dramatic dark-blue velvet evening coat with full shirred-up sleeves of white ermine, over a white satin, full-skirted evening dress, with an off-shoulder bodice, trimmed navy lace.

Another American lady says loudly that these evening clothes would be perfect for Dietrich. She orders a dress. She complains bitterly about jersey. "Unflattering to a fat woman." No more unflattering than any other fabric, lady.

This has been a funny way of writing a fashion article. But I always think the pictures tell the story better anyway.

END

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The Marshmen

(*Continued from page* 15)

along the sea-wall, and the thought of it frightened her. She thanked God that the night was pitch-black—that always made things safer; how she wished, all the same, that Tom would make his usual signal! For a moment or so she thought of returning to bed, then suddenly she saw a light flash three times, and with a sense of tremendous relief she put on a wrap and stole downstairs. Thank God, Tom was all right, and she knew that it would not be long till he was with her.

She found the fire in the parlour still glowing, the faint flicker of the flames showing up the carving on the wall, and the quiet, serene features of a Madonna and Child that some medieval craftsman had carved over the fire. Only Molly and her father and very few others knew that it concealed the opening to a secret passage that ran towards the sea.

How still it was! Shivering in spite of herself, she went closer to the dying fire to get some warmth from the embers. It seemed ages to Molly before she heard a very faint tap on the inside of the wall; then the right eye of the Madonna moved ever so slightly and without a sound the whole carving swung open.

In the opening stood Tom Langdon, holding up a spent candle, his clothes wet and stained with mud.

"Molly darling," he whispered, "are you sure no one is about?"

"Yes, Tom," she answered. "But come quickly. No one ever knows who's watching nowadays, and Captain Ferrers hates you more than ever you'll know. He'll never forget what you did to him to-night."

Tom Langdon swung the carving to behind him and jumped down on to the floor. In a moment Molly was in his arms, her sweet eyes looking into his.

"My darling, my darling," he said, "you ought never to take this risk. I could never forgive myself if they ever took you."

Molly shook her head. "There's no risk," she said, "so long as father does not know that we're meeting here; even he has no idea that you've been the chief of the smugglers this last half-year. If we're careful we're all right, and no one in the village will ever betray you. Why must you do it, though, Tom? You know it means transportation for life, or even worse, if they catch you."

Tom threw back his head and laughed. "They'll never do that, Molly sweet. Besides, it's exciting, and, anyhow, I love the marshmen. It means money to me, too, and God knows I have little enough of that."

"But, Tom," she replied, "remember that I told you about Ferrers. I only hope he suspects nothing, but he told father to-night he'd stop at nothing to put an end to all the smuggling that's going on."

Langdon listened to her, his face smiling. "Molly darling," he said, "I shan't ever be caught, nor will any of us. We know the marsh and they don't. To-morrow night a French ship is coming in near Dungeness with a big cargo of brandy and wines. We've laid all our plans well, and they'll never get us. Old Parson Drake, bless him, says the revenue men will be watching along Winchelsea way, and the coast'll be quite clear for us."

Molly took his hands in hers. "Tom," she begged, "for my sake be careful. I could not bear it if anything happened to you."

Tom took her in his arms, kissing away her fears. "Don't worry any more, darling, I'll take good care of myself, I promise you."

He stayed with her for a while, whispering to her the silly little things that lovers always do, and Molly lay there contentedly, her head nestling against his shoulder. Only in her heart was she sorely afraid that anything might happen to him.

It was nearly one when he left her and went back along the secret tunnel that passed under Parson Drake's home and so to the Manor. Molly went back to her room and fell into a sleep that was both broken and troubled. When she got up she was tired and ill at heart.

Next day she was conscious that something was in the air; the parlour was filled with revenue men, and Captain Ferrers was always coming and going. She began to long for the parlour to be closed so that she could wait for Tom and warn him that there was danger everywhere on the marshland.

Towards evening Peggy came up to her room and Molly saw that she had been crying.

"What ails you, Peggy sweet?" she asked the barmaid.

"Nothing, Miss Molly, only I'm afraid for Cutlass Joe; he's down below and wants to see you."

"What's he wanting at this hour, Peggy?"

"That I don't know, Miss Molly, but he wants to see you badly and says it's important."

"All right, Peggy, you bring him up. Perhaps he knows something."

Peggy left her, and in a moment or so came back with Cutlass Joe. Molly noticed that Billy, for some queer reason or other, was deadly silent. Cutlass Joe closed the door behind him.

"Are you sure we're alone, Miss Molly?"

"Certainly, Cutlass, what is it?"

Joe looked around him and was reassured. He came over to the fire and sat down beside Miss Molly.

"Miss Molly," he said, "you must warn the squire, whatever you do. I've learnt something to-night, and I'm afraid." Dropping his voice to a whisper, he came even closer to her. "Miss Molly, you remember how I've always hated Parson Drake?"

Molly nodded.

"Well," said Cutlass. "Billy and I have always been a-watchin', and last night I saw him going back across the marsh along with that damned Captain Ferrers, and I knew the two of them were up to no good. I said to Billy, 'You just keep quiet, you old black devil,' and he and I, we gets into the secret passage, and goes away over to Parson Drake's home. You know, Miss Molly, there's a panel at the end of the passage that leads into the parson's study. Well, Billy and I, we stayed there, quiet as ghosts, and we heard that damned Judas tell Ferrers everything that was happening, blast his soul! He's betrayed us all, Miss Molly, just as I knew he always would, and I'm a-goin' over there now to settle my score with him."

Molly listened to him, her worst fears growing greater every moment. "Are you sure, Cutlass?" she said.

"Never was I more sure, Miss Molly, and all I know is this. Ferrers is going to bring all his men on to the sea-wall, and they'll catch the squire and all that are with him red-handed, for the squire thinks they're all along at Winchelsea. You must get to the squire, Miss Molly, and warn him. You swear you'll do that for me?"

"Of course I will, Cutlass, and bless your dear heart."

He took Molly's hand and kissed it. "Now I must be going, Miss Molly, and you'll be sure to warn the squire, won't you?"

Quickly he left the room and went down to the parlour. Peggy was waiting for him, her eyes bright with tears. "There's nought wrong, Cutlass, is there?" she asked.

"Nothing, my sweet," he answered. He threw his great arms around her and drew her to him, kissing her passionately. "I'll be back soon, Peggy," he said, "never you worry. Just have a glass of hot grog for me, for it's bitter cold out there on the marsh."

Up in her room Molly sat in an agony of doubt and apprehension. What Cutlass had told her was too dreadful for her to believe, and yet she knew it was true. If only there had been some way of her getting to Tom, and yet she knew that she could not see him till he came to the passage near midnight. She could only hope that then it would not be too late.

(*Continued on page* 134)

In the most unexpected places

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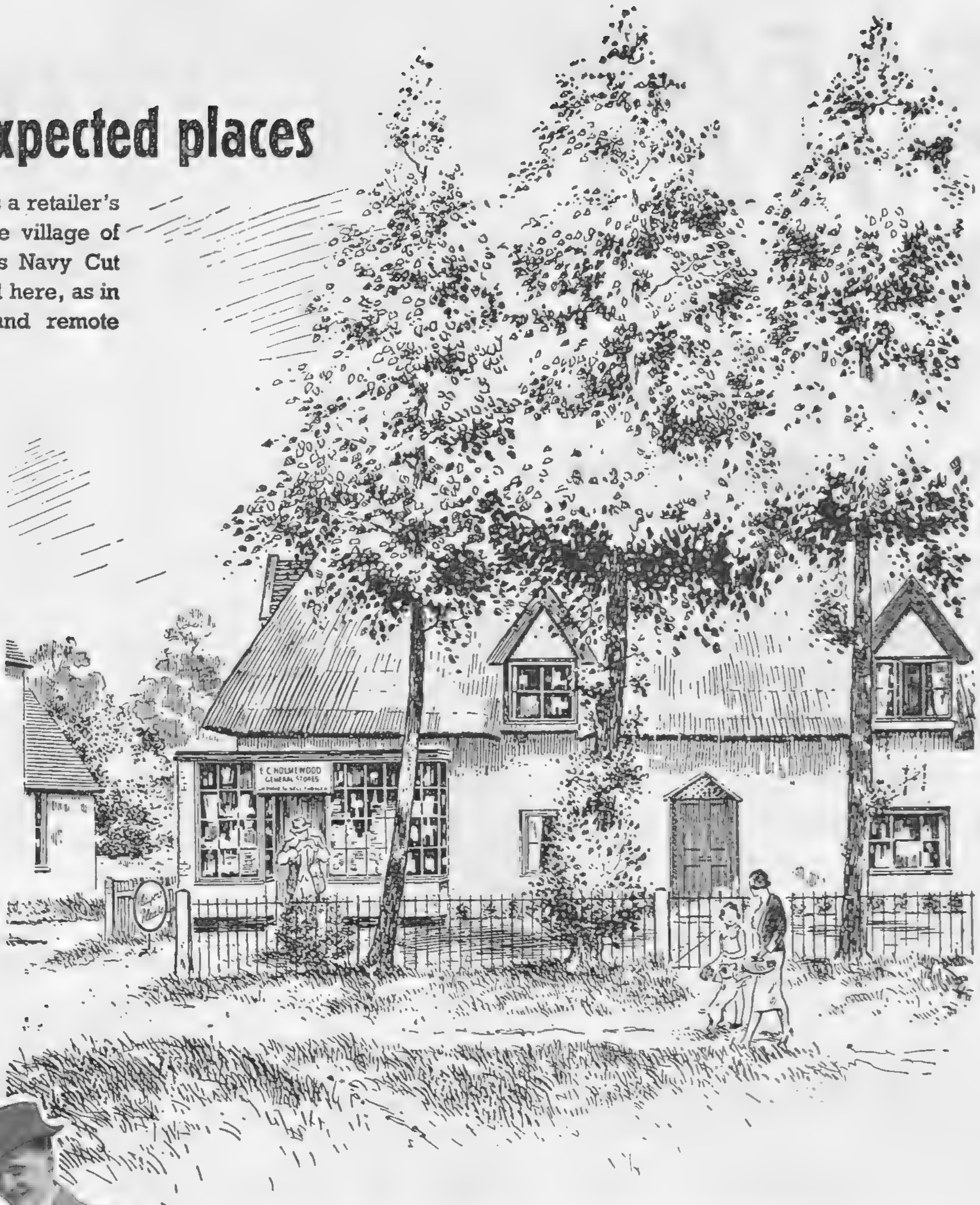

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Tom Langdon looked at his watch; already it was nearly eleven, and the French ship was due on the tide. Whatever happened she could not make Dungeness much before two in the morning. That would give them just five hours before dawn to get the cargo unloaded and safely carried along the tunnel to the crypt under the church.

The one thing that worried him, however, was the fact that Cutlass Joe was missing; never before had he been so late, and Tom began to hope that nothing was wrong. It was cold and eerie, too, in the crypt; and fight it as he would, he was filled with a sense of misgiving.

Already the crypt was beginning to fill with the small band of smugglers who were going to meet the French ship. Nearly thirty marsh men had silently stolen through the tunnel, some from Rye and others from Winchelsea. All were eager for the work in hand, for was not the French boat bringing a big cargo that was bound to sell well, and to-night, for the first time in a long while, the hated revenue men were well out of the way?

Tom turned towards Will Spike, who knew the treacherous marshes better than any other man. "Will," he said, "have you no word yet of Cutlass Joe?"

"No, squire," answered the man, "and, what is more, I don't like it."

Tom Langdon thought hard. There was still time for him to go through the passage and see Molly as he had promised. Maybe she would know something, and besides he had told her last night to wait in the parlour until he should come to her. In a moment he had made up his mind.

"Will," he said, "you take charge here until I come back. Listen, all of you, I'm going back to the inn, where I can find out something perhaps about Joe. Don't move from here till I come back, and if I shouldn't come back by one o'clock, go back over the marsh and not through the passage to your homes. There lie low until you hear from me. Is that understood?"

Will Spike nodded. "We understand, squire," he said.

Langdon looked at them, their fine rugged faces stern and strong in the candle-light. How proud he was to be of them and to belong to them! Quickly he went around and gripped each by his hand. "Good luck to you all, whatever happens."

Then he turned and entered the tunnel, praying to God that Molly could tell him something. Holding up the candle in front of him, he groped his way along the tunnel, the faint light casting weird, fantastic shadows on the dripping wall. When he was nearly at the point where the tunnel came up in the inn, something made him stop, and again that same dread feeling of misgiving came to him. The flame of his candle began to flicker, then it died; at the same time he felt a cold draught coming through the tunnel. Langdon realised that someone must have entered the tunnel where it came out on the sea, or somewhere near the church. Again he felt himself hoping that nothing had come to Cutlass Joe, and now Molly's words came back to him about Captain Ferrers's vow to put an end to the smuggling. Could it be possible that someone could have betrayed them? He drew himself up as quickly as he could behind the fireplace on the other side of the inn's parlour, and felt for the slide that moved the Madonna's eye. After a while he found it, and gently moved up the eye. What he saw inside the parlour confirmed his worst fears. Sitting huddled up beside the fire was Molly, her eyes wide with fear, and by her was her father, his face grave and worried. Someone in the room was talking, and immediately Langdon recognised the voice. It was Captain Ferrers, and he was blustering and threatening.

Langdon pressed nearer to the Madonna's eye. If only he could see more of what was going on in the parlour, and he dare not raise the carving as he would be given away immediately. It was a mercy he could hear every word that Ferrers was saying.

"So, you see, Miss Molly," sneered Captain Ferrers, "you haven't a chance to save your lover this time. I've heard all about his plans, from whom I need not tell you, but I've enough information to enable my issuing a warrant of arrest against him. It'll make good news in London, won't it, when they hear how Squire Langdon has been arrested for running contraband? Think of it, Miss Molly—you'll never kiss him any more now, and he'll never enjoy those pretty red lips of yours. They'll transport him to the Colonies, for certain, and you know what that means."

Molly listened to him, her face deathly pale.

"For God's sake, Captain Ferrers," she pleaded, "let him go, let him go. I'll do anything you wish if you'll promise me that."

Ferrers laughed at her. "Even to giving me your kisses and love, I suppose," he jeered.

Behind the wall, Langdon felt his nails biting deep into his flesh; for a moment he thought he would hurl back the carving and throw himself on to Ferrers. By God, he would kill the swine, if he could! Then he remembered the smugglers waiting for him back in the passage, and he felt that unless he heard more they might all be betrayed.

Now Molly had risen and was making another appeal to Ferrers. Langdon heard the officer jeering at her.

"When I've got him, Miss Molly, I'll come back and get you then. I've always wanted your lovely body, and I'll get it now, once I've got that damned lover of yours under lock and key. I made up my mind this afternoon to kill him for what he did to me. Now I'm going to leave you for a little; I've got all my men right out on the sea-wall where the French schooner's coming in, and Squire Langdon and all his smugglers will go across the marsh using their lanterns, imagining themselves, poor fools, to be quite safe, because I told Parson Drake to tell them that we'd all gone to Winchelsea, and wouldn't be watching Rye way to-night. Remember what I've told you, Miss Molly, and even if you won't give yourself to me, I'll take you. Otherwise I'll get you sent to the Colonies too, for aiding and abetting a criminal defying the laws of His Majesty George III."

Ferrers got up and banged the inn door behind him and went out into the night.

Langdon waited till Ferrers had gone; then he slid back the carving and leaped into the room. Molly lay beside the fire crying bitterly, her father comforting her; the old landlord looked up in surprise as Langdon came into the room.

"What the——" he began. Tom placed his finger to his lips.

"Keep quiet, Jim," he commanded. "Molly'll tell you all about this afterwards." Bending over Molly, he raised her up and took her in his arms. "My poor sweet, my poor sweet!" he said. "What has happened to you? For God's sake tell me, how did Ferrers find out?"

Molly told him what Cutlass Joe had told her that afternoon in the inn. As he listened Tom's face grew graver. There was only one thing he could do, and that was to get back to Spike as quickly as he could; there was even yet a chance to save all their skins, if he acted quickly. He had already formed a plan, and Spike was the only man who could carry it out.

"Molly, my darling," he said, "I must go now. Promise me you will wait here till I come back."

Molly clung to him piteously, begging him to escape while he could and while there was still time. He shook his head. "No, darling, I must get back and warn the others."

He kissed her good-bye, and got up into the tunnel once more. How he found his way back to Spike so quickly Langdon never afterwards knew; tearing and bruising his body against the rough wall, he stumbled down the tunnel and back to the crypt.

Tom Spike rose to greet him, his eyes showing only too clearly the fear that he was experiencing. "God in Heaven, squire," he demanded, "what has happened?"

Quickly Tom (*Continued on page* 136)

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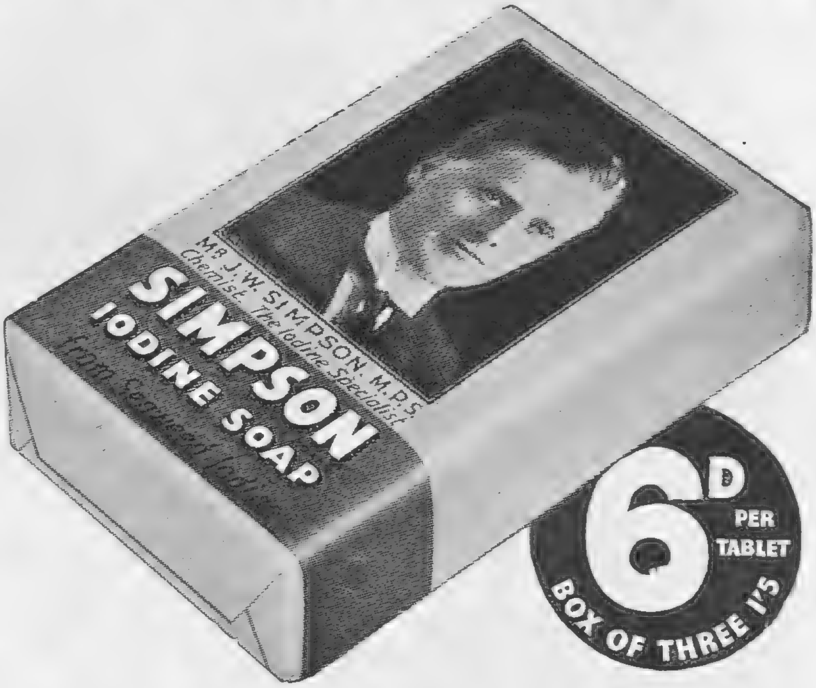

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called up the men and told them what he had found out in the inn. "There's only one chance for you all," he added, "and you, Spike, must take it. I must go to Parson Drake's immediately, for something has happened there, and maybe Cutlass Joe will need me. You, Spike, take all the men; it is half-past one now, and the revenue men are waiting for you. They think that you believe them to be safe on the other side of Winchelsea and that you suspect no danger at all. Light your lamps and wave them as you go, just as though you knew yourselves to be as safe as could be and had no reason to conceal your movements. Now, Spike, listen carefully. You know the marsh as no other man does, and you must act quickly if you all want to stay in this country. Take your men through St. Mary's marsh, and when you come to the most dangerous part where the bogs and quicksands are, go through it on the secret way that you know. They'll follow you, Spike, and not one of them will ever leave it alive, for the marsh will swallow up anything and leave no living trace. You'll get Ferrers and all that damn gang of his if you do your job properly, Spike."

Spike listened, his face breaking into an evil grin.

"I'll do it, squire," he answered, "and willingly, for not a man of them will ever leave St. Mary's marsh alive."

"It's either they or all of you," said Langdon. "What do you think of my plan, men ?"

"We're all with you, squire," they roared in unison; "we'll do anything to get rid of them nosey rats. An' drownin' will be an even quicker way to hell for them !"

"Right," answered Tom, "then go to it."

They began to leave the crypt and, lighting their lanterns, set out for the marsh. Langdon saw their lanterns glinting through the darkness and his eyes shone with merriment.

Over on the marsh Captain Ferrers smiled an evil smile and gathered up his men. This would mean promotion for him in London, to say nothing of the satisfaction he would have in avenging himself on Squire Langdon. Langdon watched them from the entrance of the tunnel until they were out of sight. "Poor fools !" he thought, for he knew that Spike would lead them all to their death.

When they were all gone, Langdon entered the other tunnel that led to Parson Drake's. A sickening sense of dread assailed him as to what he would see in Parson Drake's room. Soon he was behind the panel, and raising it ever so slightly he looked into the room. All was silent there; then he saw something that made him grip the sides of the panel in sheer horror.

A great fire was still blazing in the hearth, its leaping flames casting into relief the black-panelled walls and old masters that were the pride of Parson Drake. In their sockets candles still guttered feebly towards their end, but lying across his oak table was Parson Drake, his throat nearly severed and his life-blood lying in a dark pool on the rugs. Over his body Billy was striding up and down, shrieking and crying "Oh, the bloody man, 'e's done it, 'e's done it—poor old Cutlass, poor old Cutlass !"

Langdon got down into the room and crossed over to the fire—somehow he knew that Cutlass would be near the parson. Then he heard his name whispered, and in a minute he was kneeling beside Cutlass. He saw that he was dying.

Very weakly Cutlass stretched out his hand and took that of Tom's.

"Come closer, squire," he whispered, "come closer."

Tom bent over him. He could only just make out what Cutlass was saying. Faintly the words came to him :

"I always hated 'im, squire, just as Billy did. 'E was always a-tryin' to save our bloody souls, and his blacker than hell. I don't know much about God, squire, but he was like Judas Iscariot, 'im that betrayed his Master."

Langdon lifted Cutlass up in his arms. "Why, what do you mean, Cutlass?" he asked.

"Squire," he answered, "he was blacker than Satan, that man, forever betraying 'is own, and yet taking from us. 'E told Ferrers everything. I saw 'im and Ferrers last night on the marsh, just as I told Peggy, and I crept along the passage and heard it all from behind that panel. When I came 'ere to-night 'e was quicker than I, and shot me, but I got 'im, black devil that 'e was. My cutlass carved 'is dirty throat. 'E'll do no more betraying, squire. Tell me, squire,"—his voice had sunk to a whisper—"are they all safe?"

"Yes, Cutlass, thanks to you."

"I'm glad, squire."

Langdon felt the grip on his hand loosening. He bent very low over Cutlass, who was making a last desperate effort to tell him something.

"What is it, Cutlass?" Langdon could only just make out his words.

"I've left everything to Peggy, squire," he said. "See she's happy, and, squire, watch Billy, won't you?"

"I'll always do that, Cutlass."

"Bless you, squire."

Langdon felt Cutlass's grip fail, and he knew that Cutlass's soul had gone to sail forever on the seven seas and the distant Spanish Main. Very reverently he closed Cutlass's eyes and lifted up Billy. Poor Cutlass—they would have to come and get his body before dawn.

Then he left the ghostly firelit room and went back to the inn, and all the while Billy sat on his shoulder and chanted out, "Poor old Cutlass, 'e got 'im, 'e got 'im, blast 'is bloody soul, blast 'is bloody soul!"

When Tom got to the inn he saw that a light was still burning brightly from the parlour, and he knew that Molly was still there waiting for what she was certain could only mean disaster. Stealing up to the door, he tapped softly on it and waited. It was deathly still on the marsh, and he knew that for the moment everything was safe.

Once more he tapped; then he heard Molly's footsteps coming through the inn. The door moved ever so slightly open, its guard chain still in position; then he saw Molly's lovely face framed in the golden glow of the candle.

"Who is there?" she whispered.

"It is I, Molly," he answered; "open quickly, my darling, for you and I must be away from here before morning."

"Why, Tom," she asked him, "is everything lost? I was afraid it would be."

"No, not yet," he answered, "but we dare not stay here. The others are all safe."

He took her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"Tom, dear," she told him, as she clung to him, "and only to-night I thought I had lost you forever. But, Tom," she begged of him, "tell me all that happened out on the marsh."

So Tom told her that Captain Ferrers and his men had of a certainty gone to their deaths out on the marsh, and he doubted if any of them were left alive. "But, Molly," he added, "I am afraid that you and I will have to leave the country until things become quiet again. No one in the marshland will ever betray me that I know; but I do not know whether Parson Drake betrayed our plans only to Captain Ferrers." Molly looked up at him.

"Tom," she said, "you know I will go anywhere with you; but come, let us go and tell my father."

Then they went upstairs to Molly's father and told him that they would have to leave England until the authorities in London gave up the search for those who had led the Government men to their doom.

The old man listened with tears coursing down his rugged face. He was very fond of Molly and of Tom, but he knew that the squire spoke the truth when he said that neither Molly nor he would be safe on the marshland.

(*Continued on page* 138)

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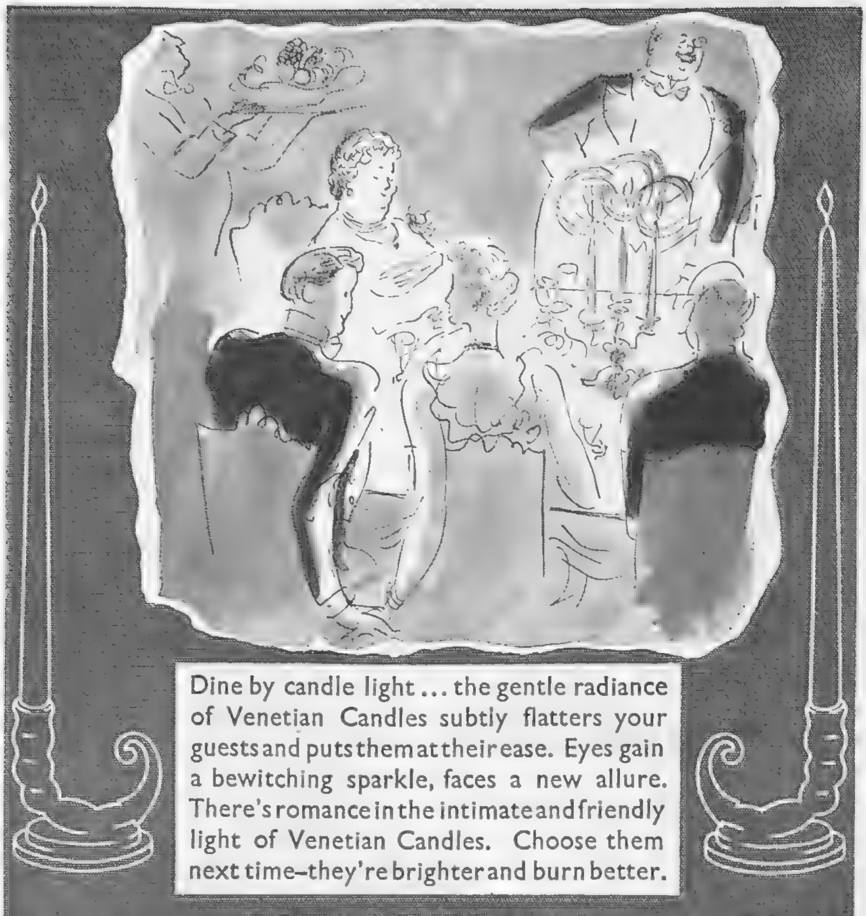
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"Molly," he said, "you had better go and call Peggy, so that she will help you get together all that you may need for your journey; and as for Tom, I think he is wanting to make arrangements for a ship to take you both to France, unless I am much mistaken."

Then he began to unlock the great chest of drawers that covered well-nigh half the wall.

"There are some things of your dear mother's here, Molly, and I, too, have a present for you which will help you both. Now go and tell Peggy about poor Cutlass Joe, for if you stay here you will see my tears, and that no old seaman ever likes a woman to see."

Molly kissed him, and Tom saw that her eyes were very bright. Molly, he knew, loved her father with her very heart, and he saw their parting was going to be a very sad one.

In the meantime her father went on searching for all the things that had once belonged to Molly's mother and which now he was giving to her.

Tom left him and went down to the sea-wall, for he knew that there was little time to be lost; and if they were to get away on the tide he would have to wake Tom Spike's brother, whose boat would take them all to France.

Just before dawn they said good-bye to Molly's father, and the landlord blessed Tom as his son and prayed him that he would always love and cherish Molly to the very end.

Tom saw from the look in his eyes that he felt he would never see his beloved Molly again, and the thought of the father's loneliness saddened him.

Together they went down to the harbour, and with the stars shining down on the snow-covered, fairy-like town of Rye, they boarded their boat and set sail for France.

Molly's father saw them go and he was very sad; he watched their boat until it was lost to his sight.

With them went Peggy, who said that now Cutlass was gone nothing would ever make her leave Molly, for in all her sadness she only wanted to be near her mistress, whom Cutlass had worshipped.

Billy, perched on her shoulder, now shrieked out "Poor old Cutlass, 'e's dead and gone, 'e's dead and gone. God rest 'is soul." Then, seeing Molly and Tom close in each other's arms, he forgot his sorrow and roared out "Kiss her, Captain, kiss her, Captain," and, of course, Tom did as Billy commanded him.

END

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"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

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All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

Sweet Scoundrel

(*Continued from page* 45)

Here Fijians walked waist deep in the water, spearing fish.

The sky was clear and dry, with a heat altogether different from the warm, moist cotton-wool of Suva. All day the ship wound in and out of coral reefs with their collars of lilac waters. Mirage-made islands floated in the air and headlands seemed to lift themselves up out of the water. The steamer puffed through heavenly waters, past gleaming yellow backs of coral islands overgrown with palms, and past beaches that were really golden. At night the ship dropped anchor in the bay of a tiny village. Torches flared on the shore, and soon Fijian boats were out on the sea. To Sylvester's ears came floating in through the window the sounds of Fijian songs sung gondola fashion on the water to the ukelele.

It was heavenly, perfect, paradisical.

Yet he caught the first boat back. For the whole lovely vision was blotted out by the remembrance of a foul and noisome stream where mosquitoes bit one into shreds and the music of the ukeleles became a dull and lifeless thing compared with the memory of a girl's voice saying:

"Adrian, you are a chump! How often must I tell you that you don't jerk the line for crabs? You just pull very, very gently."

THE first person he met when he got back to Suva was Jill Ellington.

She was sitting in the lounge of the hotel looking as cool and as callous and as charming as ever.

"Hullo, Adrian," she said. "You're back early. I thought you were to be away at least a week. How funny! I've just posted a note to you. Did you come back for the Club Ball to-night?"

Sylvester nodded. The Club Ball was as good an excuse as any.

"What was the note about?" he asked. "You intrigue me."

"Nothing much. I'm going to do the lighthouse tour to-morrow. I'll be away for over a fortnight. I posted you a note hoping you'd get it when you came back. You'll get it to-morrow. It was just to ask you to be a dear old thing and see that my polo pony was properly cared for while I was away. You know what these people are, unless they're watched."

"Of course I will," said Sylvester.

He went inside and rang Jenny Vandessa. As soon as he heard her voice over the telephone the agitation inside him was miraculously soothed. She was so pleased to find he was back, so unexpectedly. Yes, she was going to the Club Ball. Yes, he might have a dance, several in fact. Yes, she was quite well. Was he well? His voice sounded queer. He hadn't caught the *dengue*, had he?

"No," said Sylvester, and thought as he replaced the receiver: "Not that kind of fever."

He spent the rest of the day on the golf course on the hills above the town. Now that he had made his decision he was calm again. It would mean "turning over a new leaf," as they said, if she would have him. It meant the end of the spice of excitement that gave zest to his precarious existence. It meant settling down to the steady, dull grind of managing one of pompous old Tom Vandessa's interests.

But it meant, too, the exciting joy of spending the rest of his life with Jenny.

If she agreed.

He caught his breath when he saw her at the ball. She was wearing some sort of golden frock that was the colour of a peach, and the frock matched the gold of her hair and lit the tawny lights in her eyes. Three times he danced with her in a stupor, saying nothing and wanting to say much. Both of them danced well, moving easily to the rhythm, swaying with the primitive joy that has descended unabated to sophisticated days. At the end of the third dance he led her out to the roof garden among palms that rustled as if they, too, were disturbed in that heady moonlight.

(*Continued on page* 140)

A remarkable new treatment for "Acid Skin"

Are you one of the thousands of women who feel that "Acid Skin" causes all their beauty worries—blackheads, blemishes, oily shine, roughness and a general loss of fresh tone and fine texture? Here is new hope for you, a remarkable new beauty treatment for "Acid Skin" which has been acclaimed by leading American Beauty Specialists: Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams which contain 'MILK OF MAGNESIA.'*

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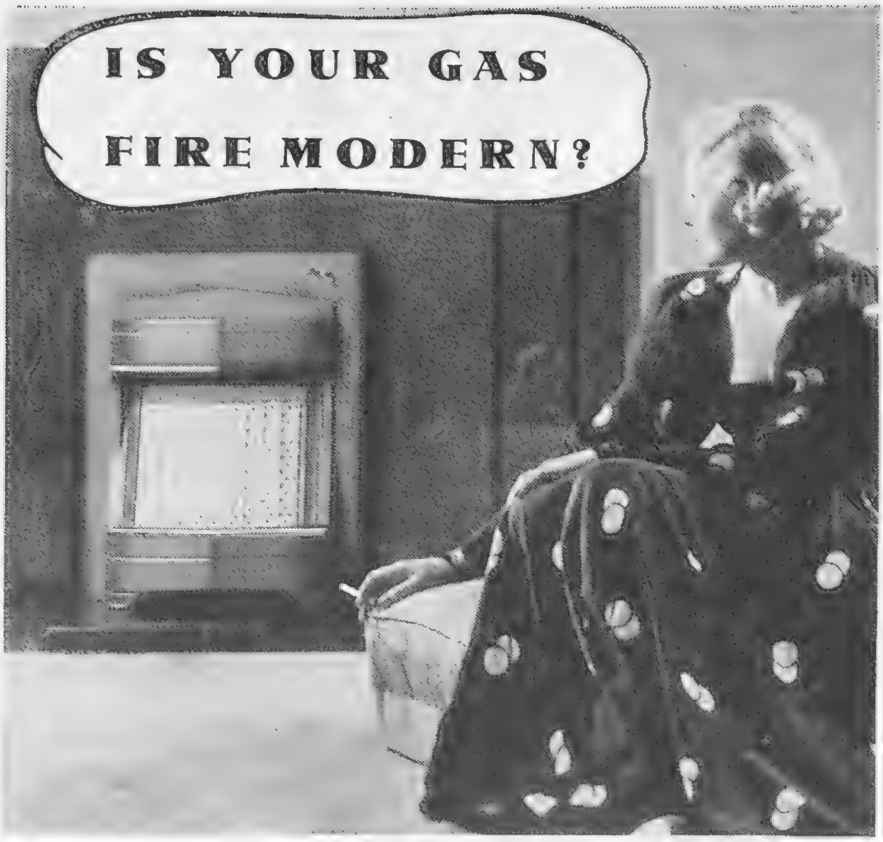

There have been important improvements in gas fires of late. From a closer inspection of the Cannon V-Inclined you will see that it not only throws the heat outwards and upwards, but also sideways; it provides what is called "lateral radiation". This is quite a new constructional feature, and further, it has the additional advantage of improving considerably external appearance. Incidentally, the tap, which is at the top of the fire, automatically lights the gas. Your local gas company will supply you with one of these modern gas fires on very reasonable terms.

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THERE is a well-known elderly lady novelist who recently at a gathering of people in London asked:

"How do young people propose nowadays?"

"Usually," said her informant, "they say, 'What about it?'"

"Did you hear, my dear?" said the lady novelist to her companion, lifting her eyebrows in astonishment. "They say, 'What about it?'"

Though Sylvester did not actually say "What about it?" the core of his rather incoherent and stammering remarks amounted to that.

"Oh," said Jenny Vandessa. "Oh, Adrian, I'm sorry."

"It's all right," said Sylvester. "We'll say no more about it."

"And I do like you so much," said Jenny.

She was trying to smile, but he could see she was deeply upset.

"There, there," said Sylvester soothingly, as to a child. The palms still whispered their lovely secrets to one another on the roof garden. From down below, as the next dance began, came the sound of music, languorous and dreaming this time instead of hearty and jiggling. Somewhere a man laughed. The moonlight came down in a stream that had polished the stars to silver stones. Agonising! Aloud, Sylvester said:

"It's quite all right. Besides, I'm a scoundrel."

"A sweet scoundrel," said Jenny.

There was a pause.

"Have I been a pig?" said Jenny. "Did I make you think, Adrian, that . . ."

"Rubbish!" said Sylvester. "You didn't make me think anything. I did it off my own bat."

"I'd better tell you how it is," said Jenny. "It's a queer thing, Adrian, but there's only one man I've cared for in the marrying line, and I think there will only be the one. It's Tony."

"Lorimer?" said Sylvester.

"Yes."

There was another lengthy silence.

Sylvester rose and walked over to the edge of the roof garden and looked out over to the sea, where the waves broke over the reef with the roar of a timeless train. When he came back:

"Forgive me, my dear. Tell me to mind my own business if you like. But doesn't he seem to be a bit neglectful?"

Jenny nodded.

"He can't help it," she said. "He's a romantic. It's an awfully silly thing for a girl to do, to fall for a romantic. They're a vain, unpractical breed, but you do get fond of them. He's been like this before. One day he'll get a shock and then he'll come back to me."

"And meantime," said Sylvester, "meantime you don't mind?"

Silence, until she said a little wryly:

"Well, I rather hope he gets it soon."

They left the roof garden not long after that. As they walked back towards the lighted doorway that led through to the ballroom, Jenny paused underneath the largest of the whispering palms and put a hand on his arm.

"And what about you, Adrian?" she said. "What are you going to do?"

"Didn't I tell you?" he said. "I'm leaving the day after to-morrow. For Frisco."

"For good?" she said, with a small cry.

"Or bad," said Sylvester. "I don't suppose we shall meet again."

"So it's good-bye."

He nodded.

"You might say it more kindly than that," she said, in a low voice.

"Do you mean that?" said Adrian Sylvester, with a sudden momentary joy.

She nodded.

Two minutes later the roof garden was empty again. Jenny Vandessa and Adrian Sylvester were back in the ballroom. But the largest and darkest of the palms outside, judging from the whispering of its leaves, had something very much worth talking about.

It was remarkably strange, said the people of Suva, lying in their deck chairs in the evening and looking out over the waters of the harbour, that the affair of Jenny Vandessa and Tony Lorimer, after being all off, should be suddenly all on again. Tony Lorimer, the gossip had it, never spoke to Jill Ellington, the red-haired widow, after she came back from her lighthouse cruise. Not that the red-haired widow minded. They never do. But not even Jill Ellington, the red-haired widow, herself knew of the letter in the well-known handwriting of Jill Ellington that scorched its phrases into Tony Lorimer's mind when he got it on the day she sailed for her cruise, just two days after a certain Club Ball. It read :

Tony, old thing,

When you get this I shall have left on my lighthouse cruise. We've had a fearfully good time together, but you won't mind my telling you it's all ended, will you ? The fact is I've become engaged to Adrian Sylvester. Quite suddenly. I'm sorry it's over. You were so fresh and young.

Masses of love. *Jill E.*

Now, it is a curious fact, but true, that you can call a romantic old and cynical and he will think you the wisest man in Christendom : but call him fresh and young, and he will hate you for the rest of your life.

It was equally strange that portly old Tom Vandessa should have found some six weeks later that a cheque payable to bearer had been drawn on his account at the bank at Suva for £350 with as neat an imitation of his signature as he could have made himself.

On the face of it, both of these facts were nexplicable to the good residents of Suva. The only man who could have thrown a beam of light upon them had got off the Frisco teamer several weeks before portly old Tom Vandessa had sent his pass-book into he bank to be made up and discovered the mysterious cheque. He had been popular on the steamer with young and old, this tall man with the mocking smile, full of charm and life and gaiety. The only time he had ost a little of his brightness was at Honolulu, where he had firmly refused to leave the hip for a night excursion ashore. For his excuse he said, funnily enough, that if there was one thing he did not care for in this world, it was tropical moonlight.

When the ship reached the Golden Gates, however, he was once more his cheerful self. You might have seen him, if you had been on the steamer, as he went from group to group making his farewells. You might have wondered, perhaps, at his interest in handwriting. For you might have heard him say, especially to the people who had more of this world's wealth than was good for them, as he had said in London, in Ceylon, in Madras, in Adelaide, in Sydney, in Auckland and in Suva :

" Drop me a line at some time. Do! "

END

An Interesting Exhibit at the Motor Show

ONE of the most popular exhibits at the Motor Show at Earl's Court was that of the New Wolseley 12/24 chassis exhibited in stripped form on the stand of Messrs. S. Smith & Sons (M.A.) Ltd., Stand No. 329. Although primarily exhibited to display the Jackall jacking system, the chassis afforded an excellent opportunity for visitors to inspect the new dropped cruciform cantilever frame bracing and also the spring arrangement in relation to the New Wolseley "Phased Suspension."

Let "Ranee"
read your Character from
your Handwriting
(See announcement on page 138)

BENGER'S TO BEGIN WITH . . . . . .

What is best for undernourished children ?
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Many children are backward because they cannot digest ordinary food, and do not like milk. In all such cases, Benger's Food is valuable because it

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The British Medical Journal says: "Benger's Food is quite distinct from any other food obtainable." Benger's Booklet explains why ! Send post-card for a post-free copy to Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, 3.

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★Perfect Fit
★Perfect Shape
★No Elastic
★Stays 'Put'

Vast numbers of women have discovered the secret of retaining hair beauty by wearing a Ladye Jayne Slumber Helmet during sleep. It is cut to a design which no other helmet can have. Get one to-day. Ask to see these new lines :—

No. 878. Cotton net ... 1/–
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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
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"Gypsia" treatment is *not* one of many, but the only *certain* method of removing unwanted hair safely and permanently by killing the roots to prevent further growth. Used personally by doctors and nurses.

The complete treatment box costs only **25/6** for the face, or **28/6** for the body. Postage abroad **2/6** extra. Forwarded in plain wrapper on receipt of remittance (cross cheques and postal orders). Order direct from Madame Sueur, Dept. M.2., 11/13, Baker St., Portman Sq., London, W.1. Tel. : Welbeck 2103. Advice and treatment given by Madame Sueur herself by appointment.

GYPSIA
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NO STYLISH CLOTHES WOULD FIT HER

So Fat She Looked Enormous

She couldn't wear anything pretty, for nothing smart would fit her. At last, a friend persuaded her to try Kruschen, and—well, read her letter :—

'A few months ago, I weighed 14 stone 2 lbs. and my height is 5 ft. 6 ins. It was impossible for me to buy anything really pretty to fit me. One day, a friend said: "Why don't you start taking Kruschen ?" "A lot of good they would do me," I replied, "haven't I been taking salts for months ?" "I know, but not Kruschen Salts, which makes all the difference." She was so serious I bought a bottle on my way home. I now weigh 11 stone 3 lbs. I found that as I lost weight I got more and more energetic.'—(Mrs.) W.

Kruschen Salts has a solvent action—the secret of its fat-reducing power. Ordinary 'salts' have no solvent power at all, for they are not absorbed in the blood. Kruschen Salts, besides ridding you of all fat-forming food refuse, gives you new energy and restores to you the health and vigour of youth.

Kruschen is obtainable at all Chemists at 1/9 per bottle.

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(Branch of the Académie Scientifique de Beauté. Paris.) Gives training in the theory and practice of all branches of BEAUTY CULTURE and SLIMMING MASSAGE. The training, which includes practical Salon experience, is the most thorough obtainable. The latest methods only are taught. Classes are graded so that students may begin their courses at any time. London and Paris diplomas granted.

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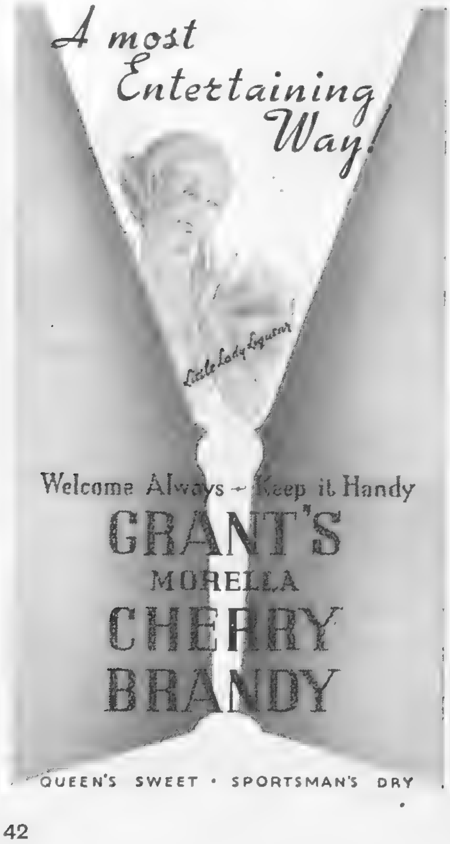


Winter Sports in Norway

A Veritable Ski-runner's Paradise

MEN have always travelled on ski in Norway, and the earliest records mention ski-ing—at one time the only adequate method of transit in the snowy north—as the pastime of gods and kings.

To-day it is the pastime of the people, and the Norwegian landscape, spacious, gently undulating, and open, offers itself for the full enjoyment of this most exhilarating of all winter sports. Norway's climate is equally good, being fresh, sunny and bracing, while an abundance of firm, dry snow and complete freedom from the terrible menace of avalanches are advantages of the very first importance.

Norway is so securely encircled by the Gulf Stream that, in spite of her northerly position, her ports never freeze. From the middle of December, for at least six or eight weeks, weather conditions are ideal in the lowlands, and in the mountains ski-ing, skating and tobogganing are in full swing until the end of April.

Easter, especially, is a very favourite holiday time in Norway, and strangely enough, snow conditions then are as good as in the depths of winter, and there is the added advantage, at the same time, of longer days as the year gathers in strength and there comes that first faint promise of spring.

This is a country in which long ski journeys of two or more weeks may be undertaken without the least danger, being infinitely less precipitous than the Alps, and having mountains that are flanked with gently undulating moorlands, possessing ideal contours for ski-running and jumping. Chief among these vast plateaux is Hardangervidda, crested and waved like some gigantic frozen sea. Down below in the valley lie the sheltered villages, yet in an hour or so one can leave their seclusion and be above the tree line and on top of the world with nothing between oneself and eternity but the blazing sun. In such places as this, true ski-running is seen at its best, for miles and miles of perfect snow stretch away on all sides as far as the eye can reach.

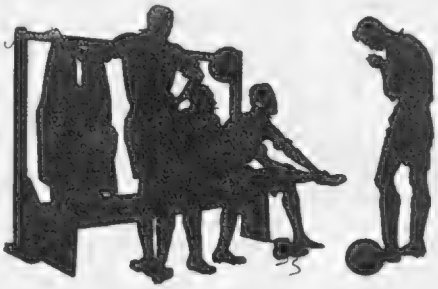
While in Norway arrangements can be made with hotels for parties of runners to make circular tours, staying a night in each place. Magnificent scenery adds to the enjoyment of each day's run, and the excellent culinary accomplishments of Norwegian cooks satisfy even the hungriest and most fastidious after hours spent on the trail.

For those with strictly limited time at their disposal, and for those whose chief pleasure lies in the jumping contests, a stay at one of the larger resorts is recommended, for there it is possible to crowd so much more into a week of intense activity, tasting the joys of ski-ing, skating on the beautifully illuminated rinks, and tobogganing. The last named can be enjoyed by anyone, irrespective of age or skill, and is, indeed, essentially a family sport, as witness the weekly tram ride of many citizens of Oslo along the two-mile corkscrew road to Frognerseteren, where, arrived at the summit, they lose no time in unlashing their toboggans from the side of the tram and in dragging them off to the start of the famous rum run. The downward journey once experienced is not easily forgotten. It is one long concentrated thrill from start to finish.

Right: The Valdres Valley, Central Norway

Below: Undulating ski-ing slopes of Norway

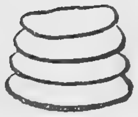
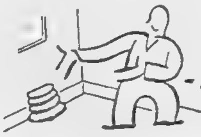
A Wills's GOLD FLAKE has got personality—the distinctive flavour of its finer Virginia tobacco makes it unique



WILLS'S
GOLD FLAKE
CIGARETTES

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED
10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

G.F.B. 263

It looks like this  *and is called a* ROOM HEATER *because it does heat the* WHOLE ROOM. *Place it so*  *-its fine porcelain finish will look well in any well furnished room or office. It does not throw out a scorching heat like this.* *It generates and distributes heat under and around obstacles* *so that all the room is warmed quickly. There is a fan in this Heater and it is designed in this fashion* *to direct the warm moving air down and across the floor. To be* COMFORTABLY *warm this winter you need an* "H.M.V." Portable Electric ROOM HEATER

In chromium plate or fawn vitreous enamel. All internal electrical parts are guaranteed for 3 years.

HIS MASTERS VOICE

The "H.M.V." heater has many other uses—clothes drying, hair drying, etc. For AC mains only.

Ask to see the "H.M.V." Heater at your nearest dealer, store or electricity showroom; or write for full details to The Gramophone Company Ltd., Household Appliances Dept., 363 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

A

NON-CHIN STRAP

SLEEPING CAP

—that keeps on!

A woman does well to prize the compelling glamour with which lovely and well-cared-for hair endows her. She will not forget that overnight neglect can ruin the success of treatment by the most skilful hairdresser. Disordered hair is seldom fascinating, but hair that is 'Halo'-protected with the **P. 3 Non Chin Strap S'eeping Cap** will retain its graceful setting. The **P. 3** is made with a wig fitting, and elastic bands draw round from the back and loop over small buttons on the forehead band preventing the cap from slipping. In fancy designs, six pastel shades, 1/11; P.3/2, in strong art silk square mesh, 1/6.

From your Hairdresser, Draper, Stores or BOOTS principal branches. If in difficulty write:

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Write *NOW* for NESTOL BOOKLET FREE on request to

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Ask for KIRBIGRIPS Regd.

THE PERFECT HAIR GRIP

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 41)

The opera had almost reached the last scene when a cat appeared on the stage. Frightened and undecided, it did not disappear before still further disturbing the show. Of course the public could not have wished for a better opportunity for a last outburst of laughter, and the gorgeous finale was executed without the satisfaction of a single moment of attention on the part of the audience.

The curtain descended. The nightmare was over! The people left the theatre with the idea that "The Barber of Seville" would, in the history of opera, only represent a colossal fiasco.

THERE are still extant some letters written to Paisiello in Naples that very same evening, announcing Rossini's debacle.

At home Rossini was soon joined by his distracted friends Garcia and Zamboni, who, still with a trace of make-up, had raced to encourage the composer. But they had never before seen such a serene and smiling Rossini. He did not believe in his downfall. That was all.

The next evening the impresario thought it wiser not to have Rossini as conductor. Rossini was very glad to be relieved of the task, and instead of going to the theatre to see what would be the result of the second performance, he gathered together a numerous group of friends, and gave them a super-dinner.

The greatest victory in art would not have put him in such a gay mood as he was in on that evening. He cracked endless jokes on the fiasco, and added that from a "Barber" one could also expect a "narrow shave." Then the failure was completely forgotten, and no one paid any attention to the fact that at that very moment "The Barber of Seville" was undergoing its second trial.

It was about 11 o'clock, when the noise of a distant crowd was heard above the tinkling of the glasses and the gay conversation. Some of the guests went outside the door of the restaurant to investigate, and were struck by the glow from many torches carried by the vociferating crowd. The fact that they were coming straight to the restaurant caused some apprehension, especially when the name of Rossini was distinctly heard mentioned. Someone, grasping coat and hat, remarked: "I am afraid that this supper is going to finish like the banquet of Balthazar."

Rossini was feigning calm and indifference, but in reality he was rather doubtful as to what was in store for him. But the uncertainty did not last long. Several friends showed their familiar faces at the door of the restaurant, each one of them eager to be the first to break the news.

"The Barber of Seville" had been accepted with such riotous enthusiasm that the audience wanted to see Rossini at all costs. He did not believe it, but the crowd invaded the restaurant, surrounded Rossini, and lifted him up on to their shoulders. Rossini, still fearing some unpleasant joke, struggled to get free, but his efforts were of no avail.

As he was taken out into the square the demonstration assumed the magnitude of a Roman triumph. So he was taken all the way to the theatre. The doors were flung wide to the inrushing crowd, and only when Rossini was brought on the stage was he allowed to stand on his feet.

In spite of an apparent calm, he was almost suffocated with emotion. The thundering applause did not stop, and the public did not want to go. The stage hands had given up lowering the curtain, whilst the impresario was repeating over and over again that he knew it all the time.

What are the mysterious reasons that prompt the crowd to condemn one day and to applaud the next? What is the inner logic of such a striking contrast? Rossini said: "The public is honest, especially when it makes a mistake."

In the history of music, many are the operas that have failed the first night, but time has raised to immortality. But never has that time been so short as 24 hours.

"The Barber" is an intellectual joy that has lasted for 120 years, and will last for ever because it smiles.

END

Final Settlement

(*Continued from page* 35)

I know what they mean when they describe books in a catalogue as 'very curious.' Hot stuff, what? Original seventeenth-century illustrations too. . . . But twelve guineas the set! That's a bit steep!"

"Where did you get that?"

"Off the cash-desk. Had you been looking for it?"

"Certainly not. It ought to be in the wastepaper basket."

"Dangerous, eh?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, the police are pretty down on that sort of thing these days, aren't they?"

"Not at all," snapped Bark. "Those sort of books are bought by genuine collectors. Those don't come under the same heading as the kind of thing which the police suppress."

The young man nodded. "No. I suppose that is so. It's the old story: one law for the poor and one for the rich. Pay twelve guineas for a curious old book, and you get away with it as a collector. Get caught with a fifty-franc paper-back from Paris, and you go to prison. I think . . ."

"Here's the account in the name of Purvis," interrupted Bark, pushing the bill across the table under the young man's nose.

"Oh, yes. Sorry," said the young man, putting out his hand for it. But his attention had again been diverted. "I say," he exclaimed. "Crockford's jolly old clerical directory. Just what I've been looking for. We had an argument the other day as to how much the old Archbishop of Canterbury got paid. It tells you everything here. Do you mind if I look the old codger up?"

"Certainly not!" snapped the bookseller. "You have wasted enough of my time already. You can find that directory in any club."

"Oh, sorry!" apologised the young man. "Of course. The account. How much is it?"

"Nineteen pounds ten shillings and sixpence."

"Good thing you didn't say snap for eighteen guineas," remarked the young man, with a grin, coming into the circle of lamplight to examine the account.

For a minute he studied the piece of paper in his hand, then he looked up. "I say," he remarked, "of course I knew that the old man was . . . well, what you'd call a collector of these kind of books, but I had no idea that he went to the trouble of havin' 'em specially bound in plain covers. What an old fox!"

The bookseller did not reply. He was staring at the young man's face, now fully illuminated. "Haven't I seen you before?" he asked in a voice more rasping than usual. "I seem to remember your face."

"Do you?" said the young man, with a smile. "Perhaps . . ."

"Weren't you the young man whom the income tax people sent to me about a week ago?" asked Bark, peering up at him, and his hands clutched the ends of the table as he made to pull himself to his feet.

The young man straightened up so that his face was again in shadow, but the bookseller could see the gleam of his teeth as he smiled. "You probably . . ." he began.

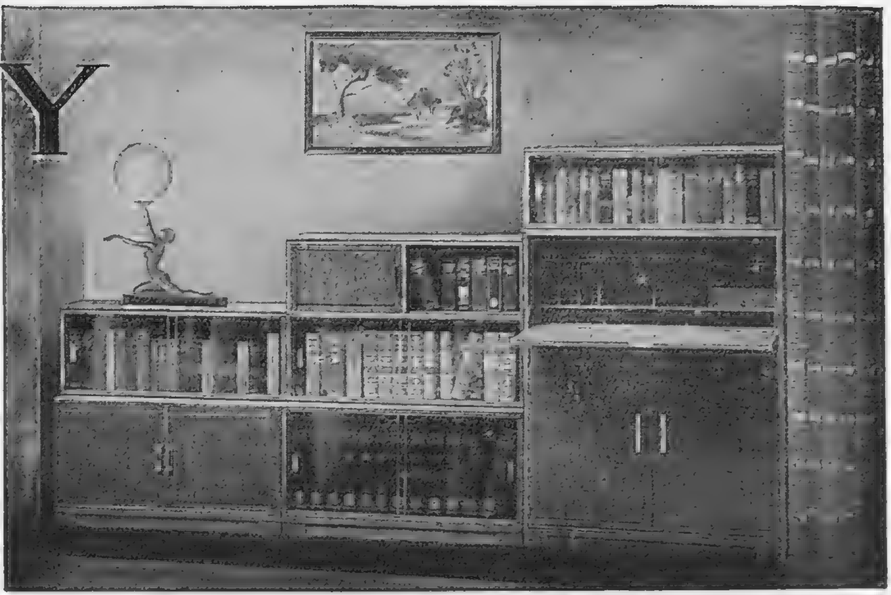
"It was you," growled Bark. "What . . . what are you doing here?"

"You probably (*Continued on page* 146)

MINTY
Bookcases
Neo-Craft Styles

COMBINATION 30N shown right. A neat Wall Fitment incorporating Bureau. Height 4 ft. 6⅞ in. Width 8 ft. 9 in. Oak £25.2.6. Prices of separate stacks leading from left to right, £5.13.0 £6.16.6 £12.13.0. Also in Walnut, Mahogany, Waxed and Limed finishes.

COMBINATION 24N shown below. Height 3 ft. 11⅝ in. Width 2 ft. 11 in. Price for complete stack. Oak £7.11.0.
Also in Walnut, Mahogany, Waxed and Limed finishes.



COMBINATION 24N

As a man builds up his library, book by book, through the years, so can he build up his Minty Bookcase, section by section. Whether he be bibliophile or just the owner of a few treasured volumes, a Minty Bookcase provides them with a worthy home; keeping them clean, orderly, free from dust; emphasising the beauty of beautiful bindings; bringing a new dignity and an atmosphere of restful quietude to the room. Smooth sliding, plate-glass panels, with recessed finger pulls, give easy access to each unit, and do not require the space of hinged doors. Minty stacks can be arranged to fill a corner, a wall, or to line a complete room. The inclusion of writing desks and cupboards minimises the need for separate furniture; and the quality of woods, fineness of grain and perfection of finish, being Minty, may be taken for granted.

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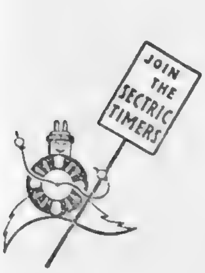

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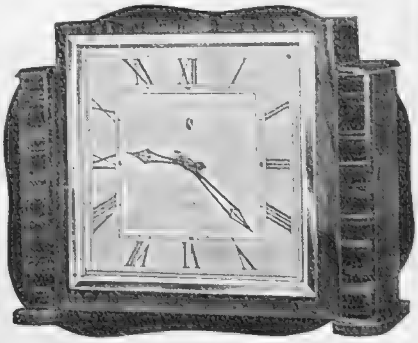

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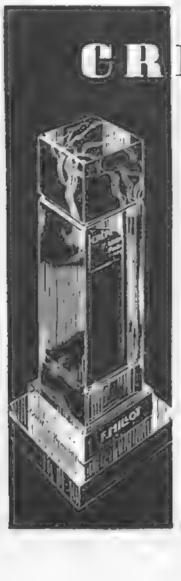

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recognise me from the family likeness."

"Family likeness . . . ?"

"Yes. I'm John Purvis's son."

"His son!" Elias Bark was on his feet now. "That's a lie," he said. "John Purvis had no son. Who are you? Why have you come here?"

The young man stepped back hurriedly. "I've told you," he said. "I've come to settle John Purvis's account."

There was a strange tremor of excitement—or was it fear?—in the young man's voice.

Elias Bark took two unsteady steps forward, but the young man slipped quickly sideways so that he stood in the book-shelved passage-way between the front and back of the shop.

The bookseller wheeled in his direction. "But John Purvis had no son," he growled.

The young man took another two steps towards the front of the shop, and glanced hurriedly at the door. It seemed to give him new courage, for from the darkness his voice had a new and more decided ring. "No," he said. "You always made sure of that. You didn't deal with people who had sons or brothers or any male relations. You sent your accounts to the widows and sisters, and they usually paid up by return of post and asked no questions."

"What is this rubbish? Are you mad or drunk?" Elias Bark swayed on his twisted legs, and put out a clawing hand to the table to steady himself. The young man came a step farther back along the passage-way.

"I'm neither," he announced, in a voice suddenly controlled and stern. "But I've been very stupid up to now. Now I understand it all. It's as clear as day. Those obituary columns of *The Times* which you have so carefully filed tell you when a parson dies: the clerical directory and other directories tell you of his financial position and of what his family consists. Your catalogues of curious old books tell you what to put on your account: illustrated editions of Casanova, sex life through the ages, translated from the German, and all that sort of thing. Nothing the widow or sister of the dead man could possibly mistake. . . . As I say, they are so shocked and ashamed they pay up immediately and ask no questions. . . ."

"You dare to suggest . . ." began Elias Bark.

"I don't only dare to suggest, I'm going to prove that John Purvis never had those books," the young man went on. "I'm going to prove it, but not now." He paused meaningly and added: "It will be in about two weeks' time in the Criminal Courts."

"The Courts . . ." The bookseller took three staggering steps towards the passage-way, and then had to put out both hands to the bookshelves to save himself from falling. The young man retreated to the front door.

With his hand on the knob he turned. "Yes, the Courts," he went on. "Where you will be charged with blackmail."

"Get out! Get out!" screamed Elias Bark.

"I'm going. Don't worry. But I'm going to get a policeman," said the young man, opening the shop door.

With a superhuman effort Bark staggered forward as far as his cash-desk, but could go no farther, and could only stand there clutching it and swaying.

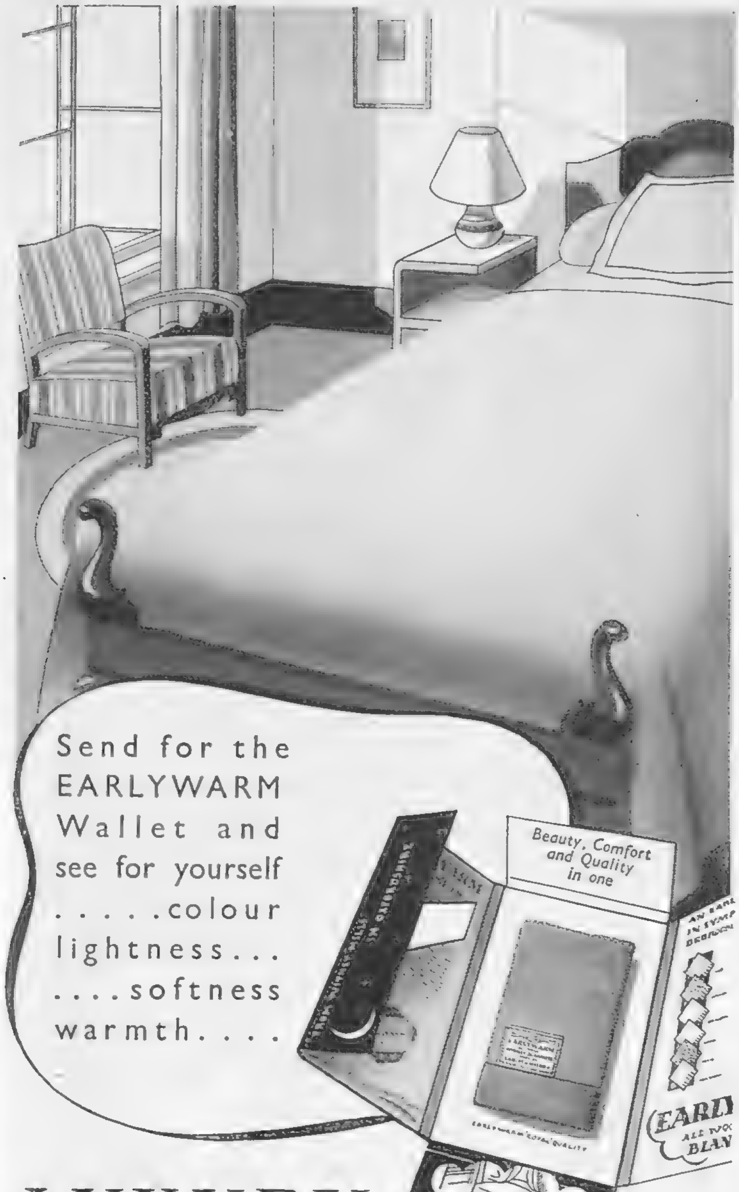
"You sneaking hound!" he grunted. "Let me tell you . . ."

"No. I'll tell you," interrupted the young man. "I'll tell you where you made your mistake. The obituary notices and the clerical directory have usually provided all the information you require; but in this instance they left out one thing. And that's where you slipped up. They didn't tell you one very important fact."

The young man slipped out of the door, and then poked his head round it to fire his parting shot.

"They didn't tell you," he said, "that for the last ten years of his life John Purvis was blind."

(*Continued on page* 148)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Skin faults start beneath the skin you see—in the *under-skin*, a network of blood-vessels, glands and muscles.

How to get rid of Blackheads and Lines

Before you are 20, your *under-skin* starts getting sluggish: the nourishing blood flows slowly; glands and muscles fail to work. Then blemishes appear.

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To Lisbon, Sierra Leone, Takoradi, Dakar and Madeira. 24 days from 40 guineas

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Final Settlement

The young man's face disappeared. The door of the shop slammed. The shop bell gave one last protesting tinkle. Before it had ceased the claws of Elias Bark had released their hold, and he slid spread-eagled to the floor.

In a fusillade of clapping the curtain fell.

IN the stage box Eve turned to Charles. "Oh, Charles, what a good play! And listen to the people! My dear, I believe you'll make a fortune."

"I told you that I was good at happy endings. Anyhow, it shows that my agents weren't so very altruistic when they gave me that advance."

"With which Mummy and I went to Switzerland. . . ."

"Well, after all, you did give me the idea for the beginning of the story," said Charles. "It was certainly better than my arrow of ice. By the way," he went on, "did you ever find out about that mysterious bill which worried your mother so?"

Eve smiled. "Oh, that," she said. "That was the beginning of a sort of nervous breakdown. She had a series of those sort of hallucinations: thought she owed money to all kinds of people. She was for ever writing cheques to non-existent creditors, and complaining that she had no money. But that's all past history now. After three weeks under that Swiss doctor she was quite herself." Eve broke off. "Oh, darling, they are calling for the author. You'll have to go. Do you know what to say?"

Charles rose. "I shall make it short," he said. "Because afterwards I have quite a lot to say to you. You and I," he added, "must also have a final settlement."

Sleeping Badly?

(*Continued from page 56*)

People either oversleep or undersleep when they are anæmic. If you are undersleeping:

Masticate three apples, quietly and purposefully, before you go to bed, but do not swallow the pulp. Extract all the juice you can. The juice of apples contains iron-phosphates and also an acid which is a strong solvent for any other acid in the body.

In this way you are serving two purposes: you are expelling acids that would prevent the building of healthy blood-cells, and by the iron-phosphate content building those blood-cells. And apple juice is sleep-producing.

Warning: apples should never be taken within three hours of eating tomatoes, as the juices in these two fruits quarrel.

Yet the squeezed and strained juice of six tomatoes should be taken every other day by people who are anæmic, because tomato juice stimulates the liver. All the great body organs are weakened during a state of anæmia and, owing to their weakened state, tend to prolong and aggravate the condition of anæmia.

Here, again, Horlick's Malted Milk at night is a splendid tonic, because malt is one of the antidotes for anæmia and all forms of debility.

Very underdone steaks and calves' liver should occupy a large portion of the meat diet. And oranges—between meals, or in large glasses of orange juice in the early mornings.

As eyes are immediately weakened by anæmia, and eye-puckering and eye-strain result, use a good eye-lotion daily—either one that is pressed from herbs or Optrex.

Never fail to take half an hour's walk before bedtime, even if it is blowing a gale or even if it is in the rain (providing a warm bath can follow), as the fresh air does a great deal to promote sound sleep.

In treating sleeplessness from anæmia, lime-blossom baths will be useful; also an open bedroom window, and have light but very warm bedclothes.

Finally, set your body in a state of rhythm, by rhythmic breathing in bed.

This way: Lie straight. Empty your lungs. Breathe in while counting six, hold breath for six beats, breathe out to six, and hold lungs empty for six before breathing in again to six, and so on.

The beats and breath must, of course, be equal and continuous, in perfect rhythm. The window should be wide open. Let the beats fill your mind—with rhythm; and still keeping rhythm with your breathing, turn on your side and sleep.

Mixtures, Not as Before

(*Continued from page 70*)

Stuffed Prunes for Pies

One pound of prunes.
One onion.
Four rashers of streaky bacon.
A handful of parsley.
Breadcrumbs, salt and pepper.
Milk.

Choose the largest prunes you can get and soak them in water for twenty-four hours. Drain them and dry them in a cloth. Slit them open with a sharp pointed knife, remove the stones and proceed with the stuffing.

Fry the bacon, remove it and chop it. In the same fat fry the onion finely chopped, put back the bacon and add the parsley finely chopped. Toss together over the fire for a minute, adding salt and pepper. Put the mixture on a board, add the same quantity of breadcrumbs, mix well and bind with a few drops of milk. Work well together and use for stuffing the prunes, which are quite delicious and intriguing in all sorts of pies, such as chicken, pigeon, but especially rabbit pie.

What to Do with What's Left Over

(*Continued from page 71*

Put the mixture on to a floured board, form it into little croquettes, dip these in beaten egg and roll them in breadcrumbs.

Fry the croquettes in boiling fat—lard or dripping—drain thoroughly and garnish with a few pieces of parsley dropped for a second into the hot fat. A tomato sauce is excellent with these croquettes.

Bittock of Beef

One cupful of cold boiled beef in small cubes.
One cupful of mashed potatoes.
One shallot, tomato sauce, paprika.
Nutmeg, salt, pepper, chopped parsley.

Remove all fat from some remaining cold boiled beef and cut it in small cubes or chop it roughly. Mix with the same quantity of mashed potatoes treated with a little butter, and add salt, pepper, a pinch of paprika, grated nutmeg and chopped parsley. Add also shallots finely chopped and fried quickly in a little butter. Mix very thoroughly, shape into balls, roll in a floured cloth and fry in hot bacon fat, turning the balls so that they are browned on all sides.

Minced Beef

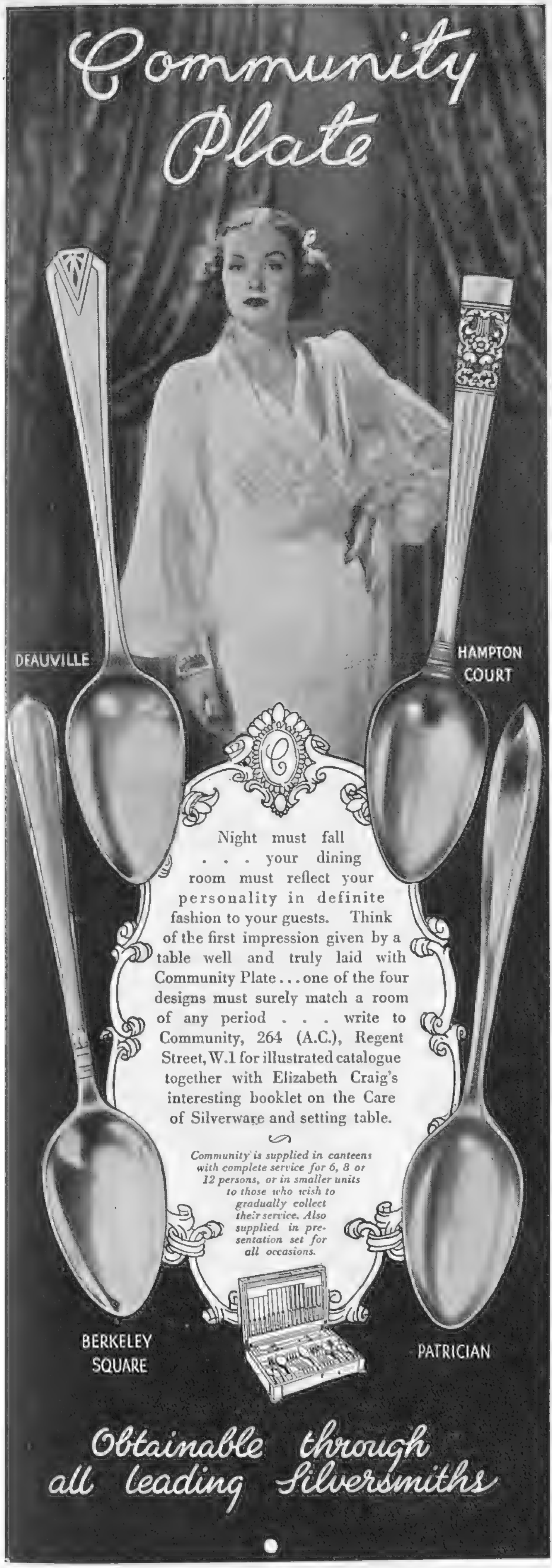
Minced Cold Roast Beef.
One large onion.
Pickled walnuts.
Butter, salt.
Pepper, Yorkshire Relish.

Of all the "left-overs," cold roast beef is the most difficult to deal with, as it becomes hard very easily. Therefore, more than ever, we must avoid "cooking" it the second time. A pleasant mince can be made as follows:—

Trim the beef well and chop it or pass it through a mincer, using the coarsest blade.

Peel and chop the onion, brown it in butter and add two or three pickled walnuts chopped, salt, pepper and a dash of Yorkshire Relish. Make all this hot, add the minced beef with a little more butter and cook just long enough to make it hot, stirring well.

The "Regulo" setting for Chicken Soufflé and Stuffed Potatoes is Mark 7.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Does It Pay?

(*Continued from page* 17)

you're done for with him. No use turning and trying to fraternise; the native will only treat you with contempt.

" Moral of which, me lad—last place for a white man to go broke is in the ruddy, mysterious East. Lend me a fiver, old boy, and I'll buy you a drink. . . ."

So much for the stock character, hero of over half our romantic stories about the South Seas.

WE all know the old general who, after serving some twenty-five years of the most rabidly adventurous life in India, quietly comes home to write a book " With Rod and Gun in Upper Gunza," and then retires to die in oblivion—or Bath. He is a positive *cliché*. But how many of us realise that the furious polo he played as a subaltern, the tigers he shot on foot, the passes he crossed, the peaks he climbed as an older man, were really a form of flagellation—and escape, if you like, from the sexual strait-jacket which Indian army life had imposed on his mind?

Yeates-Brown pointed it out. But does the general know it himself?

IT'S the women, of course, who get the dirty end of this stick.

The " sportsman "! I heard about him miles before I ever got to him at the mouth of his river in hither Asia. You must meet him, they said over a hundred miles off—marvellous chap—best type of Englishman—rattling good shot—word's law in that district—right out of the top drawer! And so he was; a kindlier, more courageous, more upright gentleman I have seldom met.

But he had no imagination. The sky was black with duck and geese. We shot until the gun-barrels burnt our hands. Yet the reason why the shooting was so unbelievably good was because the place he lived in was so unbelievably desolate. Just a strip of hard land in a thousand miles of delta marsh. That meant nothing to him—he was a sportsman—that's all he thought about.

But his family—my God—those three women! Cutting patterns out of the fashion magazines, cherishing a rose garden where only thorns could bloom. Making a trousseau for the elder daughter who had managed to get engaged to an English officer who had passed through there the year before. A miraculous descent of a survey party.

" They're still talking about it," apologised the Sportsman as he leaned back, red-cheeked, to drink his brandy. " Quite an event, you know—Susie bagged one of them."

I still remember that officer's name. It is distinguished, and I saw it in the *Times* almost the first day I returned to London. He had been swept over a precipice by an avalanche.

" Hope Susie doesn't do what Jack did," said a friend who knew the Sportsman. " Old man's son. You never met him, of course. He wasn't like the old man—not a sportsman—didn't give a damn about shooting—so—after he had been out six months in that God-forsaken spot—he shot himself."

I'VE never met a female beachcomber. They usually enter the more sheltered profession before they come to that. So I don't know what you'd call the " Green Angel." Perhaps it's better to call her what she called herself.

I saw her first at Bombay when I wandered into the *Rampoona's* smoking-room to see what we had on board. The India crowd was saying good-bye. It was a mêlée of pith helmets, gimlets, whisky-and-sodas, cheerios, " Good-bye, old chap," and a few red eyes. She was sitting with two Lancer officers. When the gong started banging round the deck for " All ashore " she stood up and, with equal gusto it seemed to me, kissed them both a lingering farewell. You could have knocked me over with a belaying-pin afterward when she said:

" One of them is my husband—the other is the man I'm coming back to marry."

" But they're both in the same regiment!"

" Yes, Bumby is my husband's colonel."

" But you can't get away with that—not in India—not in that regiment. One of those men will have to resign."

" Oh, *can't* I?" she growled. And there was an underglow of hatred toward all mankind in her eyes.

After which I sat back and watched the sahibs aboard fighting to buy her drinks.

THE *Rampoona* was a Noah's Ark of white types from the Orient—nearly every one of which was emblematic of my thesis. If they had one unmistakably common characteristic it was the obvious fact that all of them—in the East—had been living lives far, far above any station they could hope to have reached at home. You could tell this from their wives; the way they talked about servants. Those who had struck it rich (I am speaking now particularly of the China crowd) let it be known that they intended to carry on on this scale—London was reward. Those who hadn't—well, you could see from their thoughtful faces, their almost complete absence from the bar, that they were already mourning the households of leaping " boys " they had left behind—England would be aftermath. Had the years of exile really been worth it? And there were, of course, some planters from Malay—lobster faces with fish-white foreheads—who seemed to have no wives at all. No white ones.

The way these men spoke of London, the pathetic way they kept making dates with each other—all within a radius of half a mile around Piccadilly Circus—showed what life in Malaya had meant to them. So did the way they made themselves a *safari*, bearing gimlets to the " Green Angel," until my wonder grew that one small head could carry all hers could.

The " Green Angel " was a Dutch girl.

THE India crowd was too conventional to bear description. But they bear out the theme. They were nearly all Army or impeccable Civil Service officials—therefore nobody had struck it rich. A safe pension—and respectability—would be reward. Younger officers, rabid for the delights of England on their first or second long home leave. Mothers, sadly taking their children out of the Indian heat—to be parked with relations or put to school—and not seen again for years. A couple of colonels and an old moth-eaten general who were looking on India—and glory—for the very last time.

" The finest sight in all India," said a minor bank official by my side; " Bombay—*from the stern of a steamer going out!*"

In his opinion, the generals, the colonels, the majors, etc., the impeccable Civil Service officials and their wives, were a lot of ruddy snobs. I did not know what it was like, he assured me, to live in India—and not belong to the best clubs.

Thus spoke the business man of the romantic East.

WITH air-scoops projecting from every port-hole, every fan whirring until its bearings were hot, red-mouthed funnels gaping to suck air down to the stoke-hold—where I am sure it was cooler than it was on deck—the Deck Sports Committee waited until we got into the Red Sea to hold a gymkhana. Most of us maimed ourselves on that dreadful afternoon. The Deck Sports Committee then announced there would be a grand dance to end the heartless day. At it, the prizes would be given away.

One of the prizes—not to be given away—was the " Green Angel." And to make sure I got at least this one I had the deck-steward lash her chair next to mine. By this I acquired the guardianship of her little silver chain bag, her most essential vanity case—and thereby the knowledge that she would have to return to (*Continued on page* 152)

New, easy way to AVOID COLDS

AT THE FIRST
SNEEZE, QUICK!
JUST DO THIS

A new formula, specially designed for the nose and upper throat, where most colds start, now makes it a simple, everyday affair to *prevent* many colds. At the first sneeze or sniffle, you just put a few drops of Vick-Vatronol up each nostril.

Swiftly the drops spread through the hidden nasal passages. Their tingling medication soothes irritation, stimulates Nature's own defences to throw off the cold.

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Even when the head is all stuffed-up by a head-cold or nasal catarrh, Vick-Vatronol clears it instantly, lets you breathe freely. Keep a bottle handy. 1/6d.

VICK-VATRONOL

Brand Nasal Medicament

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If you are familiar with the pain and distress accompanying that common stomach complaint—Gastritis—you will be glad to know how to get rid of it by quite simple treatment.

Perhaps you do not know that the inner lining of your stomach is a delicate mucous membrane. Through the glands of this membrane are poured into the stomach from ten to twenty pints of valuable gastric juice every day, indispensable for properly digesting your food. A little inflammation disturbs the functions of these glands with painful consequences.

Over-acidity starts the trouble. You get that " blown-out " feeling or a sensation of heaviness pressing on the stomach. Pains are felt between the shoulders or in the upper abdomen, and perhaps there is sickness. Although you could not expect to remedy all this completely in a day or two, *you get immediate relief by taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder*, the scientific alkaline treatment which has proved its value in thousands of cases of acute and chronic gastritis.

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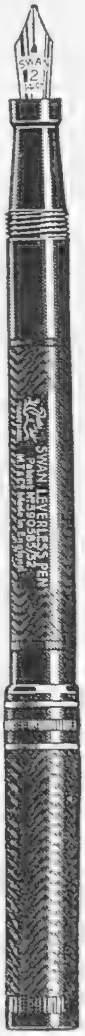

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me at the end of every dance. No face could remain without treatment for more than one dance in that steaming night.

The port side was gaudy with a listless drapery of signal pennants and Union Jacks. The men were splendid in jackets of spotless white, the officers of course with all decorations up. The Dutch girl was a bombshell in a décolleté of green lace.

"If," I said, "you have outraged the memsahibs with your shortest of all shorts—you will knock their eye out with this."

"Do you think so?" she laughed—and for the first time in twelve days her laughter sounded gay.

The ship's band struck up the waltz from "Bitter-Sweet."

It was after the first punishing dance that I thought I noticed it. After the second I was sure. When I saw the third sahib heading in our direction, with that infuriating anticipatory grin, I thought it time to speak up.

"Your dress is running," I said.

I never for one instant thought it would hit her the way it did—she froze like a hare. "Are you *sure?*" When I nodded she sank back against her chair.

When we had repulsed the sahib I suggested a walk around the deck. "Then you can go to your cabin," I said. "No!" she sobbed—"Yours. One of those she-devils would be certain to come down."

The instant my door clicked behind us she flung off a shoulder-strap and stared at her shoulder in the glass. "Just look!" she gasped. It was there, right enough: a green (and as we soon discovered) almost indelible tattoo.

"But haven't you worn this dress before?" I asked, after all efforts to remove things had just produced a green smear.

"Nearly every night."

"Well—*I* haven't seen you in it!"

"Silly—it was white."

She and her stewardess had dyed it in the bath. It had cost her a five-bob tip. Not only had they to dye the dress, they had to *dry* it—"So that those other she-devils in my cabin wouldn't twig what was up!"—and the stewardess had to keep that particular bathroom out of commission all day.

"Have a drink," I said. "That'll buck you up."

"Don't worry," she said brightly. "I'm not going to blow up. I'm used to things like this—it's just my luck." She took the whisky and eyed me silently. After a time she said, "Do you know that down in my cabin there is not a single dress, not a decent one, not an *evening* dress—that has not been worn by my sister first? And if you'd ever seen my sweet sister you would know what that means—she's fat like a pig."

"You're not," I smiled.

"No," she said, "I can still please."

"My first husband," she said abruptly, "was a Belgian. He was a lovely looking man. Beautiful. I ran off with him from the Hague. We went down to the Congo and away up a river. He was manager of a station. There were two other white men there: the priest and the doctor. When the priest saw me he said that God had sent me to bless them in their loneliness—and he called me 'Golden Angel.' Isn't that funny?"

"Probably were," I said.

"I was," she said. "I made a fourth at bridge—and we played every night. Played until the doctor got so tight he could not see the cards. We always had to clap for his boys to take him home. That doctor!" She shook her head. "What a man!"

The doctor, apparently, had his own ideas about Golden Angels.

"My husband, you understand—frequently had to go up river. Well, as the doctor wouldn't take no for an answer—I hit him. Then I told my husband."

She nodded at me seriously; "And do you know what he said? He said: 'Don't make such a fuss about it; you must not anger the doctor—he is a very powerful man in the company—it will interfere with my promotion.' So I said 'Very well,' and we all played bridge together that night—just as if nothing had happened. I wouldn't let my husband kiss me that night, and he said 'As you like'—and—well, that's the way we went on."

"But I was frightened. I was so terrified that the next time the doctor made a pass at me I almost murdered him. It sounds silly—but I stuck a pair of nail scissors right into his fat stomach. You should have *heard* the man!"

"I can laugh now," she smiled. "But that night I thought it was the end of the world."

"So did the doctor!"

"Yes—he was so out of his wits that I had pierced one of his intestines that he would not allow himself to be moved. He lay just where I stuck him—when he was leaning over my bed. I sat up for the rest of that night with the young priest. When my husband's canoe came down river the next day the priest was waiting for him—down on the water edge. They had a long talk. It was decided that under the circumstances it would be better if I went home."

The air-scoops caught a few wafts of the band from the deck above us. But when I suggested that some partners would be waiting for her she shook her head. "I can't face it," she said. "I've just been wondering if I'll ever have the nerve to walk around the deck to-morrow morning—because all those women will know. Trust them! And *won't* they be kind to me! I've got six more days on this frightful boat! And there's one woman in particular—she knew me in Poona—she—she's a female dog."

"Did the doctor die?"

"No—but my husband did. At the Hague I got a letter from the company, merely announcing that his canoe had overturned. I was sorry. I wrote to his mother—she returned me my own letter, with 'Thank you' written across the top of it. That's all. I've always thought that doctor . . . well, I wouldn't put it past him . . . you know, people get ideas out there in the loneliness. . . ."

"Murder?"

"I'm sure of it."

"The Hague," she went on casually, "is very smug. Our people say, 'We live at the Hague—that's where the *Queen* lives!' It stifled me. My people, too, acted as if they were ashamed. So I decided to become an adventuress."

I couldn't help laughing. This blue-eyed young creature, with the pug nose and pert chin. "Oh, stop!" I said.

"I did—I begged, borrowed and stole from everybody. I bought a fur coat on the instalment plan. I think that when I went to St. Moritz that winter—I can skate beautifully, you know—well, I was a match for anybody. And there I met *him.*"

"*Him?*"

"Yes, my husband, the one you saw kissing me good-bye in Bombay. I met him on the train—we were both travelling second-class—and I immediately fell for him. I don't know whether you noticed him or not—but he is very good-looking. Not that that meant anything to me—I was out this time to catch a rich man—even if he was a fat old *bourgeois* like my sister got. No . . . no . . . you know the way the English have of looking down their nose—and positively apologising for the way the gods have given them everything. Well, he could do that to perfection. He was an awful liar. . . . I think it was his talk about elephants that really did for me . . . mahouts, and pig-sticking, and . . . well, the number of servants I would have . . . I wanted peace."

"Of course"—she swirled the whisky around in her glass dejectedly—"it was all a dream. When we did get out to India I found that he had practically nothing to live on except his pay—and you can guess what that meant in *that* regiment!"

I nodded—impressed.

"We were so beastly poor," she said, "that when we did give a party—because we had to give (*Continued on page* 154)

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"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them."

By wearing Poppies on Remembrance Day we keep green the memory of those who died. Of those that are left, thousands to-day are sadly handicapped by age, sickness, and the strain of the War years. Their need is the personal responsibility of each one of us. Please help the British Legion to deal adequately with the increasing need of ex-service men and their families by giving more than ever before for your Poppies on

POPPY DAY NOV. 11

DONATIONS will be thankfully received. These should be sent to the local Poppy Day Committee: or to Captain W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, EARL HAIG'S BRITISH LEGION APPEAL FUND, 29, Cromwell Road, London, S.W. 7.
Ladies willing to sell Poppies are asked to communicate with their local Committees, or with the Headquarters of the fund. Their help will be of the greatest value

one *sometimes*, you know: otherwise there would be talk—I used to sneak out into the pantry and *dilute the gin with water*—when the servants wouldn't see me—so it would look like plenty when they brought in the trays for us to make cocktails. I can't tell you the number of times I've been humiliated when after tennis at the club, instead of stopping to have a chat and long drink, he would say brightly, 'No, thanks—we'll just toddle along home.' They thought we were still honeymooning—the fools."

"Time and again I begged him to chuck it. I begged him to chuck the army and get a decent job—I would stick to him through anything. That would have been decent, at least. But this was all sham . . . . Well, he's kept his ponies—but he hasn't got me."

"Does he know about the colonel wanting to marry you?"

"Oh, yes, of course. Bumby, of course, knew what was happening all along. And one night—I don't know how it happened—we found ourselves talking about it, and—well, you know. . . ."

"He said he loved you himself."

"Yes."

"Tough spot."

"Well, it was rather. But I went straight to my husband and told him the whole thing. He didn't seem to mind. All he said was: 'Well, if old Bumby thinks he can get away with this, let him try it. I've nothing against him; he's a damn good chap. I'll speak to him myself.' And he *did*! Poor old Bumby, he didn't know where to look when my husband asked him to dinner with us. He's paying my passage back to London."

SOME time during that night, during the dance probably, we passed into the Canal, and next day we reached Port Said. The Malay boys wanted to stage a party, so we went to the French hotel on shore, where we stood the champagne glasses one on top of another, so that bottles of Veuve Clicquot poured into the top glass made a bubbling fountain that finally filled all of them. The little Dutch girl was in high spirits.

"I think I shall call you the Green Angel," I whispered.

She gave a horrified glance around, then smiled and touched her glass to mine. "Adventuress," she said—"out for blood."

WHEN you pass the statue of De Lesseps it is a custom to throw your solar topee into the canal. Gillie-gillie boys leap down from the steamer's rail to retrieve them. Gipsies, in row boats, beseech you to throw them their way. They're sold in Egypt, or to the next shipment of not-too-rich sahibs outward bound. It's a playful gesture of defiance to the East—to show you have done with it. The Malay boys and I scaled our helmets in unison—like a flight of clay birds. The Green Angel started to throw hers—and then held it back.

"This cost thirteen rupees," she said to me solemnly—"and you never know your luck."

AS we leaned over the rail, Mediterranean homeward-bound, she made me think of two brothers—of whom I am one. One—except when he convoyed food-ships to England during the world war—stayed at home. The other has led a more or less purposeless life around the world. He has had a grandstand seat for twenty years' world events—but he has nothing to show. We each think the other a damn fool. And I am afraid my brother is right.

END

"Virtue of Man without his Vices"

(*Continued from page* 29)

him. A lost dog. A rough character tried to make up to him, but Bob ran away. Now it was late afternoon.

Suddenly, without warning, a scent came on the air. Only the shadow of a scent, elusive, prescious, (*Continued on page* 156)

OCTOBER . . .

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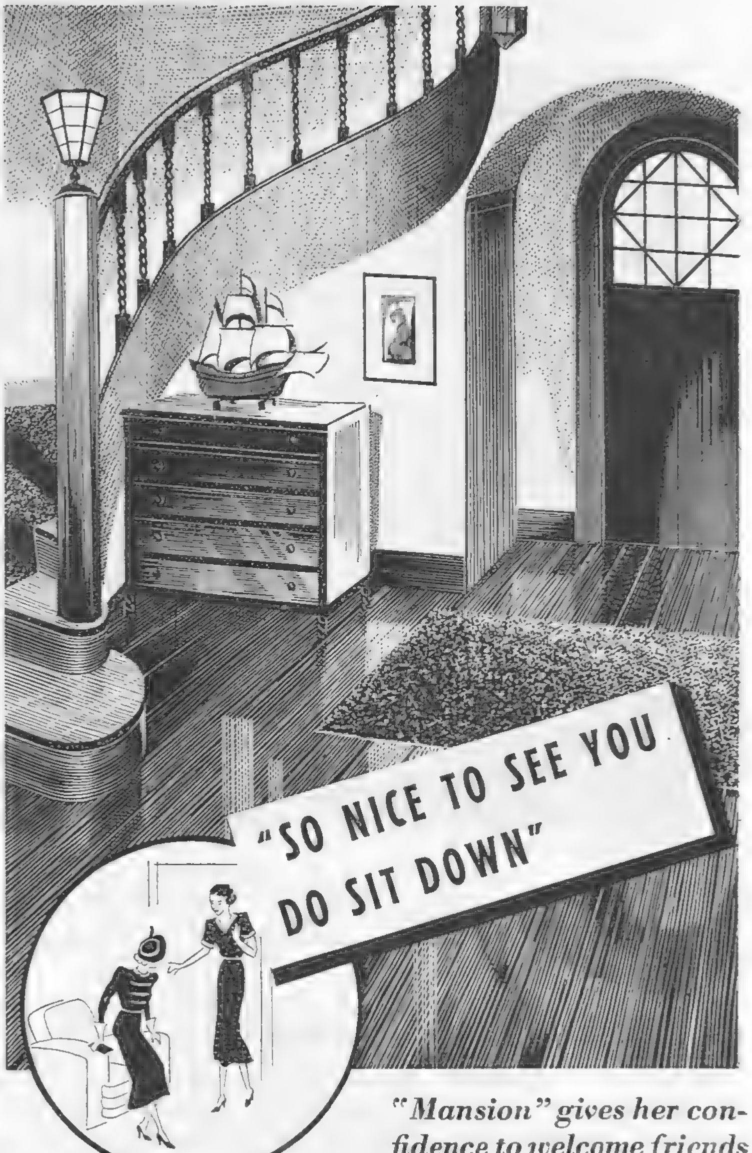
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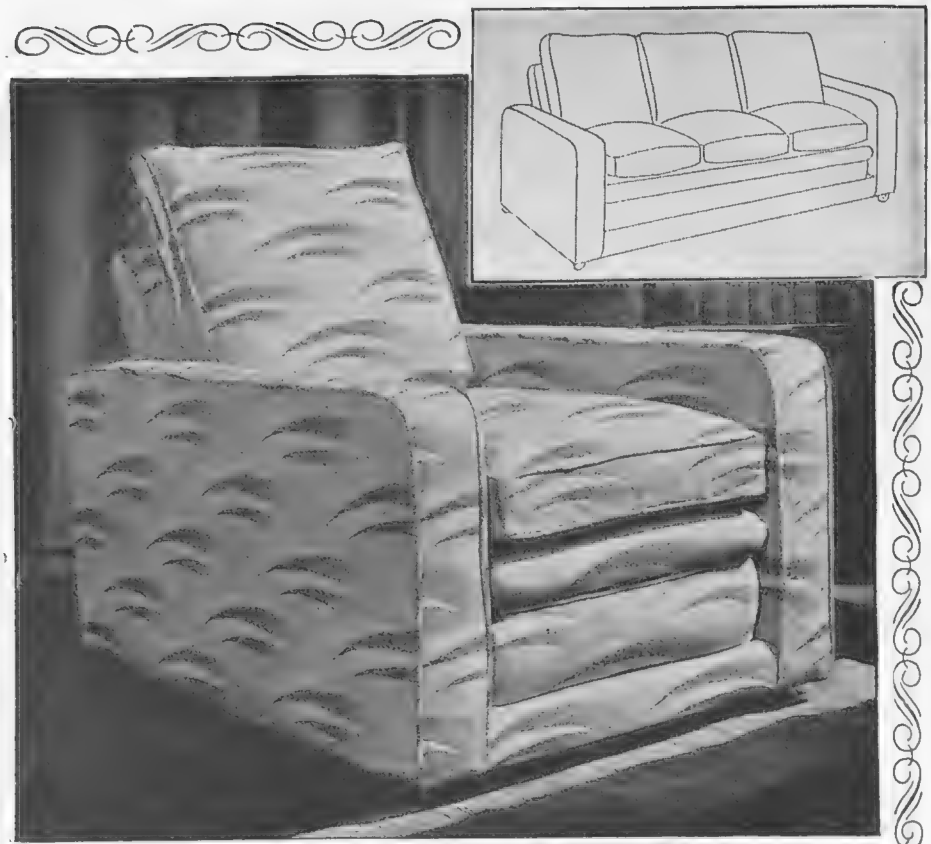

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Shake Well with Ice.

THE WELL BALANCED LIQUEUR

promising. Bob stiffened. He stood stock still. His five senses were merged into one, like the five points of a star.

Now he did not hesitate. He ran swiftly in the direction of home.

THE family had just sat down to tea when Bob returned. He walked about the room, waving his tail, lifting his lip in an apologetic smile. The young man came in for some chaffing.

When Bryanston arrived, a few days later, Bob met him joyfully at the door. But then, in a few minutes, came the bad news about the lace curtain. Bryanston was shown it, tattered, disfigured, a horrid sight. Bob had forgotten it, in his joy, and had run into the room with his master. Now he remembered. He was swallowed up in shame. He abased himself at Bryanston's feet.

Bryanston later took him on his knees. He took one of Bob's silky ears in each of his hands. He kissed each ear in turn.

"This is the end, Bob," he said. "You've got to go."

Bob was not puzzled about his going as he had been about many things. He understood.

He sat beside Bryanston while he made ready the clean box, with slats across the top and a layer of fresh straw on the bottom.

When Bryanston lifted him into the box he sat still and resigned, looking at the dog biscuit and the big fresh bone lying in the corner. He trembled a little at the hammering of the slats. When they were in place Bryanston put his hand between them and laid it on the dome of Bob's head. Then Bob looked up at him between the slats, with his stricken soul in his eyes.

It was a long journey. All that afternoon, that night, till noon of the next day, the train throbbed and beat along the hot rails. Bob did not touch the biscuit or the bone. He sniffed the air when the box was carried from the train to a wagon. There was a drive along a country road.

"Isn't he a beauty?" the new owner asked of his wife. Bob had finished a drink of cold water and stood looking up at them with a grave, searching look.

"Yes," she agreed, "but he has a sort of unfriendly look. I like to see a dog look friendly."

"Give him time," said her husband. "Mr. Bryanston thought the world of him, and I dare say Bob misses him a bit. Bob's his name."

Bob knew this was his home. He investigated the garden. He lifted his head and faced the cool breeze that swept across the farm.

On the farther side of the house he discovered a verandah and an old man sitting in a wheel chair. He was the father of Bob's new owner. He had had a stroke years ago, and his mind was gone. He was always happy, and was not aware that he was an unwanted burden in the house. When he saw Bob he laughed with pleasure.

"Hello!" he said. "A dog, eh? A gun dog! A-shooting we shall go, eh? I'm a devil of a shot! Look here!" He raised an imaginary gun to his shoulder and took aim.

"Bang! A wild duck! Over he went at the first shot! Heels over head! Retrieve him, boy—fetch him here!"

Bob ran in the direction pointed to, and searched in the long grass. He came back and looked up in the old man's face.

"Good dog! Clever dog!" He took the imaginary duck from Bob's mouth. "What a dog! Damn it, I'm glad you've come!"

He stroked Bob's head with a shaking hand. He fished a bull's-eye from his pocket and gave it to Bob. Bob ate it.

There was a benevolence about the old man, something pure and kind. Bob laid his chin on the woollen slipper that projected from the rug. He rolled his eyes toward the beaming old face.

"My goodness, what a dog! Damn it, I'm glad you've come! I was lonely, I can tell you!"

Bob's tail beat the floor of the verandah.

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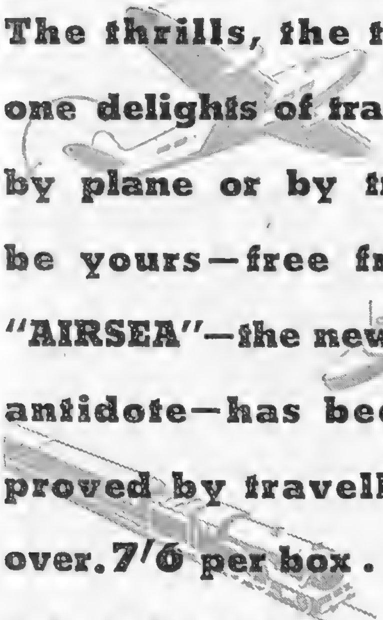

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NOVEMBER, 1937

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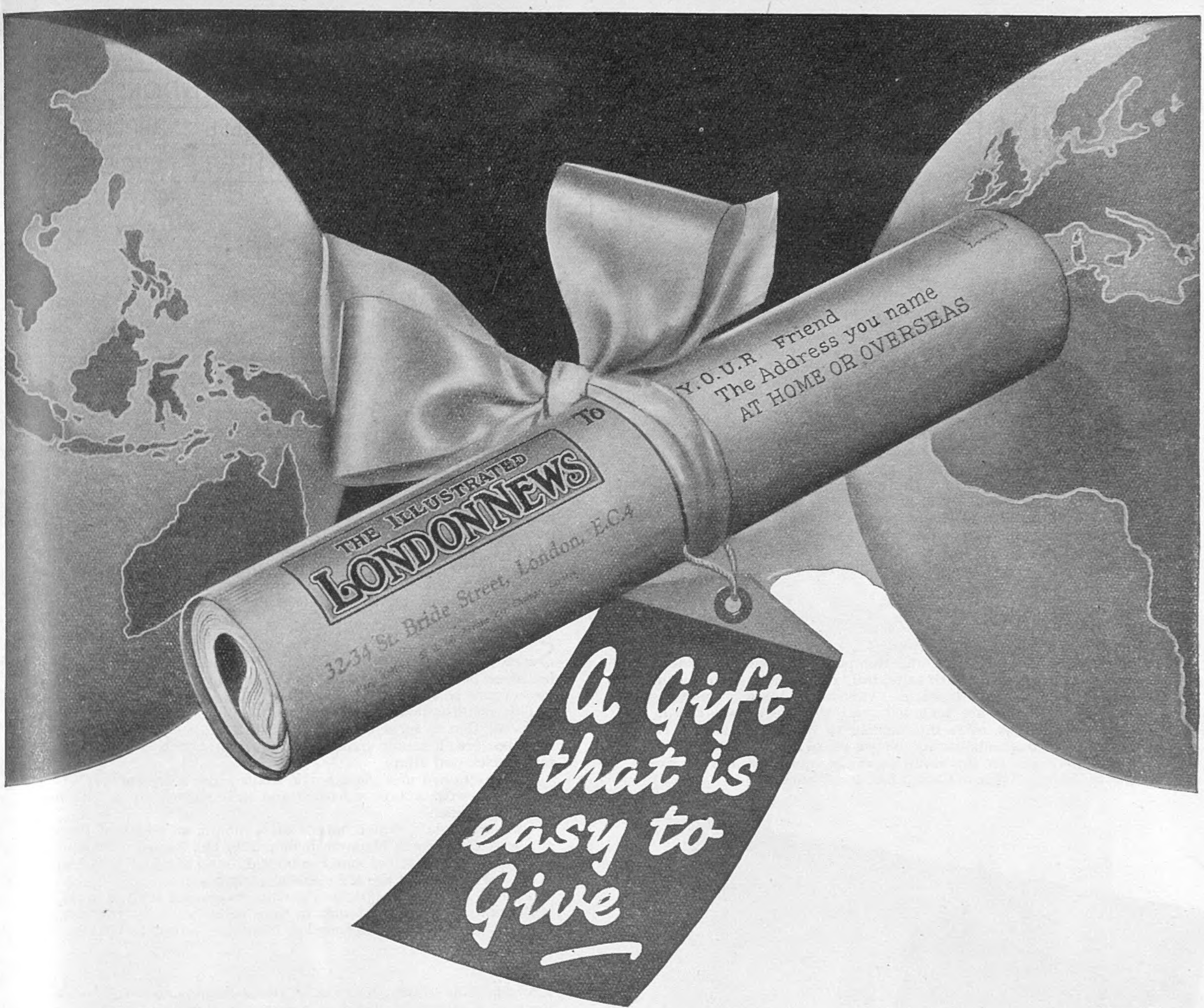

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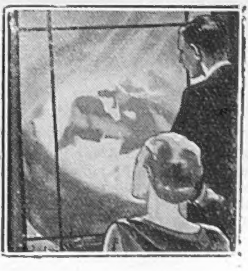

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WE ARE HAPPY TO GIVE EDITORIAL ENDORSEMENT TO THESE REPUTABLE ADVERTISED PRODUCTS

To live always in the same setting is very dull; that is why women enjoy the upheaval of spring cleaning. They like new chair covers, cushions and curtains, to move the furniture round and try out new wall treatments and original flower decorations.

Has it ever occurred to you to change your own personality and freshen yourself up with a new treatment? Try it now; you will make yourself much more interesting to your friends if you change your style of hairdressing, change your make-up and present an entirely new self from time to time.

If you have not already tried it, go exotic with the new "Hawaiian" Tattoo lipstick. It is a daring, thrilling red, with infinite appeal, and gives the lips an enchanting dewy beauty.

Other exciting Tattoo shades which will add to the interest of your ever-changing personality are "Pastel," "Coral," "Exotic," and "Natural."

These lipsticks are 4s. 6d., and obtainable from most leading chemists. Refills are 3s. 6d.

The subtle perfume of Bourjois' "Evening in Paris" has established it as a firm favourite, and this popular range now embraces every toilet necessity. Bath salts, brilliantine, cold cream, eau de Cologne, hair cream, lipsticks, vanishing cream, toilet soap and even shampoos are included, and the powder, which is of exceptional fineness, owes this quality to the fact that it is three times sifted through silk during the process of manufacture.

Other perfumes in the Bourjois range include Ashes of Roses, Ashes of Violets, Ashes of Carnations and Fiancée.

Look out for this firm's Christmas novelties and coffrets. They are always interesting and beautifully presented. Even if you have only a shilling or two to spend, you are certain to find something attractive.

How to slim without under-nourishing is the subject of an interesting and instructive booklet called *Slim*, published by the St. Catherine Press at 6d.

It is mainly concerned with the Bread and Butter Diet which has proved so successful in a large number of cases, and it gives instruction how this diet should be carried out, with some of the reasons why it is slenderising.

To prevent putting on weight on returning to a normal diet, the writer gives one or two general rules to be observed, and, although exercises are not essential when following this diet, some excellent exercises for local reduction are described and illustrated.

Surely in the history of perfume no more original presentation has ever been chosen than that devised by Madame Schiaparelli for her new perfume "Shocking."

This world-famous couturière, at whose houses in London and Paris all that is most exclusive and original in the fashion world may be seen, has now sponsored a perfume which is the last word in sophisticated allure.

It is contained in a glass bottle shaped like a dressmaker's bust, garlanded with a tape measure and surmounted by a bunch of brilliant flowers.

Over the bottle, which stands on a mount of velvet in the new shade of pink which Madame Schiaparelli has named "Shocking," is a glass bell with a lace motif embossed round the base. The whole is packed in a box of the same colour, satin lined.

To live up to so exquisite a setting requires a high standard of perfection, but the perfume, in this instance, fully justifies the thought and ingenuity expended on making so unusual a background.

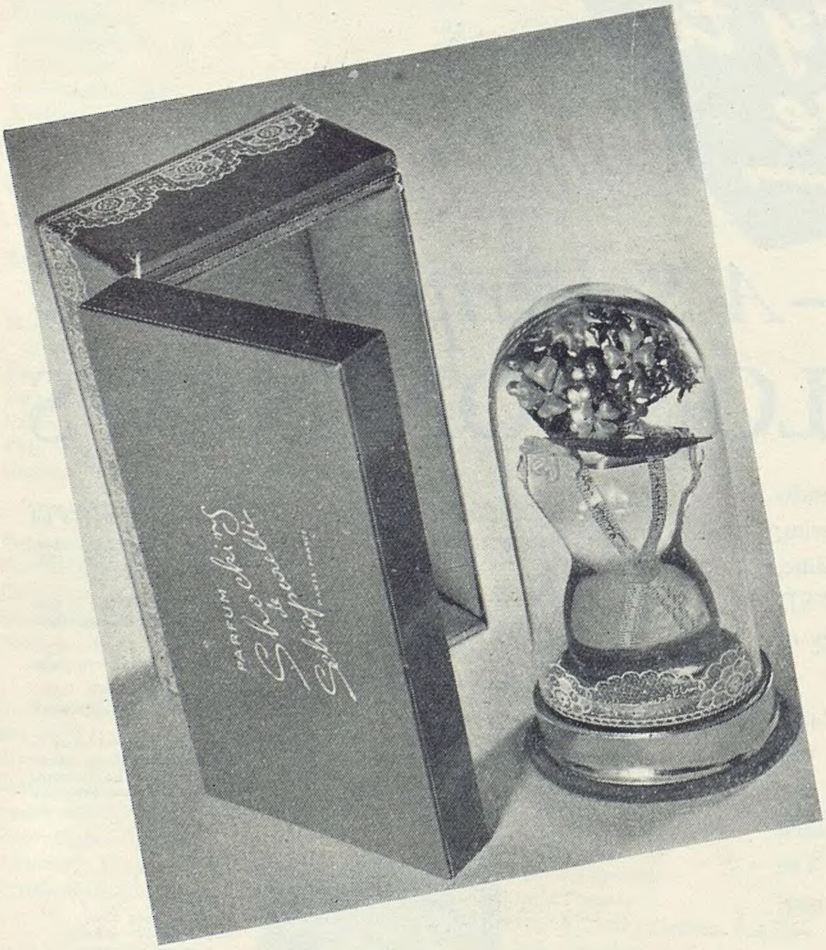
As a prelude to the perfect meal Heinz Soups can always be relied upon to fill the bill. Prudent housewives would not consider their store cupboards properly stocked without a representative selection of the twenty varieties available.

There are cream soups and meat soups, in every case made of the very best ingredients. In the former rich thick cream is included, and in the latter only the very best cuts of meat are used.

Mock Turtle, Oxtail, Julienne, Scotch Broth, Chicken Noodle, Genuine Turtle and Chicken Consommé are some of the popular meat soups, while of the cream soups Tomato, Mushroom, Asparagus and Onion are four of the eight for which there is always a large demand.

Apart from regular meal times, there are a number of occasions when a bowl of one or other of these delicious soups is a welcome reviver. In the middle of a cold November morning they put new life into tired housewives and jaded office workers, while revellers who have turned night into day welcome their comforting warmth before retiring in the cold grey light of a chilly dawn.

They can also be conveniently carried in thermos flasks for race meetings and other winter picnic occasions.



"Shocking" is the intriguing name given by Madame Schiaparelli to her new perfume, and the illustration on the left shows the original and arresting manner in which she presents it. Powder and lipstick to match are included in this new "Shocking" range

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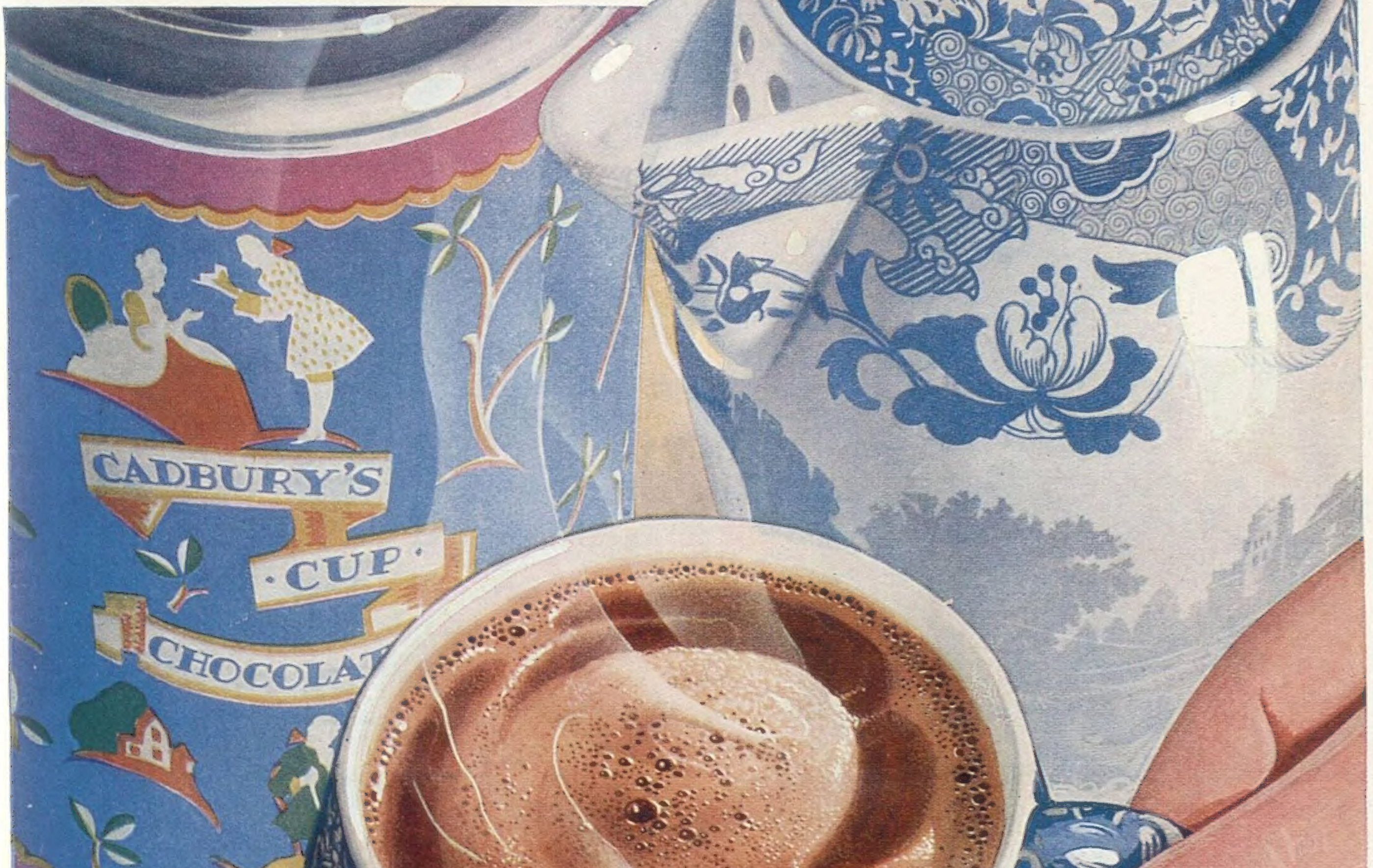

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